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High Times

November '76 $1.50

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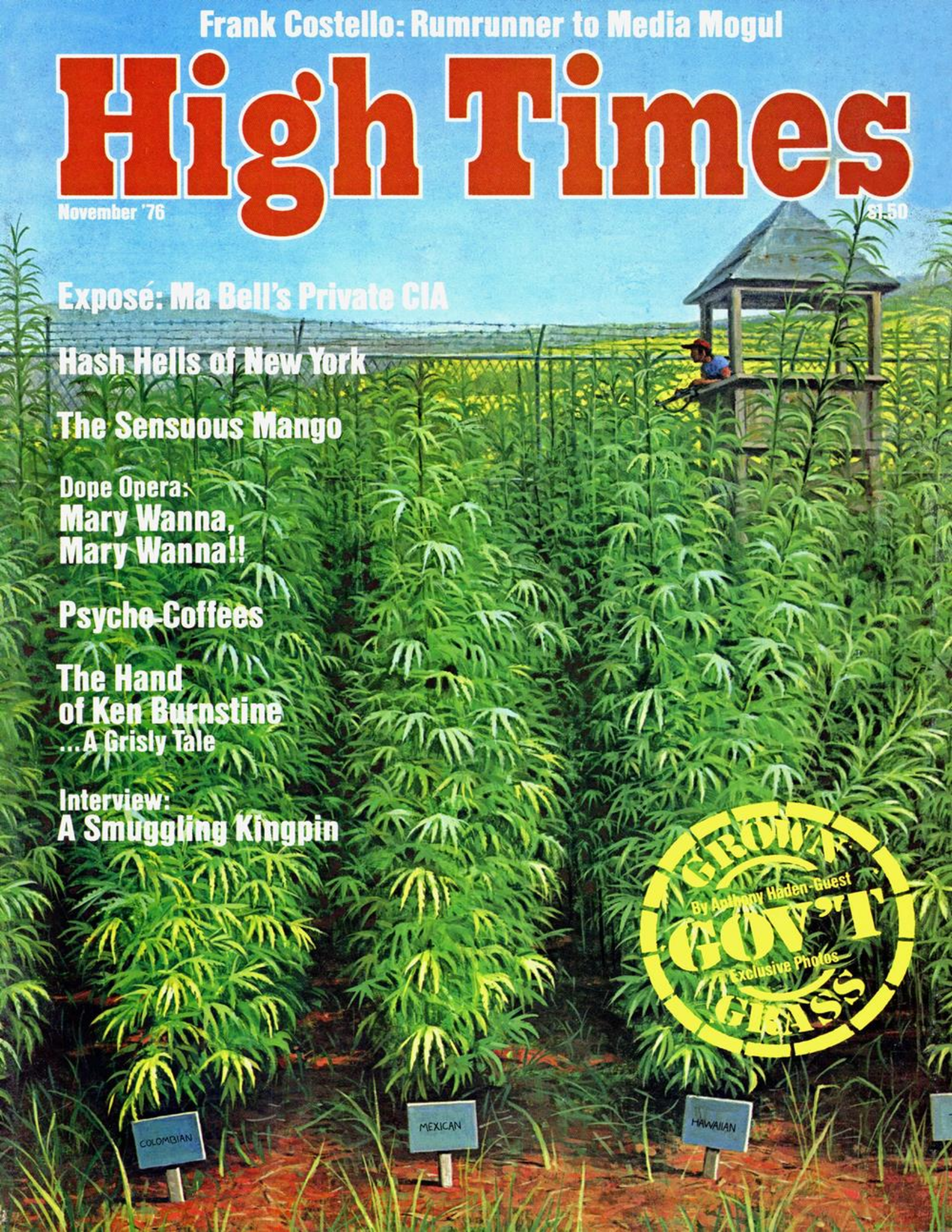
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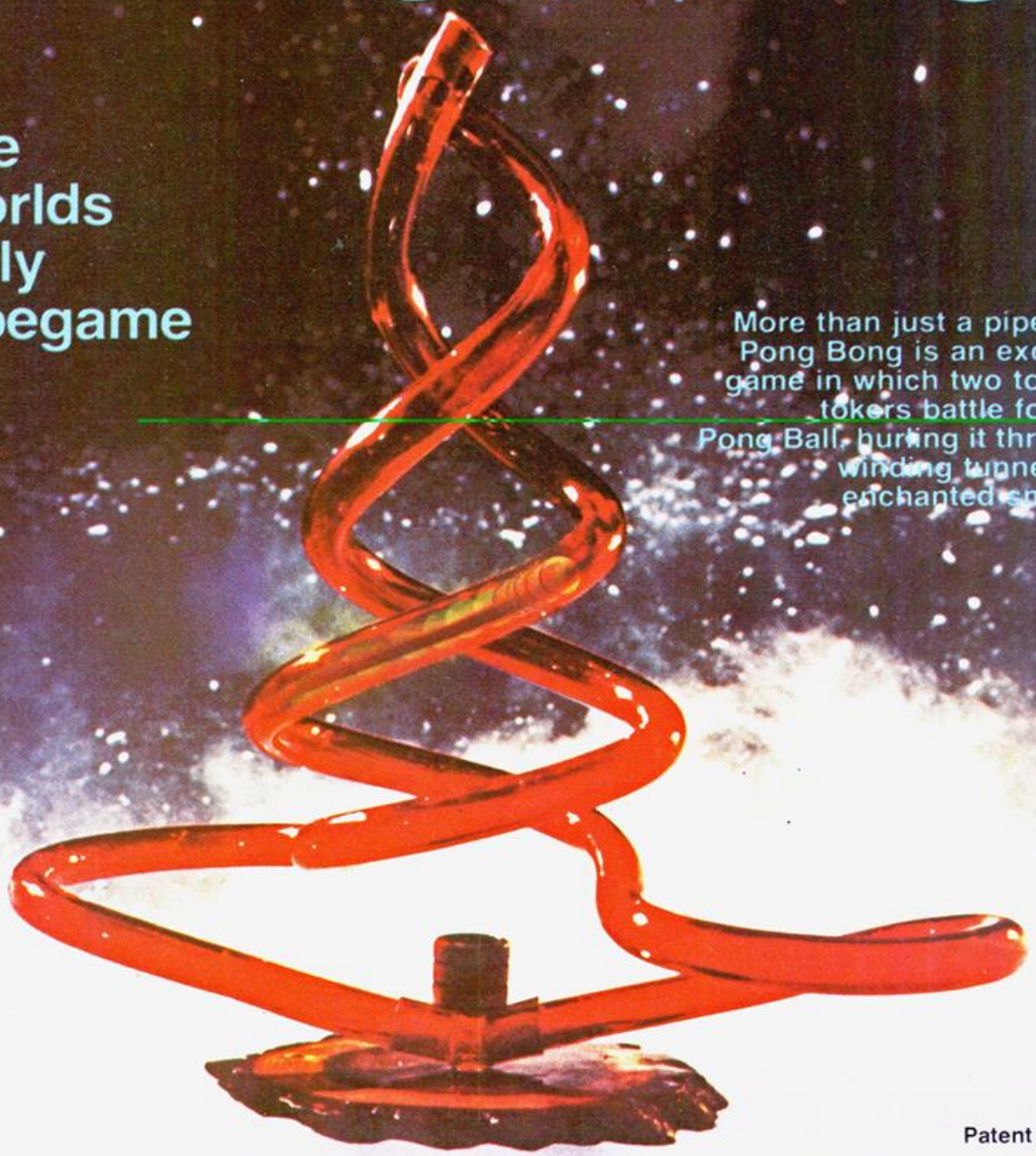
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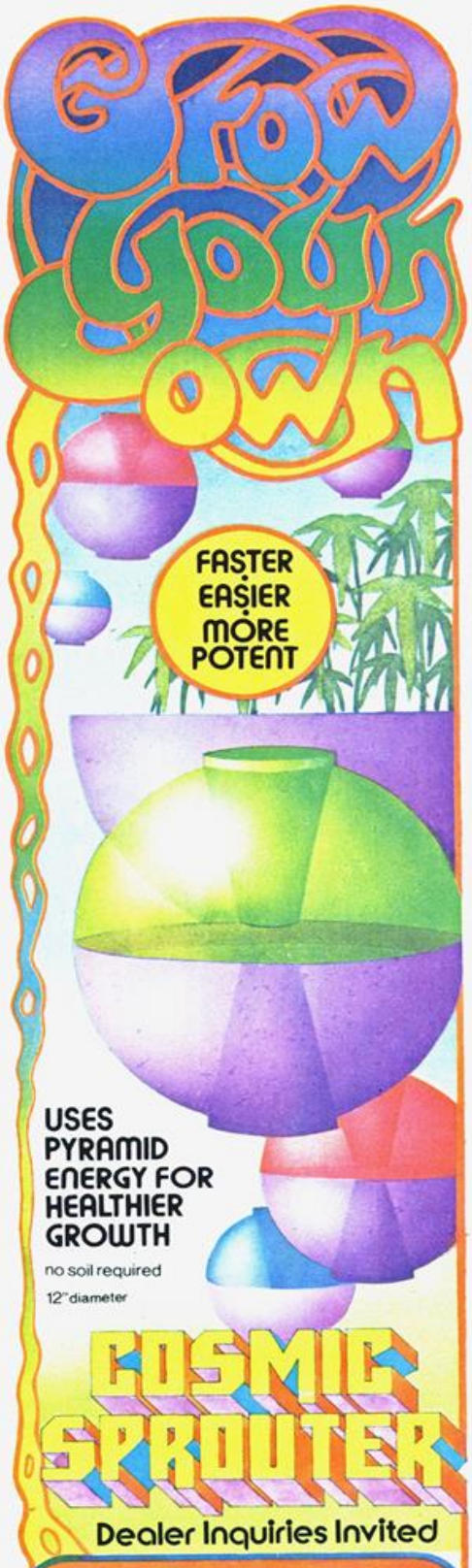
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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

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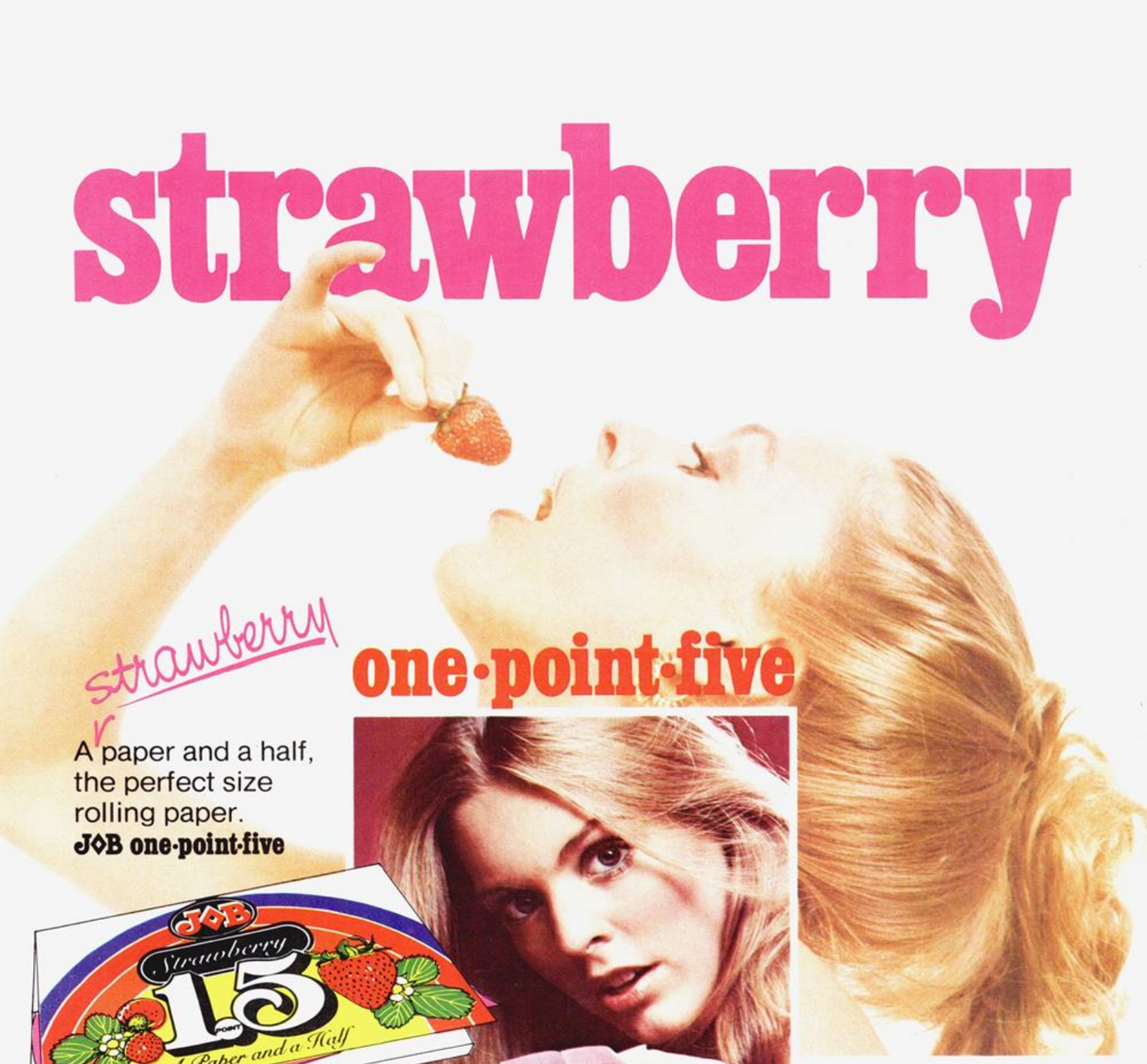
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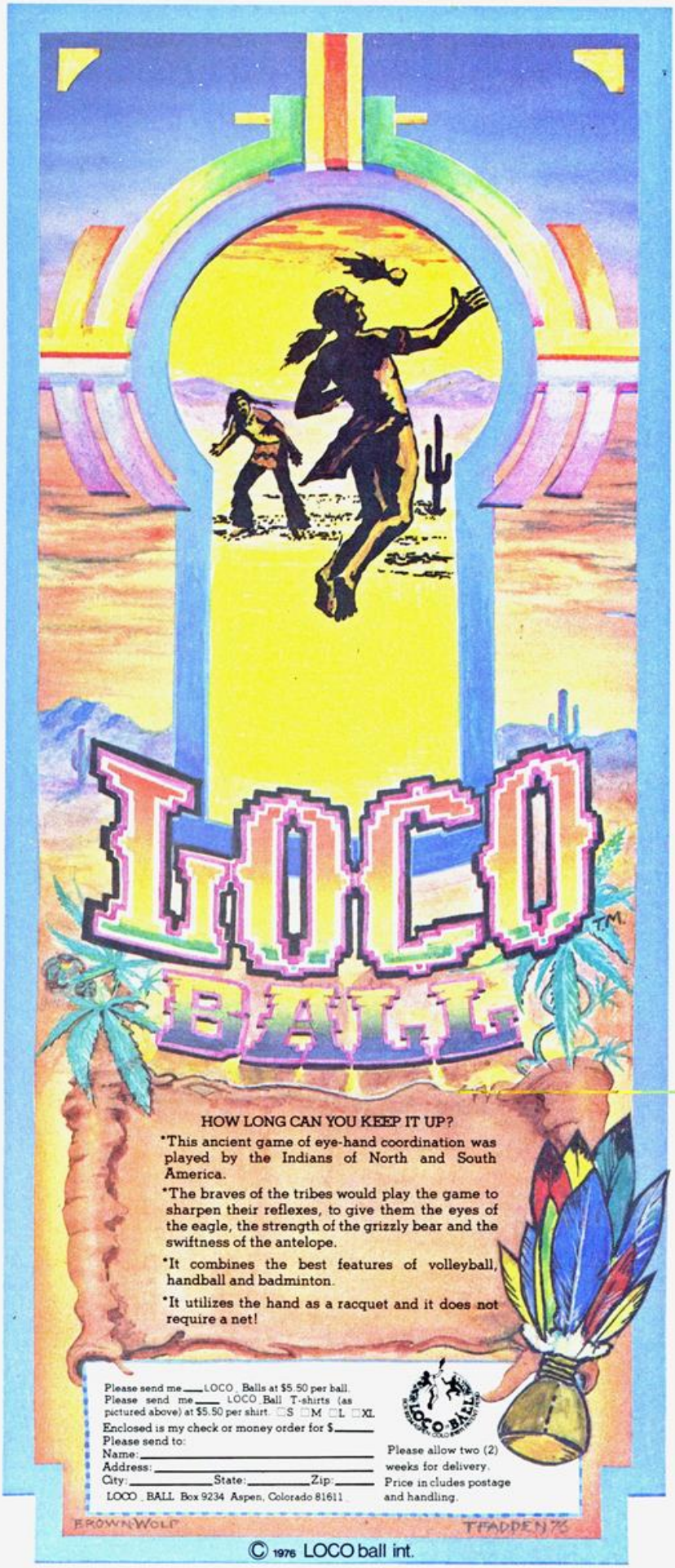
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HT 15

Lines

Dope Panic

A terrifying shortage of marijuana has been gradually spreading across the land, the droughts between dope shipments have been lengthening, and fear is in the air. We have previously explained in this space the reasons for the dope shortage: 1) steeply rising demand yet the same acreage planted to marijuana; 2) DEA efforts to defoliate or burn the marijuana fields (à la Vietnam); 3) a DEA–Coast Guard blockade in the Caribbean and a DEA–Border Patrol electronic battlefield along the Mexican border; 4) the devaluation of the dollar has meant mucho marijuana and particularly hashish has been diverted to more profitable markets than the U.S.A.

Now, the dope shortage has reached crisis proportions, with no end in sight. Repeat: no end in sight. Although there is always a drought in the summer, this time the drought will not end. The old scene is over, baby. The reason is that the government is currently applying massive antidope programs to Colombia and Mexico. These programs were developed in Jamaica, which was used as an island test lab for DEA techniques. The test study involved a blockade by the Jamaican Coast Guard, intensive surveillance by the Jamaican intelligence community, defoliation and burning of fields, and gigantic sums of U.S. tax money to buy the cooperation of everyone in sight. Orchestrating the whole show were the CIA planners currently assigned to and running the DEA. So much money was poured into Jamaica that it became more profitable to deal information than ganja, and thus the Jamaican connection was wiped out three years ago.

Last year, these same methods were applied to Colombia and Mexico, except this time hundreds of millions of U.S. tax dollars were used. The program did not interdict the flow of dope (just as the bombing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail never stopped the supply of armaments to the Viet Cong), but it has certainly reduced the flow. This does not stop marijuana use, just raises the price. So what's the point? Isn't the cost of living high enough already without wasting tax dollars on driving the cost up further?

ODEC (the Organization of Dope Exporting Countries) is being effectively "established," just as the CIA and ITT destabilized Chile. The smart money is going out of the import game and into domestic cultivation. America is the greatest agricultural producer the world has ever known, and there is no reason this agriculture cannot include that nearly unkillable weed called marijuana. Meanwhile, smart consumers are saving their seeds and growing their own. One good seed grown to maturity equals one full pound of good marijuana. Can you really afford to throw them away? The luxury of imported dope is nearly over for most people, and that's a plain fact. Imported dope is becoming as much a luxury as French wine. If people in America want to get high, they're going to have to grow their own. As those who have gotten into high horticulture know, the best dope in the world is grown in windowboxes and closets. After all, you can give your few plants far more attention than a farmer can give thousands of plants, right? The techniques of growing good pot are readily learned—books on the subject abound. And excellent weed can be grown anywhere in the United States.

The only hope for a high America is a return to the Victory Gardens that helped win World War II. Operation Intercept in 1970 (generaled by G. Gordon Liddy) was Dope War I. Now we are faced with Dope War II. Final victory must be achieved. Marijuana ecology demands that seeds be saved and planted.

When Freedom Is Outlawed, Only Outlaws Will Be Free

The general public (us) has no idea who really owns, controls and manages Time Magazine, the Washington Post, the New York Times, the three monopolistic TV networks, Random House, Simon & Schuster and so on. Nor do we have any idea what their goals are. And the public will never learn from the aforementioned sources, either. Many fine people work for the straight media, but as A. J. Liebling said, freedom of the press belongs to those who own one. We own one, and this is an important point. After all, it was the media that made marijuana illegal! Their pot scare campaigns created the temporary popular support that made it politically expedient to outlaw marijuana. The media (except for the underground press) fully cooperated in getting us in and keeping us in the Vietnam War and, after ten years of mass demonstrations, the media finally helped get us out. The media put Nixon in (over 90% of the daily newspapers endorsed his candidacy in 1972, Watergate notwithstanding), and the media finally got rid of Nixon just a year later by publishing the truth. So you have a right to know.

Trans-High Corporation (THC—the parent company of High Times*) was started to bring new consciousness projects into reality, particularly projects within the media. As we stated some time ago, we have no particular interest in manufacturing rolling papers or hash pipes, or starting* High Times *key clubs. We are mainly interested in opening up communication, providing access to information. One of the first THC projects was* High Times *magazine. It was a coldly conceived concept, there was nothing accidental about it, and we definitely expected it to succeed, eventually. Instead, it took off like a rocket, right from the beginning, and our main problem has been holding on. Holding on—to our personal identities, to our editorial independence, to our corporate independence, to*

reality, to our rapport and unique communication with our readers, to our sanity. Coping with the staggering business-financial-organizational problems caused by our rapid growth. Finding honest, competent, creative people to be the staff. And retaining our perspective amidst a barrage of publicity—all of it strangely favorable.

To outsiders, the High Times *"success story" appears to be a typical capitalist trip, with one or more individuals on top raking in tons of money to be used for buying Lamborghini sports cars, MacIntosh stereos, penthouses, Peruvian flake, and sexual companionship that resembles the people in the cigarette ads as closely as possible. While we assure you that we at* High Times *fully appreciate the value of hedonism (learned in part from that pioneering personal researcher in the field, Hugh M. Hefner), the fact is that THC is owned by a non-profit trust fund and the staff makes very modest salaries indeed. Should we make any excess profits, they will be given to organizations concerned with social, cultural, political and economic change. We'd like to own MacIntosh stereos, but other things are more important to us. Like putting out the best magazine imaginable. A magazine that has always been far more than a "dope" magazine. Lately, as you have seen, we have been broadening our editorial scope even more. It is obvious that our readers want to hear about a broad range of contemporary and historical subjects. We have no desire to be limited to being the magazine of substances that people put in their mouths. In this issue, you will notice more general news, more diverse features, much more music coverage, and more cultural and political coverage than ever before. We have added the National Weed section, continued and expanded our policy of using name authors and experts from every field, including topnotch investigative reporters, fiction writers, new journalists, old journalists, better editing, and hard-core dopers who know what they're talking about (we've been there, too, folks). Meanwhile, we will continue to have the best, the most accurate, the most interesting and entertaining, the most wideranging, creative, wildest, courageous coverage of dope anywhere. If you see any serious competition, let us know.*

When High Times *began, many people thought it was so slick and professional that it was surely a Madison Avenue production designed to "rip off" the dope culture. The reality is that the people who put out* High Times *were (and the hard core still are) admitted children of the Sixties—veterans of the civil rights movement, the underground press, SDS, White Panthers, Y.I.P., the preundergrounds Weathermen, Amorphia (an early legalize-pot organization) and all the rest. Since then we have added a sprinkling of straight professionals, particularly in the business area, to keep the economic wheels turning and the records straight. We hope those who deal with us have noticed a vast improvement. We have also added a sprinkling of magazine professionals from such places as Penthouse, Playboy, Oui, Good Housekeeping, Harcourt Brace, and so on. Most of these people were actively supporting what this magazine stands for long before coming here. Our average age is about 24.*

Outsiders must also wonder: just how massive are the profits from such an obviously successful magazine as High Times*? In the last six month accounting period, THC lost $33,000. During the same period, we gave $25,000 to NORML and lesser amounts to various other projects. Why are we losing money and why are we giving money away as well?*

First of all, High Times *is extremely expensive to put out. We spend a lot of money on research, top-level writers, extensive editing, expensive high-quality art work, four-color printing, sophisticated independent marketing, top quality organization. We give money to NORML and other organizations because we know that they are barely surviving, that they work very hard, and it is not fair for us to have money when they need money—as long as we don't undermine our survival. We don't think we are undermining our survival; we think we are insuring it by supporting organizations for change, including NORML.*

We are also losing money because although the circulation of High Times *is currently around 420,000, it is extremely expensive to have to service that size circulation without a national distributor. The Big Five national distribution monopoly has boycotted* High Times *because of THC's radical structure. Obviously, any magazine that can sell 420,000 without a national distributor represents a serious threat to the hegemonic monopolistic control of the Big Five over what the public will be allowed to read. The Big Five are now financing a brace of "dope" magazines (*High Times *is not a dope magazine) intended to break the back of THC. But we have bad news for the Big Five and the establishment that controls them — there is room for plenty of counterculture magazines. But such a magazine must have a contemporary corporate structure or it is just another money-making media scheme available for purchase by the highest bidder. Remember Deep Throat's admonishment to Woodstein—follow the money!*

Making money is not enough for us. Money and political "power" (often a goal in publishing) strike us as irrelevant. We are faced with a future that needs help. We know that as far as the future is concerned, we are playing for keeps. Our goal is to go all the way, whatever that may bring. ◘

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) Paul Tornetta, General Manager

Letters

Sins of the Fathers

Your July story on sinsemilla was interesting but left much of the fascinating tale untold. Did you know, for instance, that Mexican farmers who specialize in growing seedless won't let their wives tend the plants? They believe the marijuana females are extremely jealous of the presence of other women. In my five years of living and traveling all over Mexico, this is the only reason I have seen men exclude women from hard work. I can't imagine any time a Mexican man would give up his siesta to work instead of sending his wife to do it. Sinsemilla is also much like a woman in that it takes the plant nine months to produce those beautiful *colas*.

Having two good Mexican friends who cultivate sinsemilla (as did their fathers, grandfathers, etc.), I've learned many of their horticultural tricks. They are such well-kept secrets, and I could probably have my heart cut out for revealing them, but one so fascinated me that I feel I have to share it with you. They take a sliver of *acote* (a certain pine) and thrust it into the root of the plant below ground level when the plant is about four feet tall. This irritant prevents seeds from forming. It also gives the grass a pine flavor.

Dearden's article mentioned that sinsemilla is better than Thai sticks. Well, most of the sticks I've smoked *were*



seedless. The art is evidently known throughout the world. I once smoked a joint with a Cuban guy. When I casually mentioned it was sinsemilla, he almost fainted. He told me his friends in Cuba always smoked it, but that I was the first person he'd met outside Cuba who knew what it was.

Here is a photo of this rarity. The strongest comes from Puebla, a state bordering Guerrero and Oaxaca; the finest comes from the fields high on Popocatepetl. Another interesting fact: The best sinsemilla I've ever encountered was grown neither by the above process nor by the one in your article, but from a special strain of seed reputed to be over a thousand years old. I found proof on the walls of a pyramid in Puebla, where pictures of it were drawn many centuries ago. —*Richard P., Jackson, Tenn.*

Gold Floats

This unpleasant scene shows the murder of the best Colombian Gold we've ever seen. Some of these fellows are faithful *High Times* readers, but unfortunately we're in the U.S. Coast Guard. We were near Dog Rocks—a small group of rocks



about 175 miles south of Florida, when we spotted 18 hundred-pound bales of this lovely gold bud floating in the ocean. Too bad we couldn't keep it. But let me say with pride that our find didn't go untasted. —*Tokers in the Guard*

Chain Reaction

I am not going to resubscribe to *High Times*, because the magazine is too sexist and male-heterosexual-oriented. For instance, why was there a picture of a woman dressed in leather and chains on the cover of the last issue, when the story had nothing whatsoever to do with women (thank Goddess!)? Why didn't you show a picture of a man dressed in leather and chains? You wanted to entice heterosexual male perverts who love to see women tied up and humiliated. I'm glad the story was about faggots, but I am disgusted that you put an innocent woman in chains on the cover. Besides being sexist and offensive, it is also false advertising, appealing to the most woman-hating, dangerous elements in men. The ad for the Rolling Stones is even worse. Mick Jagger should be the one tied up and bruised. He'd probably love it.

The breast on the cover of your October/November '75 issue was also offensive to me. So was the cover of May '76, with the cutesy heterosexual couple. I live in farm country and no one looks like that. The woman on your cover is too coy and passive.

I've enjoyed your articles on astral travel and chocolate, among others. Basically I like the concept of the magazine, but it is too sexist for me to read. I do not like to see pictures of naked men who write about fucking their plants. I guess I will have to wait 'til there is a feminist *High Times*.

—*Ziggy Rider, Preston Hollow, N.Y.*

The people who make High Times *actively strive to eradicate all types of sexual prejudice from our pages. Some of our efforts have undoubtedly seemed male-heterosexual-oriented. Others have been clearly aimed at the consciousness of gays, feminists or those who have the capacity to entertain any orientation. If you cannot bear to see a picture of a naked man, a cover showing a breast or an S-&-M-oriented ad, this magazine is not for you. (Avid feminists, it should be noted, have been known to be into all three.)* —Ed.

Financing Freedom

Your article concerning the 14 Americans freed from the Mexican jail prompted me to send Dr. Sterling Davis a check to help reimburse his $80,000 expenditure. Perhaps others might consider financing such liberations if they were sure their investment would be repaid. Maybe Lloyd Dobbins of NBC's "Weekend" could explore this possibility with the American people. If the government can't help its citizens, then we must do it ourselves.

—*John Boyd, Langhorne, Pa.*

Solar Energy

Here's a shot of my solarium garden. This potent local leaf grew from



Michoacan seed and is still going strong.

—*Mary, San Francisco, Ca.*

Murder for Mushrooms

Well, it's the rainy season again in Miami, and here come the magic mushrooms. Unfortunately, picking is so competitive you have to be trodding the pastures at

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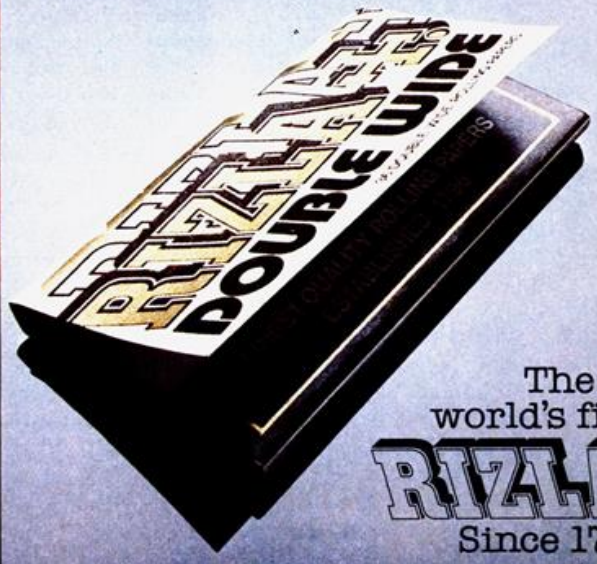
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dawn with flashlight and bag in hand. because the fields are usually picked clean way before noon. Until last year. mushrooms were legal to possess. and the two greatest dangers were the poisonous species that grow alongside the real McCoy and getting harassed and/or busted for trespassing. This year. however. some morons decided to outlaw our psychedelic friends. so now we can also be busted for possession. In fact. just last week two young pickers were shot and killed by paranoid Miami police. The cops are suspended from duty pending investigation. which means the murderers are actually loose on the streets!

It's a well-known fact that mushroom pickers are usually armed with little more than paper bags and mosquito repellant. What the hell were these gun-toting maniacs doing in a cow pasture at dawn. anyway? To avoid personally solving these riddles. I had some friends bring me a bunch of fresh cow patties. full of spores. I now have them in my backyard. I tap loose all the spores from each new mushroom before removing the delicacy from the dung. I can now pick. eat and trip unmolested. I pray my fellow shroom-eaters enjoy the same peace of mind. —*C.L., Miami, Fla.*

Quiet Grows the Don

This is what warm Vermont sunshine can do for Don Peyote. I bought these two cacti (there are two "head" to each root) last winter when they were the size of



half-dollars. Now they're all at least two inches in diameter. The largest one (flowering) is also the parent of five others grown from its seeds. Never let it be said that Vermont is all snow and ice.

—*B. D., Montpelier, Vt.*

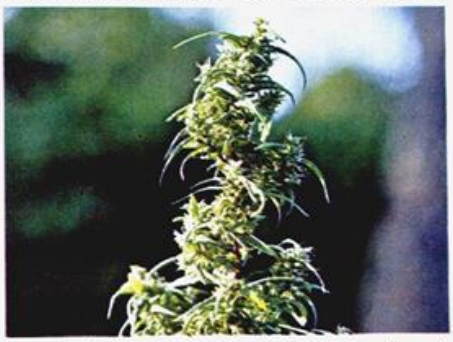
Strung Out on Milk

I'm all for Richard Ashley's point of view in "The Fight for Legal Cocaine" [*High Times*, June 1976]. and it's obvious he knows what he's talking about. But sometimes he goes a bit too far: "The typical steady user is no more dependent on cocaine than the typical milk freak is on milk." Well. I'm a steady user. and maybe I'm no more dependent on the Lady than all those milk freaks are on moo—but it sure as hell costs me a lot more. Besides. you can always run out to the corner deli and buy a milk fix at 2:00 A.M. but I've yet to find a dealer who gives that kind of service.

—*A Typical Coke Freak, New York, N.Y.*

Florida Keys

Here is a picture of some of Miami *mota verde*. Colombian red seed was used to produce a Hawaiian-looking plant



covered with seedless buds and red hairs—very sticky to the touch and an outrageous buzz. Well worth five months work! —*Pancho de Oro, Miami, Fla.*

Pan-American High Way or Gringos Afield

Thought I'd offer you some notes on my recent South American experiences:

La Paz, Bolivia. ... heading for Chile. There's only one thing flatter than the Altiplano. and that's the ocean. 'cept the Altiplano got no waves. And no roads. So we found a set of vehicle tracks and sat down in dusty sunset. west of Oruro. One truck passed a couple hours before dark. and we could still see its lights as the stars rose.

Arrow and I finally got a lift in a pickup that was getting a lift itself in the back of another truck. Mighty comfortable. but bogged down in the salt pans. Later the ice was thick on the windows. and the salt could've been a street of endless ice in the full moon.

Chile was a breath of fresh air and new grass. Hitching is fine. and the smoke is good and cheap. Santiago is neat. with superb pinball and dope at $5 a hand. Units of measure are anthropological volume rather than weight. Your arm's got: a joint (at pointer finger). a finger. a hand or fist. and an arm (to elbow). I guess an arm could be a half-pound.

The Chilean government grows the stuff around Los Andes for birdseed. ropes and sacks. using only the pips and stalks. The foliage is thrown away. The plantations and dumps are accessible. making the grass real cheap. quality good to shithouse. Pajaro told us that a few years ago no one sold it. only gave it. Mother Earth has a residence in South Chile. a region of lakes. snow-coned volcanoes and forests.

The Pan-Am highway stops at Puerto Montt. So we scored an arm for $9 and took a boat to Tierra del Fuego. That whole third-class bottom deck was a cloud of smoke. No ventilation for five days. stoned and seasick with Pat and Enrique and Frenchy the musical rarity. Man. that guy sure could play those bamboo flutes.

We struck a lift across T del F into Argentina with two round-the-world Jap cats. The customsman tentatively tasted the sugar. Snowfights and pizzas. bottlenecks and 5c-a-pack cigs. There was a merry gathering of travelers in the most south city on earth.

Well. that Chilean grass took us drop-jaw stunned to the glacier on Lago Argentino. the petrified forest in Patagonia and the whalers at Valdez. It returned us to Buenos Aires for Christmas/New Year's. A huge market there pushes up prices to $5 a finger for that incredible Paraguay wheat. I managed to get stoned on some Colombian stuff that I suspect shines in the dark. Most anywhere in S.A. a person can get stoned from local heads. travelers or out of the ground. and in my experience carrying personal quantities is cool.

—*Bob, San Francisco, Ca.*

Monmouth Monsters

Raised in Monmouth County. New Jersey. these babies are only four months old. We don't know whether it's the soil or the recent weather. but there they are.



They're the biggest we've ever heard of in this area. We may not have money. but we're lucky to get away with what we have. —*Louise and Lee, Teaneck, N.J.*

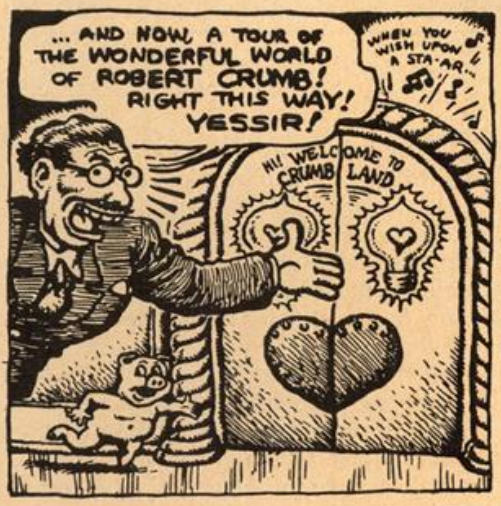
Potboiler

In this June's "Forum." you instructed a smoker with a sensitive throat to use "piping hot" water in his bong. allowing bigger tokes and a milder. purer smoke. After using hot tap water in my own acrylic bong. I found it is indeed better than ice. So I thought. the hotter the better. right? Wrong. wrong. wrong! Not only did I nearly scald my throat. but my red bong became soft and pliable. and now looks like an apple.

—*Mike, Providence, R.I.*

Correction

In our October issue. the photo credit was inadvertently omitted from "Big Sur Hophead Harvest" by Ma and Pa Kettle: From *Sinsemilla: Marijuana Flower*, published by And/Or Press. Copyright © Richardson and Woods 1976.



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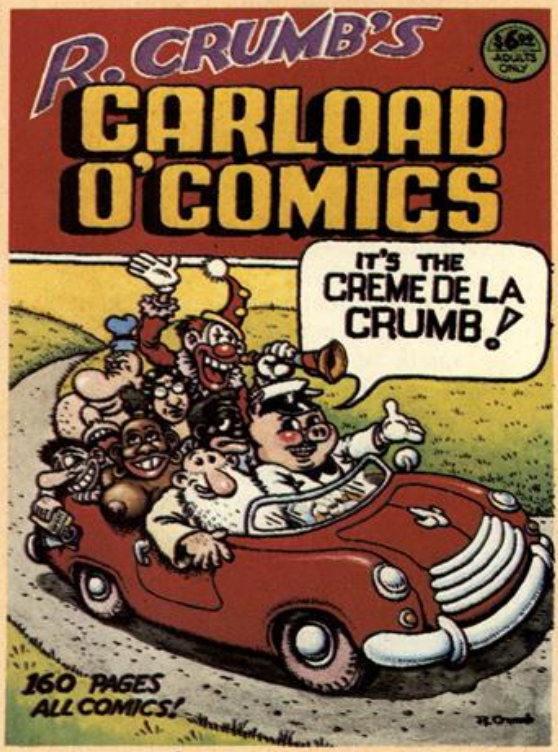
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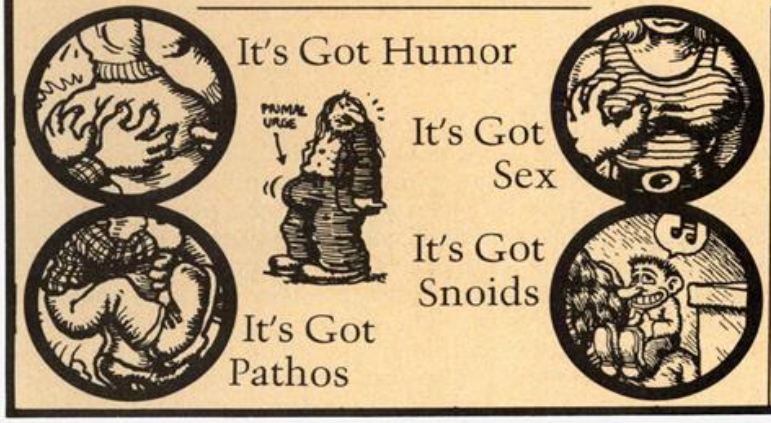
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Forum

New Psychedelics

Q: A cousin from New York turned me on to some things I'd never heard of before: DMA and DOB. Can you tell me what they are and their possible dangers? —*George, Hamilton Beach, Va.*

A: *Both of these compounds are hallucinogenic amphetamine derivatives and are chemically related to MDA, DOM (STP) and mescaline. DMA usually refers to 2,5-dimethoxyamphetamine, but there are several other dimethoxylated amphetamines also called by the same initials. They are listed below, along with their potency compared to mescaline:*

2,3-dimethoxyamphetamine	*unknown*
2,4-dimethoxyamphetamine	*5x*
2,5-dimethoxyamphetamine	*8x*
2,6-dimethoxyamphetamine	*unknown*
3,4-dimethoxyamphetamine	*1x*
3,5-dimethoxyamphetamine	*unknown*

DOB (4-bromo-2,5-dimethoxyamphetamine) is an analog, or structural rearrangement, of the DOM (STP) molecule; its effects are much like those of MDA. The effective dose is 0.5 to 2.0 mg. One should be aware of of the dose-response characteristics of DOB and DOM. As the dose is increased, even by a small amount, the "freakout potential" increases very rapidly.

Tolerating Cocaine

Q: Though I'm in love with acid, I sometimes try coke. I'm sure what I've tried has been good quality, but I've never gotten high. Friends tell me you have to develop a tolerance before you notice the effects. How long does this take?

—*LSD Jeary, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

A: *The idea of building a tolerance to get off is a contradiction in terms. Tolerance is the body's increasing resistance to the effects of a drug, requiring larger or more frequent doses to produce the original effect. Your problem may simply be low-quality flake. Still, cocaine's high is rather subtle—compared with speed, for instance—so if you're expecting jagged, tense hyperactivity, you may be missing the point. Tolerance to coke does develop rapidly, to the point where a user could eventually spend most of the time either snorting or shooting (if he or she can afford it) up to 10 grams per day, in 50 to 100 milligram doses.*

Growing Pains

Q: Could you please tell me the life span of *Cannabis sativa*? I've heard estimates of months and years. Please help!

—*Dave Tarlach, Dundee, N.Y.*

A: *The life span of cannabis can be months or years depending on the variety and growing conditions. Cannabis is normally an annual plant that sets seed in autumn and dies when the temperature falls below freezing. Plants growing in tropical areas may live for several years, dropping their leaves and seeds during the mild winter and sprouting new growth in the spring. Or, as often happens indoors, they may not drop their seeds at all, but simply continue growing. Indoor plants usually lose their vigor after eight or nine months of growth. They should be harvested then, since their potency will also begin to decline.*

From your plaintive plea for help, we suspect you have a plant that has been hanging on for some time now. If you are particularly attached to it, you can root cuttings in water; they will, of course, be genetically identical to the parent plant. With your help, the same plant could be your companion for life.

Natural Confusion: Organic vs. Synthetic

Q: What is the difference between organic and synthetic mescaline? I can't seem to tell the difference, and I don't even know if what I'm getting is really mescaline. —*M.G., Ann Arbor, Mich.*

A: *Whether called "organic" or "synthetic," most street mescaline is acid or a combination of acid and PCP. When people speak of organic mescaline, they usually mean mescaline that has been extracted from peyote and purified. There is absolutely no discernible difference between mescaline refined from the plant and mescaline synthesized in a laboratory.*

Anytime you see mescaline in tablet form, you can bet it isn't really mescaline. The effective dose for an average-sized adult is 400 mg, almost half a gram. Most of the tablets weigh less than 100 mg, so even if they were pure mescaline, effects would be barely discernable at this dosage. A "00" capsule holds approximately one dose of pure mescaline. This would be the equivalent of about 20 capsules of powdered, dried peyote.

Hairy Buttons

Q: Why is it so important to remove the white hairs from peyote buttons before using them? I've heard they contain strychnine. Is it really dangerous to eat the hair? —*Scratch, Yuma, Ariz.*

A: *This is another example of the Great Strychnine Myth. It seems that whenever someone experiences an unpleasant physical reaction to a drug, strychnine is the culprit. It is commonly blamed for bummer acid trips, yet chemical analyses of thousands of LSD preparations have failed to detect strychnine.*

To be honest, we don't know the reason for getting rid of the hair, except that button eaters claim they experience less nausea when it is removed. It's mostly indigestible cellulose and so could contribute to the stomach's problems in handling the acrid cactus flesh. The hair also has a tendency to stick in the throat and cause choking or tickling.

Perhaps we could spread a more colorful myth, however. The Indians of the Sonoran Desert of Mexico conceive of the peyote as being inhabited by a powerful deity called Mescalito. The white tufts are described as Mescalito's pubic hair. You wouldn't swallow a mouthful of pubic hair, would you?

Coke Script

Q: Are there any conditions under which a doctor can prescribe cocaine? I'd like to get sick with something for which coke was the cure.

—*Oliver Shelby, Lexington, Mo.*

A: *Cocaine has a history of medical use beginning with skull operations by Inca doctors who dripped saliva from their coca leaf quids onto the area to be anesthetized. The refined alkaloid was first used in the West in eye surgery in 1884 by Karl Koller, a colleague of Freud. Cocaine is a Schedule II substance under current law; it's approved for some medical uses, but any doctor who wishes to use it must register with the DEA, and prescription-writing habits are carefully monitored. Because of these hassles, most physicians use the synthetic local anesthetics—lidocaine, procaine and benzocaine—even though they are not as effective. The same situation applies throughout most of the world, since 123 nations have signed the Single Convention Treaty on Narcotic Drugs, modeled on U.S. dope laws.*

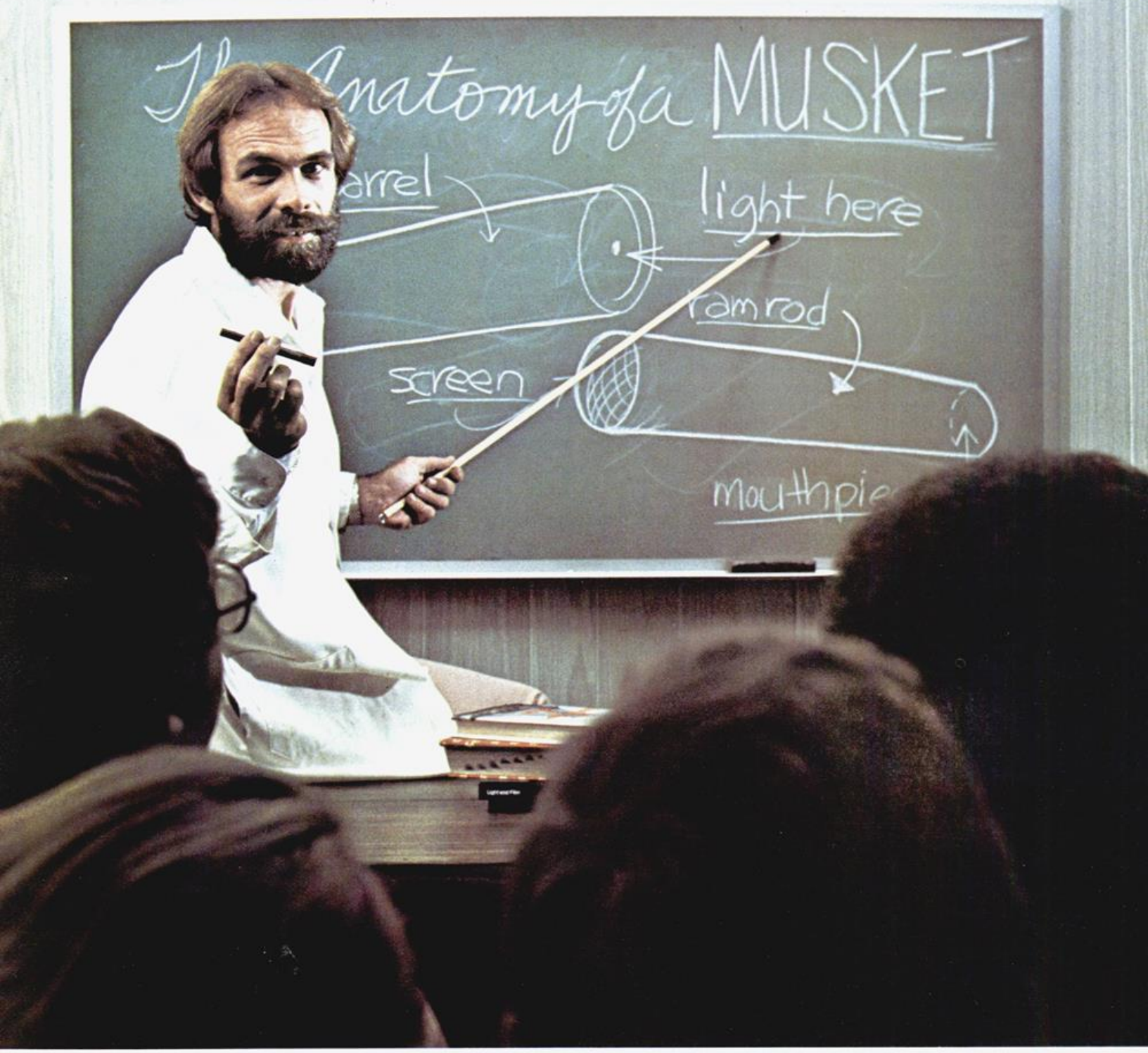
Water Damage?

Q: I would like to know what happens to marijuana smoke (besides being cooled) when it passes through a water pipe. I'm also curious about the best liquid to use. Are any of the active ingredients lost, or do they collect in the resin in the stem?

—*C.S.M., Lawrence, Kans.*

A: *The active components of cannabis are almost completely insoluble in water, so you need fear no loss of potency from a water pipe. Any number of flavorings can be added to the water to please your taste buds. Rum or bourbon are sometimes used, but they are poor choices, since the alcohol certainly will dissolve and retain some of the resin.*

The residue in the stem is largely carbonized tar. This "pipe hash" can be



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Most everyone who reads this has probably whiffed a little cocaine one time or another, right? Wrong. Well, yeah, sure it wasn't pure, but there was *some* cocaine in that white powder, wasn't there? Not really. But cocaine has that distinctive taste, right? Wrong again. Cocaine is highly soluble in water? Unh, unh. (Don't stop now.) Pure Cocaine melts at over 185° C, doesn't it? Tch, tch. At least some of this stuff is in the leaves that those Indians have been harmlessly chewing for centuries? Au contraire. "What the hell is this all about?" you ask. This is about cocaine ($C_{17}H_{21}NO_4$) which you may have confused with cocaine hydrochloride ($C_{17}H_{21}NO_4$.HCl) . The latter is highly soluble in water and results in a solution containing hydrochloric acid. The former is "like" the latter as hydrogen (H) is "like" water (H_2O). The CHECKIT QUANTITATIVE TESTING KIT procedure involves, in part, converting that nasty hydrochloride to the basic cocaine like those Indians have been appreciating. Buy the CK-1 and learn some more interesting things.

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scraped out and smoked if you're desperate, but as you can tell from the effects it contains little THC. It will probably give you a slight headache.

TMA Update

Q: In issue #6 you published information from a reader on a chemical called TMA. I'd like to know more about it—where is it sold legally and how is it synthesized? If it really combines the best features of mescaline, coke and STP, as that letter claimed, it's bound to be a hit. —*Burnout, Belle Fourche, S.D.*

A: *TMA is not sold legally, at least not in the U.S. It's a chemical analog of mescaline, one of a group of compounds called methoxylated phenethylamines, which also include MDA, DMA and STP. Theoretically, there are over 2,000 such compounds, but only 30 to 40 have been tested on humans. Some are inactive, some have speed effects and some are psychedelics. There are two forms of TMA: the more common one is 3,4,5-trimethoxyamphetamine; the other, more potent, is 2,4,5-trimethoxyamphetamine (called TMA-2). Both are similar to mescaline in low doses, the trip lasting 6 to 8 hours. In larger doses, some subjects in clinical research displayed anger, hostility and megalomania 3 to 5 hours into the experience. Not much else is known about TMA; it's rarely sold underground and little research has been done on it. The CIA has reportedly worked with it. Lester Grinspoon and other scientists are trying to force release of the research under the Freedom of Information Act.*

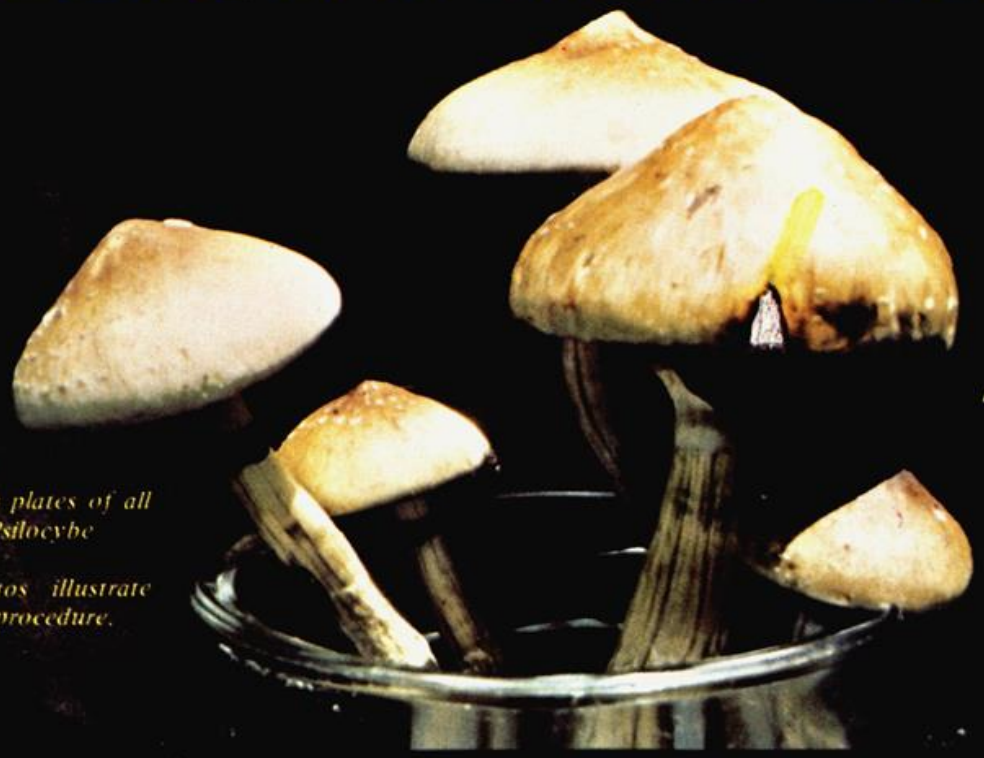
Talcum Trouble

Q: I recently came across a keg of bootleg Green Meanies (Quaaludes). The problem is that, according to the chemist who made them, the tablets were put together with the wrong kind of binder, and they don't break up fast enough in the stomach to get off. Is there anything I can do to keep them from going to waste? —*The Silver Fox, Niagara Falls, N.Y.*

A: *You might try crushing the pills into a powder, but even that might not help. The binder used was probably talc, which probably is not absorbed by the digestive system at all. Talc has also caused problems when used as the binder for black market speed. When injected, the talc from the pulverized tablets can cause skin sores. If your chemist is inexperienced enough to use talc for these tablets, you should be wary of the other products.*

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science and technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ◘

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Health

Latest Research Finds No Pot Perils

Neither large doses of synthetic THC nor a history of marijuana smoking has any adverse effect on the body's defenses against disease germs, according to research, by Drs. Reese T. Jones and Neil Benowitz of the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute in San Francisco. Jones is known for his liberality in dispensing synthetic THC for the sake of science (see "Subsidized High," *High Times* Dec. 1975/Jan. 1976.) The eight volunteers in this most recent experiment recieved 210 mg. of △-9-THC per day for 18 days, a prodigious amount by American standards. All the testees were regular users, toking an average of 13.5 joints a week for 3½ years. Tests showed no impairment of disease resistance in any of them, nor in an additional seven pot smokers, who did not receive the synthetic THC.

Pot's effect on the immune response against disease has been debated since Dr. Gabriel Nahas reported in 1974 that lymphocyte (one type of white blood cell) response in chronic smokers was 40 percent below normal. Nahas' tests were done only in test tube cultures. Two other groups of scientists conducted tests on live subjects and found no adverse effects.

In another clinical study, a battery of psychiatric tests has failed to show any impairment of mental function from intermittent, moderate marijuana use. Psychiatrists at Maryville College, Maryville, Tennessee, tested students (10 male, 10 female) who had smoked pot an average of six times a month for a year or longer. They were compared with 20 students who had never smoked the herb. Subjects were given standard psychiatric measurement tests of motivation, hand-eye reaction time, immediate memory, muscular coordination and attention while they were not stoned, to test pot's residual effects only. No differences in performance were found between the two groups.

These studies join a long list of studies in the last five years that have found no harm in chronic marijuana smoking including investigations in Jamaica, Greece, Egypt and Costa Rica. The Costa Rican study is especially significant because of the inclusion of sleep electroencephalograms, a recently developed means of evaluating a chemical's long-term effect on the brain. Thirty-two Costa Rican men were sleep-tested; they had smoked 2½ to 40 joints daily for 10 to 27 years. A lack of brain wave disturbances during sleep was the "most impressive" finding, according to sleep researcher Dr. Ismet Caracan of Baylor College of Medicine in Houston.

Good Vibes Show Promise as Male Contraceptive

Preliminary tests indicate that ultrasound vibrations transmitted to the testes through water in a few short treatments may be a simple, safe and effective male contraceptive. Ultrasound—high-pitched sound waves beyond the upper limits of human hearing—was tested on five male volunteers by Dr. Mostafa Fahim of the University of Missouri Medical School in Columbia, Missouri. All five subjects were rendered temporarily sterile after two to three 15-minute treatments; fertility returned within several months.

Reporting in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Fahim stated that ultrasound had no discernable effect on the volunteers' sexual functioning or general health. Based on preliminary results, Fahim expects five or six ultrasound sessions to be effective for a year and feels 10 to 15 may produce permanent sterility. He explained that the procedure seems to work by drastically reducing sperm production. One subject reported an unexpected plus while his scrotum was in the water-filled cup through which the vibrations are transmitted—he said it feels good.

New Life Research Stopped by City Hall

Controversy continues in Cambridge, Massachusetts, over construction of a new Harvard University laboratory for genetic research specifically to create new life forms. Scientists and lay persons have strongly opposed the project,fearing accidental creation of new disease organisms. The Cambridge city government ordered postponement of construction on Harvard's lab until at least October 7, pending recommendations of a city review board established early in August.

Richard McCann, spokesman for the mayor's office, said the majority of the general public probably agreed that the risks are too great to allow the facility to be built in an urban center. He also pointed out that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Cancer Institute already has a laboratory more contamination-proof than Harvard's proposed center, but there are no plans to use it for recombinant DNA studies.

The Harvard research would involve transplantation of DNA from one organism into another, generally into a bacterium whose genetic structure is well understood. The experiments may enable biologists to isolate specific genes and recombine them to form a new species "made to order." Bacteria might be generated that could eat up oil spills or produce scarce medicines, like insulin or anti-hemophilic globulin. Self-fertilizing plants might be created. It could become possible to decipher and correct the mechanisms of genetic diseases.

The main danger is that disease organisms could be spawned to which people, animals or plants have no resistance. If such germs escaped the laboratory, large populations could be wiped out within a few weeks.

Scientists ended a two-year nationwide research moratorium on June 23, when the National Institute of Health issued strict guidelines prohibiting some kinds of experiments and setting safety requirements for the rest. NIH Director Dr. Donald S. Frederickson said this was the first time dangerous research has been voluntarily suspended until the hazards were properly assessed.

The new rules prohibit experiments with cancer-causing viruses or with genes that produce poisons or transfer drug-resistant traits to microorganisms. Potentially hazardous tests may only be done in laboratories with special safety features, such as pressurized airlocks, sterilized waste and filtered air. The labs must also be kept at lower air pressure so that no unfiltered air can escape.

Natural Morphine Substitute Discovered in Human Blood

A painkiller as effective as morphine has been isolated from human blood, announced scientists at the National Institute of Mental Health last June 20.



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Researchers had been looking for the substance, which they dubbed anodynin, since the discovery of opiate receptors in the brain in 1973. Opiate receptors are structures in certain neurons into which the molecular shapes of narcotics fit in a lock-and-key arrangement. They have been found in most vertebrates and evolved millions of years before humans existed or discovered the secrets of the poppy. Anodynin's discoverers—Drs. Candace Pert, John Tallman and Agu Pert—speculate that it may also play a part in sleep and in the expression of certain emotions.

Previous research has turned up other narcotic substances, known as enkephalins, which also bond to the brain's opiate receptors. Found in mammalian (including human) brains and pituitary glands, enkephalins are broken down by enzymes soon after they are formed, so their pain relief is short-lived. Anodynin is not destroyed by these enzymes. Based on rat tests, it is as potent as morphine, with effects lasting four to five hours.

Candace Pert says the next step will be to study the effect of opiates on anodynin levels in the blood of narcotics users. She expects anodynin research to shed light on the chemical nature of addiction and improve methods of detoxification.

Indian Bone Export Banned

The Indian government has announced a ban on the exportation of human skeletons, which may affect medical education throughout the world. India had been the major supplier of human bones for research and for anatomy classes. Most nations have strict limitations on the retention and sale of skeletons. Although hospitals in some countries are allowed to keep parts of bodies bequeathed to them, this supply is not expected to fill the need. Unless some new source can be found, many future medical students will have to make do with plastic models, even though they cannot provide the precise detail and muscle impressions needed for anatomy classes. The problem will be worst for new medical schools that do not yet have adequate bone collections.

Speed Side Effects Clues to Schizophrenia Cure

Pimozide, a newly synthesized compound that neutralizes one of the hormones involved in transmission of nerve impulses in the brain, is now under study as a cure for schizophrenia. Evidence seems conclusive that an oversecretion of dopamine in the prefrontal cortex (a part of the brain important in controlling voluntary actions) is the immediate chemical cause of schizophrenia.

Pimozide is being tested on schizophrenics by Drs. William E. Bunney and Daniel van Kammen of the National Institute of Mental Health. They hope within a few years to have several new drugs that will completely cure, control or prevent the malady. Produced—but not yet marketed—by the McNeil Company in the United States, pimozide was developed by the Belgian firm of Paul Janssen. Under the brand name Orap, it is already being used by many European psychiatrists.

Phenothiazine tranquilizers, such as Thorazine, introduced in the 1950s, were the first drugs used with any success for schizophrenics. Research by Dr. Arvid Carlsson of Gothenburg University in Sweden in 1963 indicated that the phenothiazines work by partially blocking the action of dopamine. Psychiatrists who treated speed freaks in the late 1960s saw that, if taken continually over a period of weeks or months, speed creates a paranoid schizophrenia just like the natural variety. Symptoms include frightening hallucinations, delusions of persecution and loss of insight into one's behavior. Research on animals has since confirmed that amphetamine increases dopamine secretion, while phenothiazines and pimozide decrease it.

Poppy-Pot Shots Shock Michigan Mainliners

Two Michigan men became dangerously ill after injecting themselves with a solution of juice from watered marijuana cuttings that was added to opium and boiled with tar scraped from a pot pipe. They filtered this soup through cotton and injected ¼ to ½ milliliter of the liquid intravenously. Nausea, vomiting, fever, chills, abdominal and lower back pain and weakness developed in both patients, followed after 12 hours by a dangerous and persistant drop in blood pressure that lasted several days. There is sparse information on injected marijuana, but a few previous cases in England and the United States produced similar effects, even though no opium or pipe resin was used. In all of these instances, a water solution of marijuana or hashish was injected.

THC, however, is not soluble in water and the dangerous hypotension seems to be produced by one of the water-soluble cannabinoids. The first study in humans of injected THC produced no adverse effects, only a high lasting two to four hours. A suspension of 10 milligrams THC in human plasma was used. More recent research involving shots of pure THC also showed no effect on blood pressure.

Life Sentence for Acid Reversed in New York

In a landmark ruling, a New York Appellate Court in Brooklyn has voided a drug conviction because of the defending lawyer's incompetence. David Ramos was arrested for possession of LSD in January 1974. While he was stopped at a red light in Brooklyn, police ordered him out and searched his car because "the gentleman looked fairly young." The officers testified at the trial that the car was searched only because Ramos's youthful appearance "aroused our suspicion." He was convicted of possession of 5.1 milligrams of LSD (5.0 milligrams is the felony amount in New York) and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The appellate court ruled that Ramos's first lawyer, Nathan Diamond of Queens, N.Y., was so "inadequate and ineffective" as to deny him a fair trial. Diamond, who was referred to Ramos by a city marshall, failed to question the legality of the search or the accuracy of the chemist's report on the amount of LSD confiscated. Ramos's new lawyer, Martin Gershon, is hopeful that the search will be ruled invalid and the charges dismissed at a new trial scheduled for September.

Pot Breath No Cause for Search in Illinois

When two Macomb, Illinois, police officers responded to a noise complaint at the residence of Kenneth Creed, they thought they smelled marijuana as they came within 30 to 40 feet of the house, or so they testified at trial. Neither was trained in marijuana detection, but they testified that they smelled pot on the breath of the person who answered the door. Although they had no search warrant, they forced entry and found burned residue and seeds. In suppressing the evidence and holding the seizure improper, the court called the testimony "questionable," and Creed was acquitted.

Third-Rate Coke Remains First-Class Felony in Illinois

The Illinois Appellate Court (Third District) has upheld the constitutionality of that state's Controlled Substances Act. The court affirmed the conviction of Jimmi Thomas under a law which provides that drug violators are guilty of different degrees of offenses depending on the amount of substance illegally delivered, rather than on the amount of the illegal substance. For example, you are guilty of a first-class felony if you deliver 20 grams or more of any substance containing cocaine (regardless of the amount of coke).

"Guilty-Bystander" Law Struck Down in Nebraska

The Nebraska Supreme Court held unconstitutional a state law that made it a crime "to visit or be in any room, dwelling house, vehicle or place where any controlled substance is being used ... if the person has knowledge that such activity is occurring." The court found the statute so poorly worded that it offered no guidance as to how a citizen of ordinary intelligence could avoid breaking it. Judge Donald Brodecky's majority opinion stated that any law so vague that people have to guess at its meaning is a violation of the right to due process.

The law had been one of Nebraska's most widely used since its passage in 1971. Lancaster County Attorney Ron Lahners reported that his office got as many convictions under it as for actual possession—about 100 a year.

Students Get Off on Florida Mystery Load

Last year, college students Mark Sindrich and Christopher Ken Takagi decided to earn a few dollars by driving a truck from Miami, Florida, to Columbus, Ohio. When they picked up the truck, they noticed that the cargo hold was padlocked; they were provided with no key or information about the freight. When the truck failed to stop at an agricultural inspection station in Hamilton County, Florida, it was stopped by inspectors from the Florida Department of Agriculture. They obtained a search warrant, broke the padlock and discovered a shipment of cannabis.

Both students were convicted of possession despite the defense that their lack of knowledge of the truck's contents defeated any argument that they were in "actual" or "constructive" possession of the grass. On appeal, the Florida District Court reversed the conviction, upholding the principle that, although one may be in actual possession of contraband, if one doesn't know it, one cannot be convicted for possession.

South Dakota Finds Vehicle Seizure Illegal in Possession Case

South Dakota police stopped a motorist for reckless driving, allegedly smelled marijuana smoke, searched the car and found 0.4 ounce of pot seeds. The defendant paid the $20 misdemeanor fine, but found his car had been seized. On appeal, the South Dakota Supreme Court declared the state's forfeiture law applies only to vehicles used to facilitate the sale or distribution of controlled substances. The car was returned.

Grass Taken in Weapons Search Fair Game in Arizona

The Court of Appeals of Arizona has ruled that marijuana accidentally discovered in airport searches for weapons is admissible as evidence even though the search was not directed toward contraband.

Leonard White, departing on a trip, took his luggage to the Sky Harbor Airport in Phoenix, Arizona, and approached the security check. His hand luggage was examined by the guard, but his larger carry-on bag was checked by fluoroscope. A "large, gray, indeterminate mass" was revealed. The bag was opened, and rectangular packages wrapped in green polyethylene were found. Police opened the parcels and then arrested White.

White's attorney, Phoenix Deputy Public Defender Joel M. Glynn, conceded that the airport had a right to search for weapons or explosives because of the state's interest in preventing skyjackings. However, he argued, the "indeterminate mass" was obviously not weapons or explosives, so the state's interest in continuing the search is then overpowered by a citizen's Fourth Amendment right to be secure from unreasonable searches.

The court rejected this argument, emphasizing that all aircraft passengers

are voluntarily submitting themselves and their belongings to searches. They have the opportunity to take their baggage from the security area at any time.

Informer's Identity Ruled New Mexico State Secret

The New Mexico Supreme Court unanimously ruled that the prosecution need not reveal the name of the informer who set up a drug bust, unless the informer was the prosecution's only witness. The defense relied on a U.S. Supreme Court case, *Roviaro* v. *U.S.*, in which testimony by the informer was required. The New Mexico court, however, ruled the Roviaro case applied only to situations in which the informer was the sole witness of the transaction. In this case, the narcotics agent was also present and was the main prosecution witness. The trial judge had interviewed the informer in private and concluded his testimony was not relevant or necessary to the defense.

Phoenix Cops Chase Wild Goose down Garden Path

Police in Phoenix, Arizona, entered a dimly lit backyard in response to a tip that marijuana was growing there. Several rows of tender, young plants were found, confiscated and taken down to the station house for examination. The City of Phoenix later agreed to pay Amelia Candelaria for her 50 uprooted marigolds.

Honolulu Cops Will Not Pursue Stolen Stash

Walter Backman of Honolulu reported to police that someone had stolen several marijuana plants he had cultivated. To prove his story, he took along one plant the thief had overlooked. He also brought $50 for bail. Saying he smokes pot to ease a digestive ailment, Backman offered himself for trial in an attempt to force changes in the law to allow for medicinal use of marijuana. At press time, his trial is in recess as both sides gather scientific evidence for their positions.

FULL  GRAM

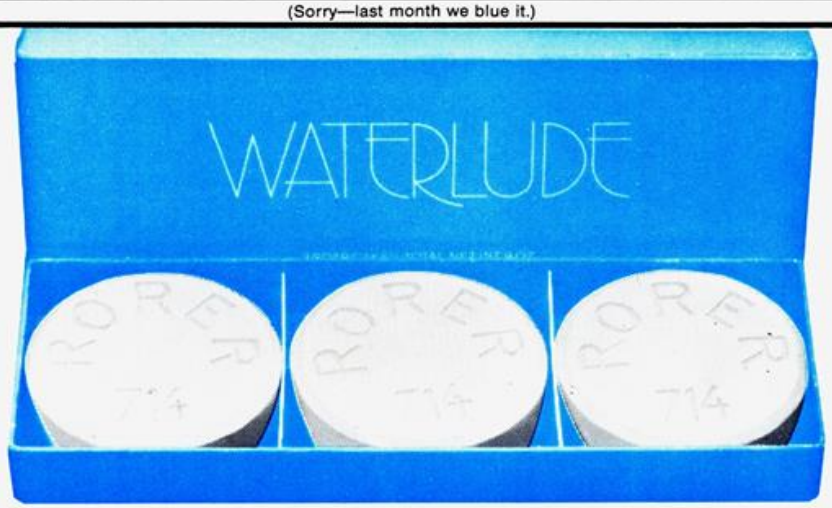
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By Leslie Morrison

Interview: A Smuggling Ace

Of all the people involved in the marijuana culture, from the planter to the smoker, one of the most interesting and elusive is the smuggler. Often dealing only with "connections" at both ends of their runs, smugglers have little opportunity to share their thoughts, as dealers do, and even less chance to become media figures. Smugglers ply their lonely trade back and forth across oceans and borders, keeping stolidly mum when the public eye falls on them in the form of arrest. High Times *recently spoke with a smuggler. By his own admission, he is far from the largest in the trade, but he may be the most articulate. He has played every type of role in every type of smuggling scam, from lowly cargo handler to the all-powerful kingpin who bankrolls and organizes the run. Despite some occasional reticence, he spoke freely and frankly about the smuggler's lifestyle and business. Professionals will be reassured that the technical information about smuggling in this article is all well known to the Drug Enforcement Administration. Would-be smugglers should stand advised that the following information is not the very latest information.*

High Times: How did you get started?
Smuggler: I actually got started in high school. I was living in Tucson, Arizona, and I had an advantage over most people in that I lived fairly near the source of supply. We all used to get high in school, but even in Tucson the supply was unreliable. Anyway, it occurred to us—myself and my friends—that we could go down to Mexico and score some dope and run it back across the border. You could buy it across the border for about $30 a ki.
High Times: Was it good dope?
Smuggler: I never thought about that sort of thing. It was dope, and that was enough. We stuffed it up underneath between the gas tank and the trunk and drove across, very scared. With our luck, the very first time we went across they searched the whole car, but they never found anything; that was my first time.

Later, we got into bigger-scale things. In some parts they had a fence that runs along the border—and we would just drive up next to the fence, take a sack, swing it a couple of times and toss it over. Pick it up on the other side. There was actually a spot in the fence that had a hole in it. Amateur-level smuggling would be what I would call it. That's how I got started. Later on, we found another place along the border where you could drive across. You could drive across full truckloads of marijuana.
High Times: Did you go from high school into smuggling full-time?
Smuggler: No, I held various jobs and stuff like that. I was into hot-rodding.
High Times: What kinds of jobs?
Smuggler: You know, working in gas stations, working in the speed shop, working at the drag strip, things like that. Building up cars and so on. It required a constant amount of money. But we were also into getting high, and this way we could get better, fresher dope. It went on this way for several years.
High Times: When did you get into smuggling full-time?
Smuggler: I don't think that most smugglers *are* into it full-time. I think that almost no one could really take the pressure of being into it full-time . And I think one of the purposes of smuggling is to make enough money to lay back for a while. Also, it's just in the nature of smuggling—it's an orgiastic kind of thing where you build up to it, you do it and, you know, you lay back for a while. One thing you have to understand is that smugglers are always thinking about making the big run to clean up, so one doesn't really develop a career as a smuggler, one just looks back and realizes that one has *had* a career as a smuggler.
High Times: What was your first really major run?
Smuggler: Well, some of these things we were running across the border were pretty good-sized for us. One hundred pounds was quite a bit of grass in those days. But the first big one was when we brought a planeload across.
High Times: What kind of plane were you using?
Smuggler: It was a Cessna 180. And it was about 500 pounds of dope.
High Times: How old were you?
Smuggler: At that time? About 20.
High Times: Were you the pilot?

"Smuggling is a very chic, very glamorous thing to do . . ."

Smuggler: No, I wasn't. I was part of the ground crew.
High Times: On this side?
Smuggler: Yes. What we did was, we flew over and we dropped it out of the plane. Unfortunately, we never found part of the dope. Part of it fell on a highway and some car came along and found it and picked it up. It was in the newspaper the next day—that they found this dope. We were very paranoid that they might have found some fingerprints on the wrappers or something, but nothing ever happened. Anyway, we lost that part of it, but the rest we found.

In subsequent reenactments, we lost whole loads that we never found, on the desert. Some of it may still be sitting out there—the treasure of the Sierra Madre—but it might be a little dry by now. Other loads were accidentally dropped onto cars, into people's back yards and so on. Quite a few. In retrospect, it was disorganized and foolish. But, then we got into what I would call the professional level. That was around back in '68.
High Times: At that point were you yourself flying?
Smuggler: I did fly some, but usually I could find someone else to do it. Even then I was more a professional kingpin than a technician. I would hire other people to do the hard part and the dangerous part.

But, you know, I've had many ups and downs and I've done every part of it, every level of smuggling, in every type of smuggling. I've flown planes, skippered boats. I've loaded; I've unloaded. I transported it down in Mexico, I have harvested it, I have done Colombian runs, sent hash from Lebanon, Afghanistan, Morocco, Jamaica. I'm not proud. When I'm broke, I will do it on any level. I have worked for other people. In general I prefer to be the kingpin, but to do that you have to have experience and be able to do every other part of the operation, to be able to evaluate other people's abilities. And very often people lose their nerve. If you have every ability you can step in. The times that I flew it was because someone else lost their nerve and I had to step in at the last moment.
High Times: What qualities do you look for in upcoming smugglers?
Smuggler: First of all, you have to know them for a long time or somebody has to know them for a long time. I think five years is the industry standard. I would say one year as a minimum, no matter how together they are. But there

can be interlocking conspiracies of people who have all known each other for a long time. You may have people involved who you know for ten minutes, but your partner—who you've known for five years—has known *him* for five years, so if you trust your partner's judgment, it's the same.

Secondly, they have to be discreet. They can't brag to their lovers, they can't brag to their buddies, they can't run off at the mouth in bars. Smuggling is a very chic, very glamourous thing to do. The tendency is to tell your friends and ask them to be quiet.

But, of course, they won't be quiet. You come over to their house, you come in and you sit around and get high, and after you leave, they whisper to their friends, "You know that guy is a big smuggler." Pretty soon, everyone else . . . The other part of being cool is to have the nerve to do it, and this is a hard thing to judge.

High Times: How do you tell if someone has the nerve?

Smuggler: You go out in a boat with everybody to see how they get along. Some people don't work well together. Ego conflicts develop. When the pressure is on, ego conflicts multiply a hundredfold. And everyone's armed, so you don't want people whipping out guns on each other in the midst of a heavy run.

If it's a plane thing, take people up in the plane and see how they react. Cut off the fuel supply. When the engine stops running, see what they do, see how crazy they get.

Usually you work somebody up gradually; you don't take them right into a run. You try them out in transporting, for example. Once you smuggle dope in, you still have to transport it to various places, so you might use them for transporting it or for lookout or something like that. If they do well as lookout, or as a transporter or loader, you probably can use them.

The sad thing is that you can never really tell for sure, because people that you've known for years will suddenly crack, and people that you would never expect to have the moxie to keep it together will turn out to be the Silver-Star winners when the chips are down.

High Times: Are there many women in smuggling?

Smuggler: It's very male -dominated.

High Times: Is there any particular reason for that?

Smuggler: You know, the skills for smuggling tend to be taught to males. But more and more women are getting into it. Of course, in coke smuggling there's a certain type of male who psychologically gets off on the idea of using women to smuggle coke.

It's very sad and sick, but it's true, and the jails in Mexico and Colombia and Panama and Chile have quite a few women because their old men were using them for smuggling. There's a type of guy who will pick up a woman and con her into making a run like this. It's a form of sexual slavery. This is a very sexual form of domination. But more women are doing things on their own. Personally, I encourage this. The more the better. Less heat on me.

High Times: So when did you actually fly in your first big load?

Smuggler: In '68. It was 500 pounds. I was just supposed to be on the ground crew again. But in smuggling, very often, when you get right down to it, some people start thinking about the many years in jail and they decide that they don't want to do it, and so their families begin to have an incredible mortality rate. Anyway, our pilot's father suddenly allegedly died and he couldn't make it.

Now, we had already bought the weed down in Mexico and we did not want to lose this money—it was my money backing the operation—so I had no choice but to do it myself. Fortunately, I had been over the route in the daytime, but I had never flown it at night. You know, the route looks completely different at night. In the day, it's very easy; you just follow the highway or the railroad tracks, you recognize cities and so on. At night you're looking for lights and silhouettes of mountains and you're flying by the moon and the stars.

"In coke smuggling, there's a certain type of male who psychologically gets off on the idea of using women to smuggle coke . . . It's a form of sexual slavery."

High Times: How much money did you get on that run?

Smuggler: On that particular run? Let me think. I must have made about—the figure seems laughable in retrospect—it was about $25,000, a big fortune then.

High Times: Were you scared?

Smuggler: Funny you should ask that. Well, on the way down, I was flying along and it so happened that I got lost. Finally, I saw the lights, so I landed. Unfortunately, it wasn't the smuggling place where *I* supposed to be. It was somebody else's smuggling ring and I landed with many machine guns on me. Their owners were quite upset. They thought I was a narc or something. They were expecting another type of plane and another person, and I was having quite a bit of trouble explaining myself.

Finally, I convinced them that no one would be flying around in Mexico in the middle of the night and landing at bonfire-lit dirt strips in the mountains unless they were also smugglers. So I parked my plane there overnight. I also paid these people quite a bit of money—fortunately I had the foresight to go down there with quite a bit of money on me—and I parked the plane before their plane came in and picked up their weed and flew on. Next morning I got down to a phone and called up my connection and had him set up everything for the next night.

Eventually I flew down to the right place and picked up the weed and called Tucson to arrange for everyone to be there the next night. Unfortunately, on the way back up I had quite a bit of trouble because I had run the plane off into a ditch when I had landed the first time, and the propeller had gotten a little dent—just a little unbalanced, but it was causing a very heavy vibration that made the oil seal in the front of the engine leak.

By the time I got back to the United States, the windshield was covered with oil and I couldn't see, so I had to open the side window to stick my head out and I came in that way. The engine was completely shot by then because the crank case was in two parts that bolted together and they had vibrated to pieces.

That type of thing is more or less typical. It seems like nothing ever goes smoothly. I don't know why it is. There seems to be something about smuggling that causes a very high mortality rate among both the people and the equipment involved. You have to have incredible resources and resourcefulness. You can't be willing to give up easily just because you landed at the wrong field or something.

High Times: How long did you continue to smuggle across the Mexican border?

Smuggler: After a while you build up a certain amount of heat. You know—little things happen, planes crash here, some people talk there. Also, the competition drove prices down to the point where it just wasn't profitable enough. You have to drive truckloads across the Mexican border now to make it worthwhile, as far as I was concerned. Unless it's quality smoke.

At last it just generally became time to move on. A few of my friends split, and first we went to Hawaii and just laid back for awhile and didn't do anything, then later we ended up down in Florida.

High Times: When did you get there?

Smuggler: I first got to Florida in '70 and it was wide open.

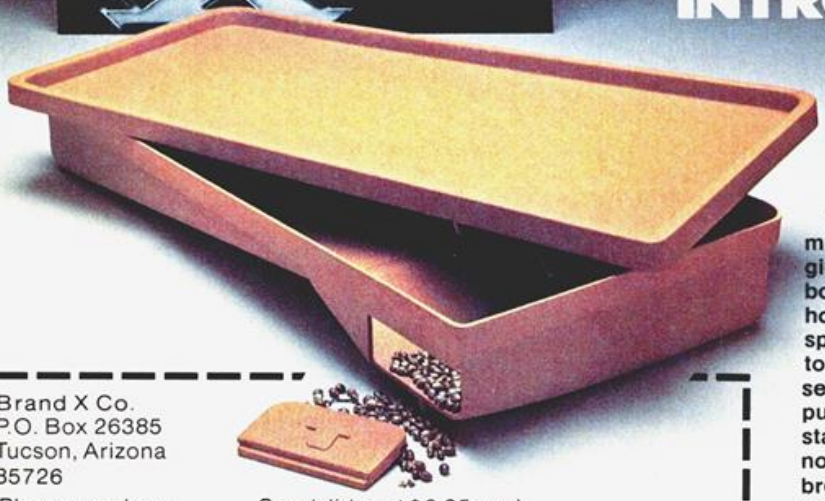
High Times: How wide open was it?

Smuggler: It was wide open in that people were fairly unaware of what was going on. The locals were asleep and there wasn't much competition. The police were not yet capable of infiltrating us. There was just no way they could assimilate the style they needed to get next to us. A few years later, they would be able to pull it off.

The big thing at that time was bringing Mexican down to Florida through Texas. The Jamaican came a little later, at least

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for us. It came at different times for different circles. But within my own circle, the Jamaican run soon became a big thing, going down to Jamaica in sailboats and planes.

High Times: Did you make your first Jamaican run by sea or by air?

Smuggler: I've been indirectly involved with a lot more runs than the ones I did myself. I've personally been aware of, you know, ten times as many smuggling operations as I have ever been directly involved in. And of the ones that I've been directly involved in, I've been directly involved ten times more often than I have actually been the one who piloted the vehicle that brought it in. I was often just the one who organized it or, sometimes, just a hired hand.

Anyway, the first run that I actually went on was with some people who took a sailboat down to Jamaica and loaded up. They took it right into Dinner Key, which is in Miami. At that time, the police station was right next to it. They off-loaded it right on the dock at night. Even at that time it was a little bit nervy. But you could get away with things like that then. We didn't intend to bring it into Dinner Key, but a launch that was supposed to meet us out at sea never showed up. We sat out there a couple of days waiting

High Times: Was this the first time you ran dope by ship?

Smuggler: It was the first time I'd ever been involved in a boat thing.

High Times: How is a sea run different from an air run?

Smuggler: One thing about the air is that they can't pull you over; they can't board you; there's not much they can do if they see you. In the air in the Sixties they didn't even have anybody to chase you down. Out at sea your chances of getting stopped are about the same as your chances of getting stopped out on the road by the highway patrol. These chances are not very high, but it's possible, especially if you're doing something wrong or if you look suspicious.

It happens in waves. Every once in a while the government goes crazy and stops a whole bunch of people. Generally, though, they don't stop anybody. Your chances of even seeing anybody out on the ocean are very small, the same as in the air. The thing you worry about is not that you'll be spotted in the process, but that they were on to you from the beginning. The ship thing required a whole different technology, but it was still technology and I'm good at technology.

High Times: Which is better, land or sea smuggling?

Smuggler: To me the best way is by sea, because the air is too risky. Too many people have gotten killed that way. It is more difficult to find a place to land. It is more difficult to be discreet. And you can't carry nearly as much unless you are talking about a four-engine plane which is beyond my scope. Incidentally, in the early Sixties the CIA came to the same conclusion: covert operations are best mounted by sea.

High Times: How do you know that?

Smuggler: People I have had contact with in smuggling are ex-CIA people.

High Times: What type are they?

Smuggler: Well, they are not Jimmy Buffett fans, let me tell you. But, if you need a good skipper or a good pilot or something, the criterion is whether they can get the job done, not what they believe in.

High Times: Is that how you feel about their involvement?

Smuggler: I don't blame them for having been into the CIA anymore than I blame myself for having been into Dion and the Belmonts. Live and learn.

High Times: What kind of boat did you use on the Jamaican run?

Smuggler: It was a sailboat, but it had an engine, too; it had an auxiliary engine. Forty feet or more in length. You just don't sail along because it would take too long if you used the sail alone. The sail is to save gas, to save fuel if you don't want to use up all your fuel. Also, the boat rides smoother.

"What moves dope from the country of origin into the U.S. is will power that originates at the top."

For some reason, it seems like you never have good equipment even though you're dealing in and risking million-dollar loads and your own lives and your freedom. The equipment is always 10 or 20 years old and always very flaky. We try to upgrade it, but the problem is that you really can't show that much cash. You really can't walk in and buy, say, a brand new Aero-Commander for $200,000 or a new 40-foot Bertram trawler.

High Times: What are the best ships around right now?

Smuggler: It depends.

High Times: What's good for Jamaica?

Smuggler: You've got to realize that the Jamaican run is not too viable at this time: it's very hard to make the connections, there's not too much weed, there's quite a bit of heat around. The DEA has provided the Jamaican Coast Guard with a number of ships and planes. And the dope is not that good and not that salable.

High Times: Not that good and not that salable?

Smuggler: Before there was Colombian, Jamaican was hot stuff because it was generally better than commercial Mexican. It had a different taste, it had another flavoring, it was very popular. However, along came something better—Colombian.

High Times: What type of craft prevail on the Colombian run?

Smuggler: Colombia is quite a long way off—1,500 miles each way, depending on how you go and how straight you can run the boat. Sometimes a fishing boat is used but another way to do it is to get a big freighter to come up, have them come within range of the shore and off-load with smaller boats. I've done it both ways.

There're arguments—sail versus power, and so on. Personally, I prefer power because the technology of sailing is kind of complicated and it's dependent upon variables, like the wind. If you have a steel mast, which many boats do, it can be picked up by radar farther away. A sailboat can be seen from a greater distance, and, of course, you prefer to get through without ever being seen. But a lot of people swear by sailing.

High Times: Are freighters getting to be fairly common now?

Smuggler: Freighters are a very common way to make it up now. A 200-foot freighter obviously can bring up a lot more dope than a 40-foot sailboat.

High Times: Where do they get these freighters?

Smuggler: These are old tramp freighters built in the early 1900s, and usually pretty marginal. Some are old Liberty ships or old PT boats. Banana boats.

High Times: Do the freighters dock stateside?

Smuggler: They rendezvous way offshore, outside the 12-mile limit, and hopefully you meet up with them. You know, I must note in passing that every way and mean that I'm discussing now is very well known to the DEA. The newspapers are filled with accounts of these various ways that smuggling takes place and gets busted, so I'm not blowing anything for anybody. The DEA is quite aware how dope gets in, and they're also quite aware that they have almost no chance of stopping it. Anyway, you rendezvous offshore with these ships in a fast speedboat.

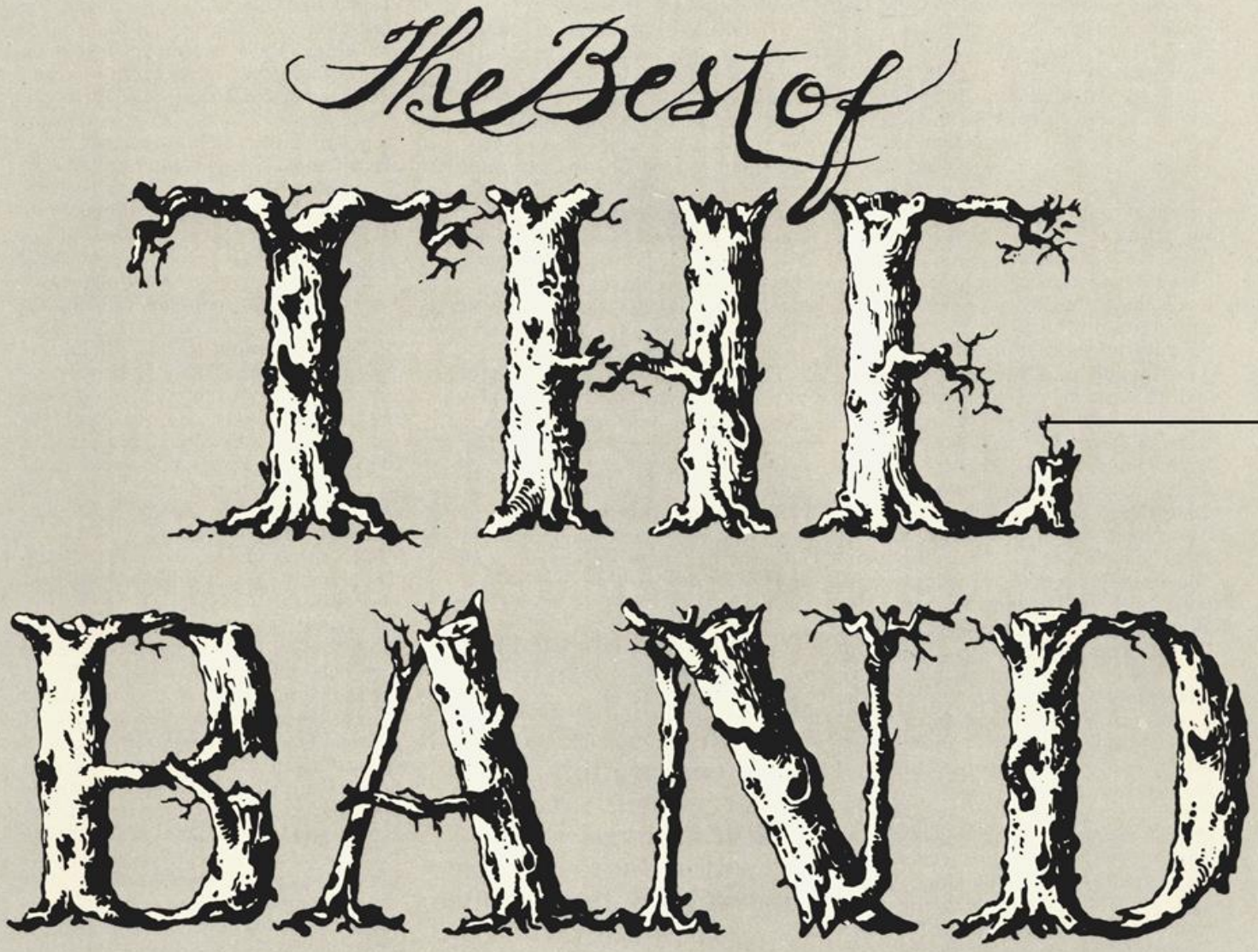
High Times: We'll get into that, but about these old tubs: do they have the capacity to outrun a fairly modern Coast Guard cutter?

Smuggler: Well, the Coast Guard cutter can make about 22 knots or so, maybe more than that. And a freighter can make maybe 10 or 12, so there's really no chance of running. You don't try to outrun them, because they'll just radio for helicopters and planes, so you just hope to avoid detection. Of course, out on the high seas they have no right to board a boat with a foreign registry unless . . .

High Times: And yet they do.

Smuggler: Well, they can and do under

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the provisions of the Anti-Hovering Act of 1921, which says that if they have evidence that you have used this boat to send lighters in to shore, then . . .

High Times: Lighters?

Smuggler: A lighter is a small boat. Anyway, in that case you're engaged in smuggling and you're violating U.S. law, even though you haven't entered U.S. waters. Then they can board you.

The Anti-Hovering Act of 1921 was passed during Prohibition to stop the smuggling of rum and scotch. In those days, the big freighters would just sit offshore and the government couldn't touch them, until they passed this law. They passed this law to enable them to bust the big ships. I think it's very, very questionable under international law, and it's a violation of international maritime law. But it's very hard to cite maritime law cases in the middle of a bust.

High Times: So the freighters can't run for it. What kind of speedboats can?

Smuggler: I don't want to wipe out the investment that many people have in these boats, but a good smuggling operation usually has four or five boats, approximately 30 feet long. Each one usually has two big V-8 engines, big Fords or Chryslers or Chevys, and can make 50 or 60 miles an hour even in fairly rough water and outrun anything the Coast Guard has while still carrying a ton or two of weed. It draws two and a half to three feet of water and can get over a lot of shoals and reefs.

A boat that doesn't draw very much is quite advantageous, also, in getting into shore off-loading spots that would not be considered viable by the Coast Guard. You've got to learn how to run these boats, and be ready to outrun the Coast Guard if necessary. We've done it.

High Times: Would you say that the crucial role in smuggling is played by the kingpin, or the smuggler, or the dealer, or the dope itself?

Smuggler: What moves dope from the country of origin into the United States is willpower, willpower that originates at the top. It's a matter of will; it's like mind over matter, or mind over marijuana, if you prefer. You have your straw bosses and other people who have the will, but it has to come from the top man who has a certain understanding of people—how to handle people, how to avoid getting caught, how to handle the technology. These types of knowledge are acquirable but the willpower really is not.

Someone running a dope operation is a sort of minor guru, maybe even a major guru. He can be quite a charismatic figure. He has more glamour, more money, more women, better dope and lives higher and faster than any rock star. He also travels more. He'll own three or four boats, may have a plantation down in Colombia, five or six houses, a plane or two, a couple of docks; may have interests in several legitimate fronts—you know, a number of trucks, rented cars—he may be running quite a big scene. He may have quite a few women.

I think that the nature of smuggling generally is closer to that of a Far East religion than it is to an American corporation. The guru provides the spiritual strength of the flock, the followers who are going on faith.

More than anything else, smuggling is psychological, which is something that most people don't understand, including a lot of smugglers, especially when they're first doing it. This is the government's main deterrent to smuggling. I mean, your actual chances of getting caught are very, very small until you figure in the psychological factor.

Today the government says that they catch 10 percent. I think that for once the government is understating their own prowess and it's probably more like 20 percent, but they say 10 percent to get more funding.

But everything you've ever been taught, all your conditioning, everything you read in the papers, every rumor, story, anecdote that comes along to you is a psychological deterrent to smuggling. So you have to consciously psych yourself up to think that you can make it when paranoia is all around you. Paranoia in a smuggling ring is extremely thick; it's constantly like sand in the machinery of smuggling. So smuggling is a matter of faith versus paranoia.

"The nature of smuggling is closer to that of an Eastern religion than it is to an American corporation . . . Smuggling is a matter of faith versus paranoia . . . It's more like a military operation with overtones of religious fervor."

High Times: Isn't Vince Lombardi involved in there?

Smuggler: It's way beyond anything Vince Lombardi ever conceived of. It's more like being one of Merrill's Marauders. It's a marauding operation. It's a commando operation. It's not comparable to professional sports because of the very high possibility of getting killed, if you don't get put in jail. But it's more like a military operation with overtones of religious fervor.

Everyone involved in smuggling is in part motivated by the money, but what you end up with after recovering from the psychological trauma you could have earned in a straight business.

To a great extent, smuggling is a form of social protest.

High Times: Is it like standing on a picket line with a sign in your hand?

Smuggler: Yeah, except you're getting paid for it, if you're lucky. I think that people who go into smuggling are for the most part social misfits; they're nonconformists; they're antisocial people.

High Times: Smugglers are antisocial?

Smuggler: They're an antisocial people. They're not compliant with society's rules. They're opposed to society. They're a virus in society. This sounds something like the government's own view, I know—but after ten years of being involved I have concluded that this is true.

But I don't think it's bad. I think it's very good. I think that bringing in dope is very socially valuable and, believe me, the people involved in it feel the same way. Especially the young smuggler who has a very keen sense of the social value of what he or she is doing. They're also concerned with the glamour of it, and definitely with the money.

One never forgets about the money. The money is just a thing to make you overcome. It's just the bottom-line motivation to overcome the paranoia.

High Times: Do you think that smuggler trials will turn into political trials?

Smuggler: Well, I think they will in the future. Smuggling and the concept of national borders, the concept of control of substances, control of trade, the concept of molecular social control, are going to become big political issues in the future, but at this point none of the media—except for *High Times*—is willing to see it in that light, because political consciousness is very low.

High Times: Do you think that smuggling will become more political as the crisis in world ecology worsens? Will you be branching into things like tomatoes, lettuce?

Smuggler: It's interesting that you say that, because a few years ago, when they had the sugar shortage, some smugglers found it infinitely more profitable to smuggle sugar across the Caribbean than dope. Ironically, sometimes those who have worked their way up to big ships and planes and so on find that they can make just about as much money smuggling other things, even hauling other things legitmately.

The reason is that the economics of dope are ridiculous. I mean, if wheat were brought into this country the same way that marijuana is brought in, in peoples' suitcases, in small planes, in sailboats in the middle of the night, the price of a slice of bread would be a thousand dollars. And in the future our economy won't be able to support this kind of economic waste. It is as if 20 percent of our imports were taken out to the city dump and burned under armed guard, as they do with 20 percent of the marijuana crop. Ultimately, smuggling is

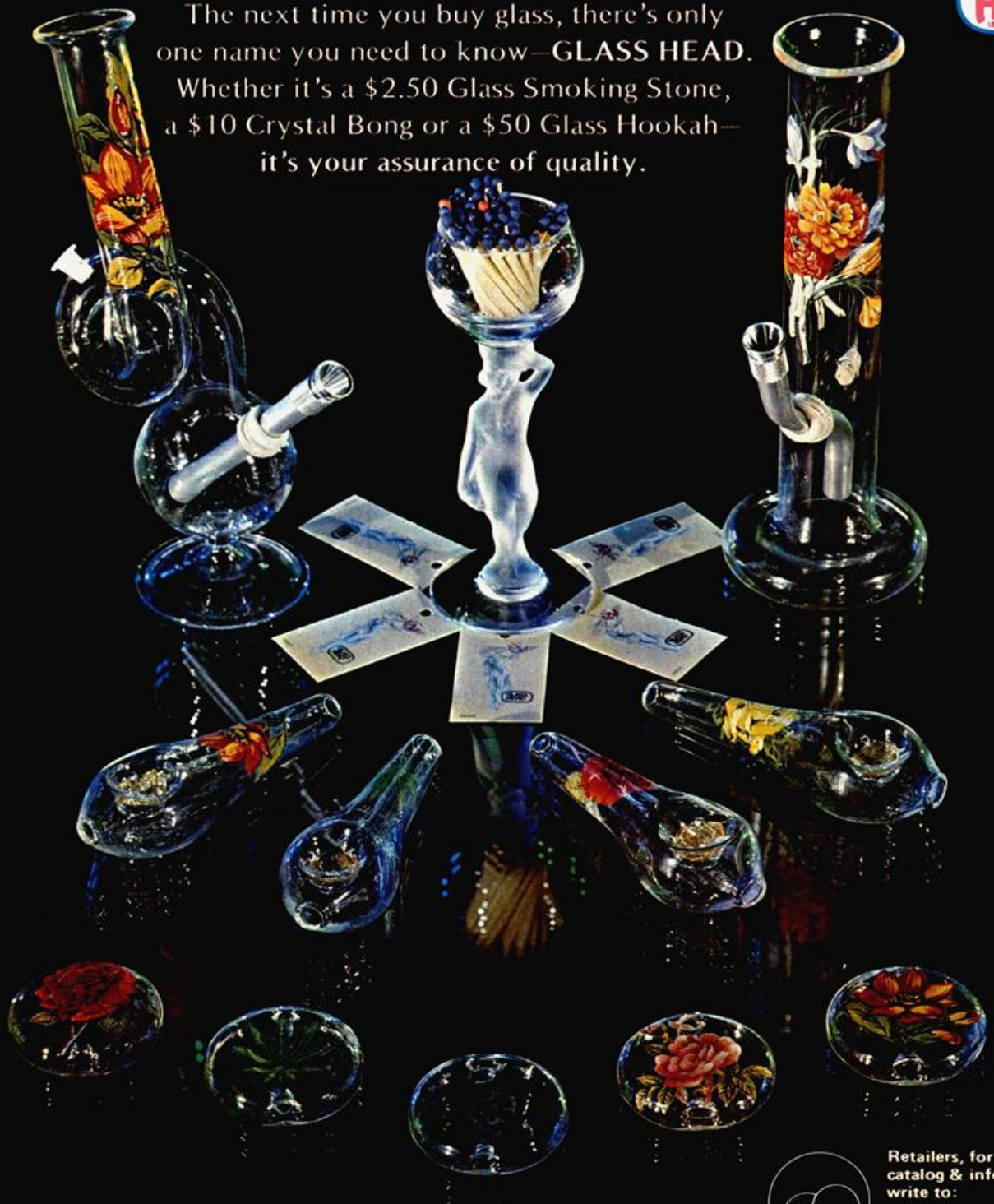
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not that profitable in the aggregate. It's like the stock market. A few people get rich. Most don't. A lot of them go broke.

High Times: What will you do after legalization? Will there be a market for your smuggling talents overseas?

Smuggler: I think so. Smugglers tend to be very international by nature, and although there may be legalization in some countries, there won't be in others. There is quite a bit of marijuana consumption in Russia and marijuana use is spreading very widely. People have a greater need for psychological stimulation; it's a worldwide appetite.

Fifty years ago very few people had ever eaten an orange. Now they accept it as part of their diet. And so, you know, there will probably be smuggling into Russia and other countries. There's always cocaine, but...

High Times: Do smugglers require special skills in shipping and trafficking that might be useful in commercial employment after legalization?

Smuggler: Not really, because their primary criterion is not efficiency, but stealth. Stealth has some usefulness in modern business, as was seen in some recent indictments, but overall, you have to understand mass-scale efficiencies. An education at Wharton School of Business would be more useful than ten years of smuggling in the Caribbean.

"Some smugglers are incredibly flamboyant: fast cars, big mansions, incredible coke parties, harems of women . . ."

On the other hand, I've come into contact with people in Florida who are third- and fourth-generation smugglers—marijuana is the gig now, but their fathers smuggled rum and scotch, and their grandfathers smuggled gunpowder and slaves. Smuggling is something that's been going on for several thousand years, and it attracts a certain type of mentality. In the same way that there have always been musicians and there have always been prostitutes and there have always been politicians, there's a certain segment of the population that will probably always be attracted to smuggling.

High Times: What are some of the changes in the Miami scene that led to the first DEA coastal blockade of Florida in the fall of 1974?

Smuggler: Things down in Florida got pretty wild and out of hand from the government's point of view. A blockade raises morale and brings attention within law-enforcement circles to the importance of busting smuggling and to the need for practice. For the public, it's psychological warfare to scare people. It *did* scare a lot of people because they felt that there probably must have been boats spaced a hundred feet apart all the way across the Caribbean, and a lot of people stayed out of it, including myself.

I don't blame myself or them, because you didn't know at the time whether it was psychological warfare or real warfare. Mostly it's psychological warfare, and psychological warfare is very effective—it's what the CIA is all about. And to a great extent, that's what the DEA is all about.

A great emphasis for the DEA is intelligence, and another great emphasis for the DEA is publicity. Ten percent of the value of a bust is to take those people off the set temporarily. Immediately, of course, they have to go back and smuggle twice as much, to make up for what they lost *and* to pay off their lawyers. The other 90 percent is to scare other people out of it.

High Times: Did they ever observe any of your suspicious activities?

Smuggler: Oh, sure, we've had many encounters with the DEA and with the Coast Guard and with Customs. We've had many skirmishes with them.

High Times: On the high seas?

Smuggler: Sure. One time we'd just finished off-loading the last load of marijuana from a Colombian boat, and a Coast Guard cutter came up on the scene. It was pretty obvious what we were doing. They immediately started coming toward us so we got the hell out of there as fast as we could.

High Times: Did they fire a warning shot?

Smuggler: We were too far away for that. I remember another instance, when people I knew were spotted while they were loading the dope. They tossed a couple of hand grenades over into the Coast Guard boat and took off. I don't think it really caused much damage and I don't think it hurt anybody. But it was unsettling to them. At that point they really didn't want to mess with it further until they got reinforcements. But generally no shots are fired.

There are two types of people in smuggling. Some people are ready to die for it and some people aren't. I don't like to get involved with people who are, because people who are ready to die are ready to kill, and they may kill you. I don't think that the pursuit of marijuana smuggling and the pursuit of money are worthwhile things to die for or kill for, either one.

High Times: What about smugglers who mount heavy-caliber artillery on board?

Smuggler: Well, that's because they never know. First of all, there are hijack-

(continued on page 40)

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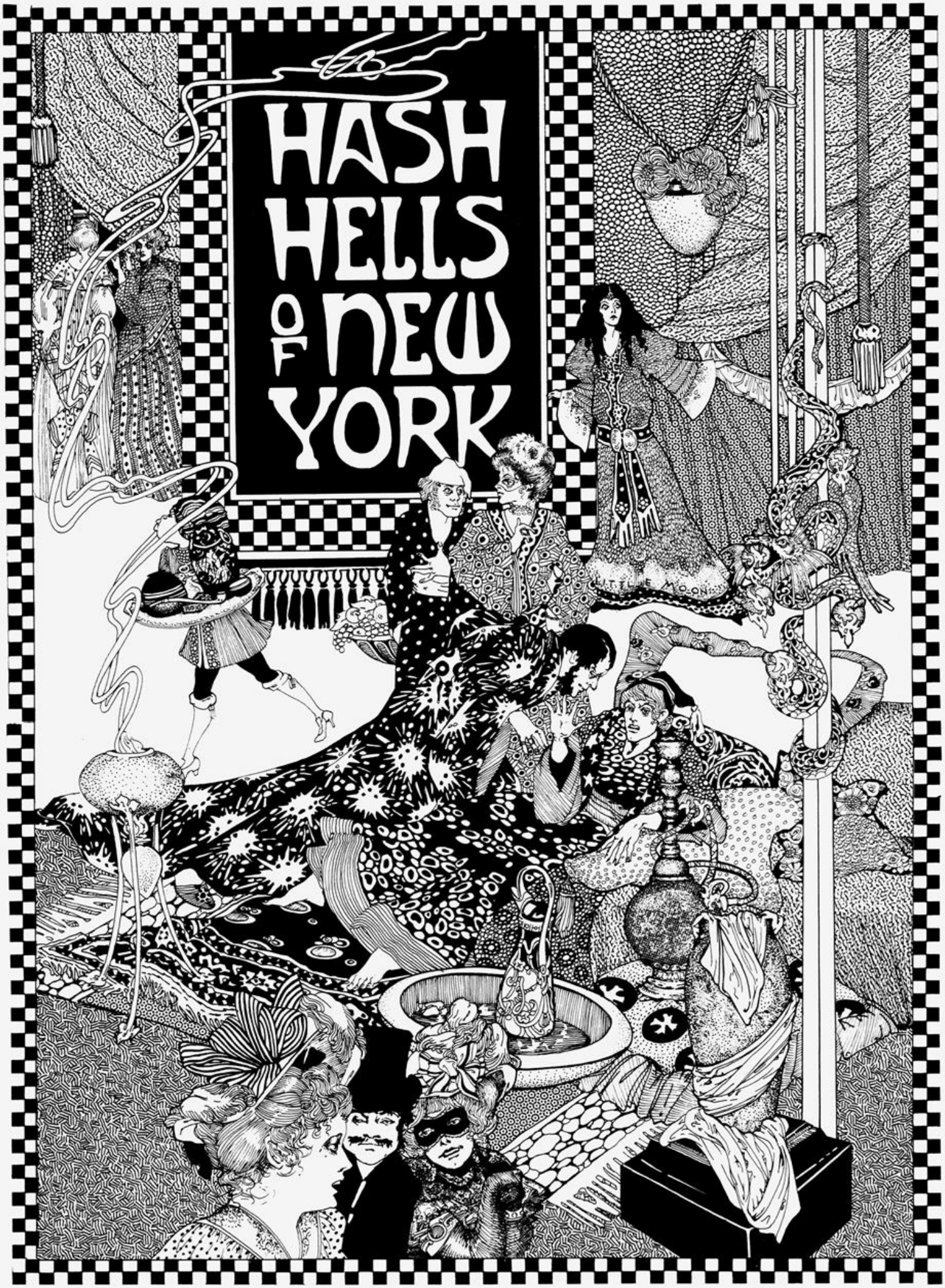
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Little Moon

High Times Classic

And so you think that opium-smoking as seen in the foul cellars of Mott Street and elsewhere is the only form of narcotic indulgence of any consequence in this city, and that hashish, if used at all, is only smoked occasionally and experimentally by a few scattered individuals?"

"That certainly is my opinion, and I consider myself fairly well informed."

"Well, you are far from right, as I can prove to you if you care to inform yourself more fully on the subject. There is a large community of hashish smokers in this city, who are daily forced to indulge their morbid appetites, and I can take you to a house up-town where hemp is used in every conceivable form, and where the lights, sounds, odors, and surroundings are all arranged so as to intensify and enhance the effects of this wonderful narcotic."

"I must confess that I am still incredulous."

"Well, if it is agreeable to you, meet me at the Hoffman House reading-room to-morrow night at ten o'clock, and I think I shall be able to convince you."

The above is the substance of a conversation that took place in the lobby of a down-town hotel between the writer of these lines and a young man about thirty-eight years of age, known to me for some years past as an opium-smoker. It was through his kindness that I had first gained access to and had been able to study up the subject of opium-smoking. Hence I really anticipated seeing some interesting phases of hemp indulgence, and was not disappointed.

The following evening at precisely ten o'clock I met the young man at the Hoffman House, and together we took a Broadway car up-town, left it at Forty-second Street, and walked rapidly toward the North River, talking as we went.

"You will probably be greatly surprised at many things you will see to-night," he said, "just as I was when I was first introduced into the place by a friend. I have travelled over most of Europe, and have smoked opium in every *joint* in America, but never saw anything so curious as this, nor experienced any intoxication so fascinating yet so terrible as that of hashish."

"Are the habitués of this place of the same class as those who frequent the opium-smoking dives?"

"By no means. They are about evenly divided between Americans and foreigners; indeed, the place is kept by a Greek, who has invested a great deal of money in it. All the visitors, both male and female, are of the better classes, and absolute secrecy is the rule. The house has been opened about two years, I believe, and the number of regular habitués is daily on the increase."

"Are you one of the number?"

"I am, and find the intoxication far pleasanter and less hurtful than that from opium. Ah! here we are."

We paused before a gloomy-looking house, entered the gate, and passed up the steps. The windows were absolutely dark, and the entranceway looked dirty and desolate. Four pulls at the bell, a pause, and one more pull were followed by a few moments' silence, broken suddenly by the sound of falling chain, rasping bolt, and the grinding of a key in the lock. The outer door was cautiously opened, and at a word from my companion we passed into the vestibule. The outer door was carefully closed by some one whom I could not distinguish in the utter darkness. A moment later the inner door was opened, and never shall I forget the impression produced by the sudden change from total darkness to the strange scene that met my eyes. The dark vestibule was the boundary line separating the cold, dreary streets and the ordinary world from a scene of Oriental magnificence.

A volume of heavily scented air, close upon the heels of which came a deadly sickening odor, wholly unlike anything I had ever smelled, greeted my nostrils. A hall lamp of grotesque shape flooded the hall with a subdued violet light that filtered through crenated disks of some violet fabric hung below it. The walls and ceilings, if ever modern, were no longer so, for they were shut in and hung by festoons and plaits of heavy cloth fresh from Eastern looms. Tassels of blue, green, yellow, red, and tinsel here and there peeped forth, matching the curious edging of variously colored bead-work that bordered each fold of drapery like a huge procession of luminous ants, and seemed to flow into little phosphorescent pools wherever the cloth was caught up. Queer figures and strange lettering, in the same work, were here and there disclosed upon the ceiling cloth.

Along one side of the hall, between two doors, were ranged huge tubs and pots of majolica-like ware and blue-necked Japanese vases, in which were plants, shrubs, and flowers of the most exquisite color and odor. Green vines clambered up the walls and across the ceiling, and catching their tendrils in the balustrades of the stairs (which were also of curious design), threw down long sprays of heavy festoons of verdure.

As my companion, who had paused a moment to give me time to look about me, walked toward the far end of the hall, I followed him, and passed into a small room on the right, where, with the assistance of a colored servant, we exchanged our coats, hats, and shoes for others more in keeping with our surroundings. First a long plush gown, quilted with silk down the front, and irregularly ornamented in bead and braid with designs of serpents, flowers, crescents, and stars, was slipped on over the head. Next a tasselled smoking-cap was donned, and the feet incased in noiseless list slippers. In any other place or under any other circumstances I should have felt ridiculous in this costume, but so in keeping was it with all I had seen, and so thoroughly had I seemed to have left my every-day self in the dark vestibule, that I felt perfectly at home in my strange dress. We next crossed the hall to a smaller room, where a young man, apparently a Frenchman, furnished us, on the payment of two dollars each, with two small pipes and a small covered bronze cup, or urn, filled with a dry green shrub, which I subsequently learned was *gunjeh* (the dried tops and leaves of the hemp plant), for smoking. My friend, on the payment of a further sum, obtained a curious little box which contained some small black lozenges, consisting of the resin of hemp, henbane, crushed datura seeds, butter, and honey, and known in India as *Majoon*, amongst the Moors as *El Mogen*.

Passing from this room we ascended the richly carpeted stairs, enarbored by vines, and paused upon a landing from which three doors opened. Upon one a pink card bore Dryden's line, "Take the good the gods provide thee." The knob turned by my friend's hand allowed the door to swing open and welcomed



By H. H. Caine

by a spice breeze from India, we were truly in paradise.

"This," he said, in a whisper, "is the public room, where any one having pipe or lozenge, and properly attired, may enter and indulge—eat, smoke, or dream, as best suits him."

Wonder, amazement, admiration, but faintly portray my mental condition. Prepared by what I had already seen and experienced for something odd and Oriental, still the magnificence of what now met my gaze far surpassed anything I had ever dreamed of, and brought to my mind the scenes of the *Arabian Nights*, forgotten since boyhood until now. My every sense was irresistibly taken captive, and it was some moments before I could realize that I really was not the victim of some dream, for I seemed to have wholly severed my connection with the world of to-day, and to have stepped back several centuries into the times of genii, fairies, —into the heart of Persia or Arabia.

Not an inharmonious detail marred the symmetry of the whole. Beneath, my feet sank almost ankle-deep into a velvety carpet. I found that the design was that of a garden: beds of luxurious flowers, stars and crescents, squares and diamond-shaped plots, made up of thousands of rare exotics and richly colored leaves. Here a brook, edged with damp verdure, from beneath which peeped coy violets and everywhere shrubs in bloom. Above, a magnificent chandelier, consisting of six dragons of beaten gold, from whose eyes and throats sprang flames, the light from which, striking against a series of curiously set prisms, fell shattered and scintillating into a thousand glancing beams that illuminated every corner of the room.

All about the sides of the spacious apartment, upon the floor, were mattresses covered with different-colored cloth, and edged with heavy golden fringe. Upon them were carelessly strewn rugs and mats of Persian and Turkish handicraft, and soft pillows in heaps. Above the level of these divans there ran, all about the room, a series of huge mirrors framed with gilded serpents intercoiled, effectually shutting off the windows. The effect was magnificent. There seemed to be twenty rooms instead of one, and everywhere could be seen the flame-tongued and fiery-eyed dragons slowly revolving, giving to all the appearance of a magnificent kaleidoscope in which the harmonious colors were ever blending and constantly presenting new combinations.

Just as I had got thus far in my observations I caught sight of my friend standing at the foot of one of the divans, and beckoning to me. At the same moment I also observed that several of the occupants of other divans were eying me suspiciously. I crossed to where he was, esteeming it a desecration to walk on such a carpet, and, despite my knowledge to the contrary, fearing every moment to crush some beautiful rose or lily beneath my feet. Following my friend's example, I slipped off my list foot-gear, and half reclined beside him on the divan and pillows, that seemed to reach up and embrace us. Pulling a tasselled cord that hung above our heads, my friend spoke a few words to a gaudily turbaned colored servant who came noiselessly into the room in answer to his summons, disappeared again, and in a moment returned bearing a tray, which he placed between us. Upon it was a small lamp of silver filigree-work, two globe-like bowls, of silver also, from which protruded a long silver tube and a spoon-like instrument. The latter, I soon learned, was used to clean and fill the pipes. Placing the bronze jar of hashish on the tray, my friend bade me lay my pipe beside it, and suck up the fluid in the silver cup through the long tube. I did so, and found it delicious.

"That," said he, "is tea made from the genuine coca leaf. The cup is the real *mate* and the tube a real *bombilla* from Peru. Now let us smoke. The dried shrub here is known as *gunjeh*, and is the dried tops of the hemp plant. Take a little tobacco from that jar and mix with it, else it will be found difficult to keep it alight. These lozenges here are made from the finest Nepaul resin of the hemp, mixed with butter, sugar, honey, flour, pounded datura seeds, some opium, and a little henbane, or hyoscyamus. I prefer taking these to smoking, but, to keep you company, I will also smoke to-night. Have no fear. Smoke four or five pipefuls of the *gunjeh*, and enjoy the effect. I will see that no harm befalls you."

"I see that you are fast approaching Hashishdom. Is there not a sense of perfect rest and strange, quiet happiness produced by it?"

Swallowing two of the lozenges, my guide filled our pipes, and we proceeded to smoke, and watch the others. These pipes, the stems of which were about eighteen inches in length, were incrusted with designs in varicolored beads, strung on gold wire over a ground of some light spirally twisted tinsel, marked off into diamond-shaped spaces by thin red lines. From the stem two green and yellow silken tassels depended. A small bell-shaped piece of clouded amber formed the mouthpiece, while at the other end was a small bowl of red clay scarcely larger than a thimble. As I smoked I noticed that about two-thirds of the divans were occupied by persons of both sexes, some of them masked, who were dressed in the same manner as ourselves. Some were smoking, some reclining listlessly upon the pillows, following the tangled thread of a hashish reverie or dream. A middle-aged woman sat bolt-upright, gesticulating and laughing quietly to herself; another with lack-lustre eyes and dropped jaw was swaying her head monotonously from side to side. A young man of about eighteen was on his knees, praying inaudibly; and another man, masked, paced rapidly and noiselessly up and down the room, until led away by the turbaned servant.

As I smoked, the secret of that heavy, sickening odor was made clear to me. It was the smell of burning hashish. Strangely enough, it did not seem to be unpleasant any longer, for, although it rather rasped my throat at first, I drew large volumes of it into my lungs. Lost in lazy reverie and perfect comfort, I tried to discover whence came the soft, undulating strains of music that had greeted me on entering, and which still continued. They were just perceptible above the silvery notes of a crystal fountain in the centre of the room, the falling spray from which plashed and tinkled musically as it fell from serpents' mouths into a series of the very thinnest huge pink shells held aloft by timid hares. The music seemed to creep up through the heavy carpet, to ooze from the walls, to flurry, like snow-flakes, from the ceiling, rising and falling in measured cadences unlike any music I had ever heard. It seemed to steal, now softly, now merrily, on tiptoe into the room to see whether we were awake or asleep, to brush away a tear, if tear there was, or gambol airily and merrily, if such was our humor, and then as softly, sometimes sadly, to steal out again and lose itself in the distance. It was just such music as a boatful of fairies sailing about in the clear water of the fountain might have made, or that with which an angel mother would sing its angel babe to sleep. It seemed to enter every fibre of the body, and satisfy a music-hunger that had never before been satisfied. I silently filled my second pipe, and was about to lapse again into a reverie that had become delightfully full of perfect rest and comfort, when my companion, leaning toward me, said:

"I see that you are fast approaching Hashishdom. Is there not a sense of perfect rest and strange, quiet happiness produced by it?"

"There certainly is. I feel supremely happy, at peace with myself and all the world, and all that I ask is to be let alone. But why is everything so magnificent

here? Is it a whim of the proprietor, or an attempt to reproduce some such place in the East?" I asked.

"Possibly the latter; but there is another reason that you may understand better later. It is this: the color and peculiar phases of a hashish dream are materially affected by one's surroundings just prior to the sleep. The impressions that we have been receiving ever since we entered, the lights, odors, sounds, and colors, are the strands which the deft fingers of imagination will weave into the hemp reveries and dreams, which seem as real as those of every-day life, and always more grand. Hashish eaters and smokers in the East recognized this fact, and always, prior to indulging in the drug, surrounded themselves with the most pleasing sounds, faces, forms, etc."

"I see," I answered, dreamily. "But what is there behind those curtains that I see moving now and again?"

"There are several small rooms there," said my companion, "shut off from this room by the curtains you see move. Each is magnificently fitted up, I am told. They are reserved for persons, chiefly ladies, who wish to avoid every possibility of detection, and at the same time enjoy their hashish and watch the inmates of this room."

"Are there many ladies of good social standing who come here?"

"Very many. Not the cream of the *demi-monde*, understand me, but *ladies*. Why, there must be at least six hundred in this city alone who are *habituées*. Smokers from different cities, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and especially New Orleans, tell me that each city has its hemp retreat, but none so elegant as this." And my companion swallowed another lozenge and relapsed into dreamy silence.

I too lay back listlessly, and was soon lost in reverie, intense and pleasant. Gradually the room and its inmates faded from view; the revolving dragons went swifter and more swiftly, until the flaming tongues and eyes were merged into a huge ball of flame, that, suddenly detaching itself with a sharp sound from its pivot, went whirling and streaming off into the air until lost to sight in the skies. Then a sudden silence, during which I heard the huge waves of an angry sea breaking with fierce monotony in my head. Then I heard the fountain; the musical tinkle of the spray as it struck upon the glass grew louder and louder, and the notes longer and longer, until they merged into one clear, musical bugle note that woke the echoes of a spring morning, and broke sharp and clear over hill and valley, meadow-land and marsh, hill-top and forest. A gayly caparisoned horseman, bugle in hand, suddenly appeared above a hill-crest. Closely following, a straggling group of horsemen riding madly. Before them a pack of hounds came dashing down the hill-side, baying deeply. Before them I, the fox, was running with the speed of desperation, straining every nerve to distance or elude them. Thus for miles and miles I ran on until at last, almost dead with fright and fatigue, I fell panting in the forest. A moment more and the cruel hounds would have had me, when suddenly a little field-mouse appeared, caught me by the paw, and dragged me through the narrow entrance to her nest. My body lengthened and narrowed until I found myself a serpent, and in me rose the desire to devour my little preserver, when, as I was about to strike her with my fangs, she changed into a beautiful little fairy, tapped my ugly black flat head with her wand, and as my fangs fell to earth I resumed my human shape. With the parting words, "Never seek to injure those who endeavor to serve you," she disappeared.

Looking about I found myself in a huge cave, dark and noisome. Serpents hissed and glared at me from every side, and huge lizards and ugly shapes scrambled over the wet floor. In the far corner of the cave I saw piles of precious stones of wondrous value that glanced and sparkled in the dim light. Despite the horrid shapes about me, I resolved to secure some, at least, of these precious gems. I began to walk toward them, but found that I could get no nearer—just as fast as I advanced, so fast did they seem to recede. At last, after what seemed a year's weary journey, I suddenly found myself beside them, and falling on my knees, began to fill my pockets, bosom, even my hat. Then I tried to rise, but could not; the jewels weighed me down. Mortified and disappointed, I replaced them all but three, weeping bitterly. As I rose to my feet it suddenly occurred to me that this was in no way real—only a hashish dream. And, laughing, I said, "You fool, this is all nonsense. These are not real jewels; they only exist in your imagination." My real self arguing thus with my hashish self, which I could see, tired, ragged, and weeping, set me to laughing still harder, and then we laughed together—my two selves. Suddenly my real self faded away, and a cloud of sadness and misery settled upon me, and I wept again, throwing myself hysterically upon the floor of the cave.

"You will probably be greatly surprised at many things you will see tonight. I have travelled over most of Europe, and have smoked opium in every *joint* in America, but never saw anything so curious as this."

Just then I heard a voice addressing me by name, and looking up, I saw an old man with an enormous nose bending over me. His nose seemed almost as large as his whole body. "Why do you weep, my son?" he said; "are you sad because you can not have *all* these riches? Don't, then, for some day you will learn that whoso hath more wealth than is needed to minister to his wants must suffer for it. Every farthing above a certain reasonable sum will surely bring some worry, care, anxiety, or trouble. Three diamonds are your share; be content with them. But, dear me, here I am again neglecting my work! Here it is March, and I'm not half through yet!"

"Pray what is your work, venerable patriarch?" I asked, "and why has the Lord given you such a huge proboscis?"

"Ah! I see that you don't know me," he replied. "I am the chemist of the earth's bowels, and it is my duty to prepare all the sweet and delicate odors that the flowers have. I am busy all winter making them, and early in the spring my nymphs and apprentices deliver them to the Queen of the Flowers, who in turn gives them to her subjects. My nose is a little large because I have to do so much smelling. Come and see my laboratory."

His nose a little large! I laughed until I almost cried at this, while following him.

He opened a door, and entering, my nostrils met the oddest medley of odors I had ever smelled. Everywhere workmen with huge noses were busy mixing, filtering, distilling, and the like.

"Here," said the old man, "is a batch of odor that has been spoiled. Mistakes are frequent, but I find use for even such as that. The Queen of Flowers gives it to disobedient plants or flowers. You mortals call it asafoetida. Come in here and see my organ;" and he led the way into a large rocky room, at one end of which was a huge organ of curious construction. Mounting to the seat, he arranged the stops and began to play.

Not a sound could be heard, but a succession of odors swept past me, some slowly, some rapidly. I understood the grand idea in a moment. Here was music to which that of sound was coarse and earthly. Here was a harmony, a symphony, of odors! Clear and sharp, intense and less intense, sweet, less sweet, and again still sweeter, heavy and light, fast and slow, deep and narcotic, the odors, all in perfect harmony, rose and fell, and swept by me, to be succeeded by others.

Irresistibly I began to weep, and fast and thick fell the tears, until I found myself a little stream of water, that, rising in the rocky caverns of the mountain, dashed down its side into the plain below. Fiercely the hot sun beat upon my scanty waters, and like a thin gray mist I found myself rising slowly into the skies, no



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longer a stream. With other clouds I was swept away by the strong and rapid wind far across the Atlantic, over the burning sand wastes of Africa, dipping toward the Arabian Sea, and suddenly falling in huge rain-drops into the very heart of India, blossoming with poppies. As the ground greedily sucked up the refreshing drops I again assumed my form.

Suddenly the earth was rent apart, and falling upon the edge of a deep cavern, I saw far below me a molten, hissing sea of fire, above which a dense vapor hung. Issuing from this mist, a thousand anguished faces rose toward me on scorched and broken wings, shrieking and moaning as they came.

"Who in Heaven's name are these poor things?"

"These," said a voice at my side, "are the spirits, still incarnate, of individuals who, during life, sought happiness in the various narcotics. Here, after death, far beneath, they live a life of torture most exquisite, for it is their fate, ever suffering for want of moisture, to be obliged to yield day by day their life-blood to form the juice of poppy and resin of hemp in order that their dreams, joys, hopes, pleasures, pains, and anguish of past and present may again be tasted by mortals."

As he said this I turned to see who he was, but he had disappeared. Suddenly I heard a fierce clamor, felt the scrawny arms of these foul spirits wound about my neck, in my hair, on my limbs, pulling me over into the horrible chasm, into the heart of hell, crying, shrilly, "Come! thou art one of us. Come! come! come!" I struggled fiercely, shrieked out in my agony, and suddenly awoke, with the cold sweat thick upon me.

"Are you, then, so fond of it that nothing can awaken you? Here have I been shaking and pulling you for the past five minutes. Come, rouse yourself; your dreams seem to be unpleasant."

Gradually my senses became clearer. The odors of the room, the melodies of early evening, the pipe that had fallen from my hand, the faces and forms of the hemp-smokers, were once more recognized.

My companion wished me to stay, assuring me that I would see many queer sights before morning, but I declined, and after taking, by his advice, a cup of Paraguay tea (coca leaf), and then a cup of sour lemonade, I passed down-stairs, exchanged my present for my former dress, returned my pipe, and left the house.

The dirty streets, the tinkling car-horse bell, the deafening "Here you are! twenty sweet oranges for a quarter!" and the drizzling rain were more grateful by far than the odors, sounds, and sights, sweet though they were, that I had just left. Truly it was the cradle of dreams rocking placidly in the very heart of a great city, translated from Bagdad to Gotham. ◘



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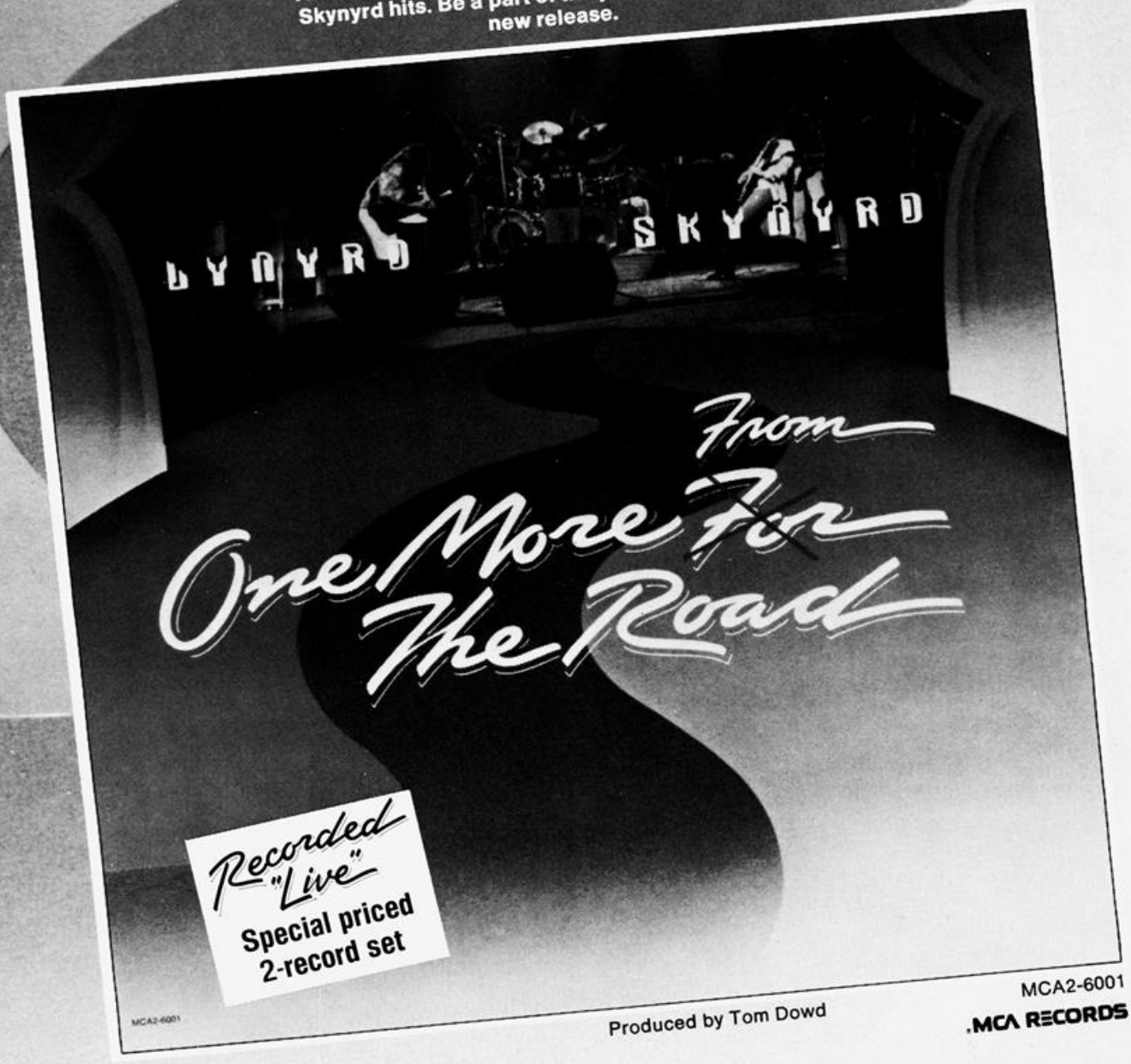
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A Smuggling Ace

(continued from page 32)

ings, and things like that. If someone opens up on you, it's necessary to defend yourself. I think hijackings are relatively rare, but what sometimes happens is that people get ideas of their own and the fact of everyone being armed discourages this—they know they're going to have to deal with heavy lead if they try anything. But sometimes you get crazy sheriffs, you get crazy DEA agents, you get crazy marine patrols—you never know what these people are liable to do.

High Times: Do you know anything about the rash of hijackings reported last year in the Pacific?

Smuggler: You mean stealing boats for smuggling?

High Times: Yes.

Smuggler: This is mostly DEA propaganda. The last thing you want to do when you're smuggling dope is to use a stolen boat—considering the fact that you're investing maybe a minimum of a few hundred thousand dollars in the load and probably another hundred thousand dollars in associated equipment—trucks, small boats, houses, radios, guns, disguises, fuel, food and so on. You're talking about a thing involving several million dollars. A boat is not a very expensive item next to all that.

It's strictly DEA public relations—it's psychological warfare. What they're trying to do is imply that smugglers are boat thieves, most likely, and that boat thieves are smugglers, and it's mostly false. Not to say that smugglers haven't stolen boats, but so have a lot of businessmen.

Boat-stealing in itself is a big business and it doesn't have much overlap with smuggling. If you're capable of stealing boats, you don't need to smuggle; you can steal boats for a living.

High Times: Have you ever tried a smokescreen device at sea?

Smuggler: The nature of the ocean is that there's a lot of wind and the nature of wind is that it blows away smoke. You would have to lay down a lot of smoke. I guess it could be done.

High Times: There are machines that make a lot of smoke.

Smuggler: I think if I was out on the ocean and somebody tried that, I'd go off to the side of the smokescreen. The smokescreen's going to go behind you, so you just get off to the side. When you're an amateur smuggler, sitting around scamming these things out, all kinds of James Bond ideas come forth, but when it gets down to reality, the simplest and most straightforward way, the way that attracts the least attention, is the best. These devices don't work. Also, pouring gasoline on the water and lighting it doesn't work either. But don't ask me how I know that.

(continued on page 112)

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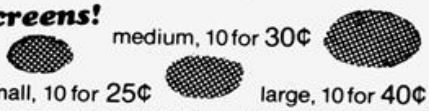
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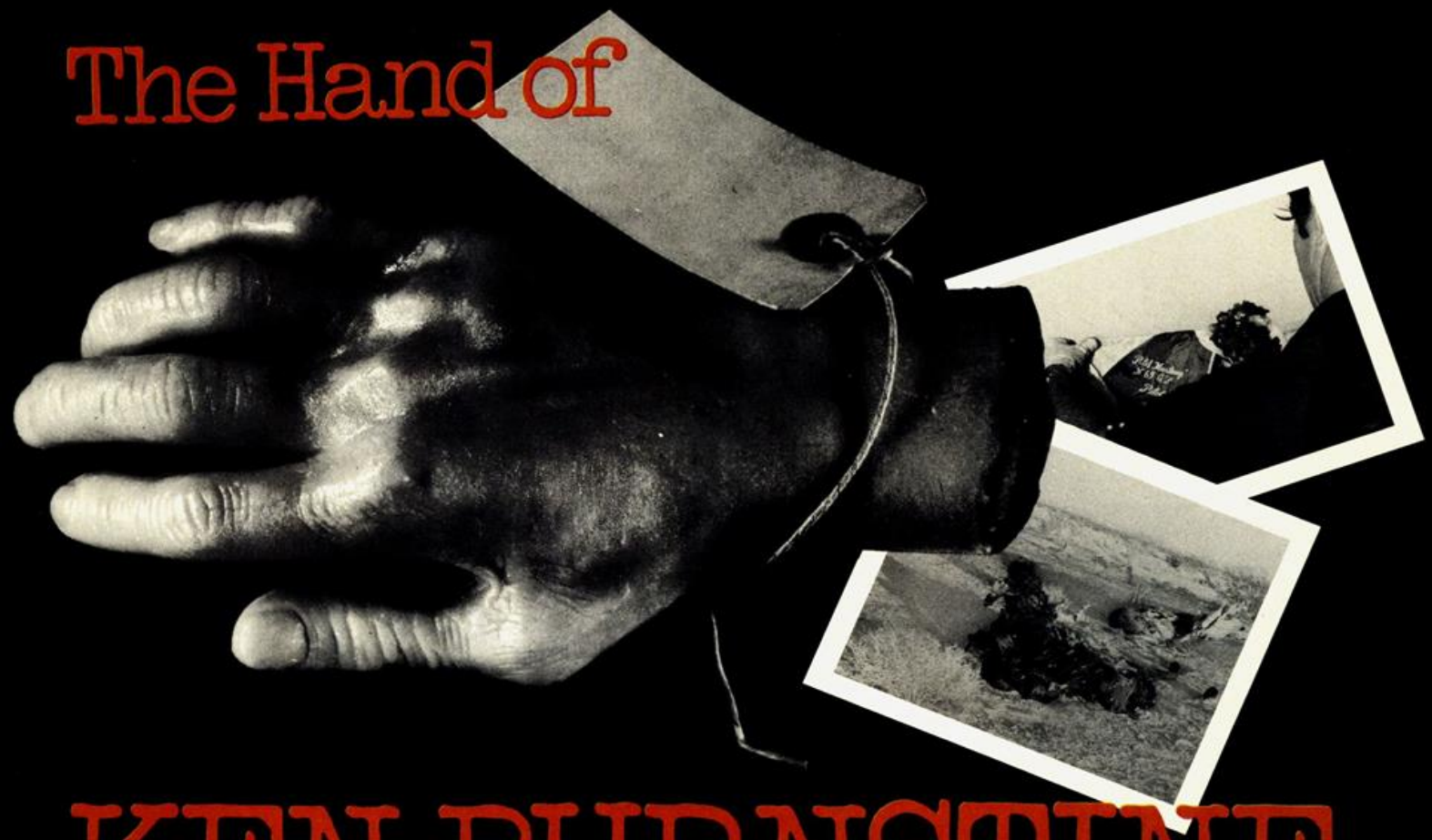
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The Hand of



KEN BURNSTINE

...a grisly tale

There may be more to the recently reported death of smuggling ace Ken Burstine than meets the eye. *High Times*' inside sources report that the DEA is convinced that the body found in the plane crash is *not* Ken Burnstine. To this end, the DEA is currently conducting an in-depth investigation in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, in pursuit of evidence that the slippery Burnstine may have outsmarted them once again.

As readers will recall from *High Times* #14 (October), Ken Burnstine was killed in a plane crash on the Mojave Desert on June 16, 1976. According to reports, his plane touched a racing pylon, went out of control and crashed into the desert floor. Heard over the radio were Burnstine's last words, "My God, it's stuck!" A tremendous fire was caused by high-octane aviation fuel which exploded on impact. The body was so horribly charred that it was identifiable only by the fingerprints of one hand. Eyewitnesses reported that the hand was still attached to the body, but other versions, notably the one the DEA is listening to, say that the hand had been severed, *and not in the crash.*

The DEA's new theory is that Burnstine obtained a fresh corpse of similar size to his own body, stuffed it in the plane, cut off the left hand (Burnstine is right-handed), then cut off his own left hand, charred the body, particularly the right hand, submerged the left hand in a bag of dry ice and flew off to his destiny. Climbing into the clouds, he flew out of sight of the airfield and parachuted out, locking the plane into a spiral turn downward. Reaching the ground, he activated a prearranged radio, called in the phony "My God, it's stuck!" (Thus explaining the jammed controls on the plane.) The fugitive financier Burnstine was then picked up by his cohorts and whisked by jet to exile in Belize (formerly British Honduras). There, he was given a nose and eye, ear, and cheeks job, and fitted with a platinum hook. And indeed, an older man with a platinum hook has been seen recently in Belize, according to some DEA sources.

The only problem with this theory is that the dental records of the plane crash corpse matched perfectly with those of Burnstine's dentist. The DEA theory on this is that Burnstine paid someone off to have dental X-rays and phony records of the corpse substituted for his own. The reported bribe for this courtesy was a cool $100,000. Incidentally, this medical records substitution has no connection (contrary to one rumor) with marijuana eye doctor Frederick M. Blanton, who also lives in the Fort Lauderdale area but has never treated Burnstine.

Currently under investigation and constant surveillance are nine individuals and three air freight corporations in the Fort Lauderdale area. *High Times* has checked out this entire matter, and, after talking to a number of knowledgeable individuals and carefully evaluating all the available evidence, we think the DEA has gone entirely bonkers this time around and is truly and clearly wasting the taxpayers' money. The 59 defendants—many of whom attended Burnstine's funeral to make *sure* he was dead—who were indicted as a result of Burnstine's turncoat testimony all agree that Burnstine is definitely dead. Our investigation shows that the man buried as Ken Burnstine is indeed the real Ken Burnstine. Further pursuit of Mr. Burnstine will be as fruitless as pursuing Nazi war criminal Martin Bormann.

The mysterious man in Belize, we have on good authority, is a harmless old vaudeville actor and has never flown a plane in his life. The scar on his face is the result of being hit in the face with some juggling pins years ago, according to our sources. In the October *High Times*, we said our goodbyes to Ken and we'll stand by those goodbyes. We recommend that the DEA stop wasting the taxpayers' money on these paranoid fantasies.

—*Leslie Morrison*

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HIGH WITNESS NEWS

Nov. '76 No. 15

U.S. BIDS FOR GLOBAL OPIUM MARKET

Drug Corps. to Benefit

story on page 45



Larry Schott

DEA director Peter G. Bensinger testifies in front of the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee in Washington. Bensinger's testimony supported the passage of SB 3411, a DEA-designed bill aimed at stepping up heroin enforcement. Critics of the bill charge that it will seriously affect the civil rights of marijuana smokers.

Senate Grills Top D-Man on DEA Drug Bill

details on next page

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Bayh Goes to Bat for Pot—Bensinger Balks

WASHINGTON—Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana, a long-time proponent of the federal decriminalization of marijuana, has attempted to insure that Senate Bill 3411 is not aimed by the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) at the pot smoker or local dealer.

SB 3411, a DEA-pushed bill aimed at stepped-up heroin smuggling enforcement, raises serious civil rights questions by permitting the DEA to use tougher antiheroin legislation against the doper.

Questioning DEA Director Peter G. Bensinger at a Senate Judiciary Subcommittee hearing on the bill last July, Senator Bayh asked the DEA chieftain if his agency made a differentiation between marijuana and heroin law enforcement techniques. Bensinger did not elaborate on enforcement techniques but did say that the agency made 43 percent fewer marijuana arrests in 1976 than in 1975. Bust seizures, however, are at an all-time high.

"Although we still investigate and refer for prosecution those caught with marijuana, it is not our primary concern," said Bensinger.

"Marijuana is dangerous to one's health. There is not enough knowledge to decriminalize marijuana," claimed Bensinger. This contradicts the National Institute on Drug Abuse's own report stating that marijuana is relatively safe unless used while driving a car or operating heavy machinery.

"To underline the gravity of this situation," Bensinger continued, "during the last 12 months, there were 102 crashes of planes that we could determine were transporting marijuana between distribution points in Mexico and the United States. It is big business and it can be lucrative if the penalties are not substantial."

At one point during the hearing, Bensinger had to be corrected by Senator Bayh for equating decriminalization with legalization. "We're talking about decriminalization that would stop making criminals out of our youth," said the senator from Indiana.

In related testimony, Customs Commissioner Vernon D. Acree told the subcommittee that, between January 11 and March 16 of this year, 126,000 pounds of marijuana were confiscated in waters between Florida and North Carolina.

Acree's interest in the bill is Section 501, which would authorize the Customs Service to require the master of a vessel to report its arrival immediately at the nearest customhouse. The vessel would also have to report to Customs prior to docking.

The Customs Commissioner is concerned about the use of private ships to smuggle marijuana into the U.S. "The high-speed and fuel-carrying capabilities of today's small boats permit them to travel distances which were not envisioned when the vessel reporting requirements were enacted in 1930," said Acree.

Acree claims that there is "hard evidence" to prove that foreign flag vessels are moving "multiton loads of marijuana and smaller portions of hashish" within 40 to 60 miles of the gulf and east coasts. At that point the hovering vessel is met by a smaller vessel that takes the marijuana to shore.

DEA Director Bensinger is reportedly disturbed that SB 3411, in its present state, has received minimal congressional endorsement. A reliable congressional source told *High Times* that in its present state "SB 3411 stands little chance of even getting out of the Judiciary Committee.

"However," said the source, "if the bill is pushed out of committee it will not be passed by the Senate unless an amendment that would federally decriminalize an indefinite amount of marijuana is attached. That you can be sure of."

Watergaters Endorse Decrim



James K. W. Atherton

Convicted conspirator John D. Ehrlichman (left) *talks with fellow Watergater Egil Krogh, Jr., convicted for his role in the White House Plumber's Unit. Both men told the Senate Permanent Investigation Subcommittee that they favored traffic-ticket like citations for those caught with marijuana. Ehrlichman and Krogh were the masterminds behind the Nixon administration's Operation Intercept—a program in which all travelers attempting to cross the U.S.-Mexican border were stopped and searched extensively for marijuana. Ehrlichman told the subcommittee that the federal government should get completely out of marijuana policing and let local communities or states decide the issue. Ehrlichman, when asked if he smoked marijuana, responded with a "no comment." Ehrlichman now lives in Sante Fe, New Mexico; Krogh works for Swenson's Ice Cream Company in San Francisco.*

Radical Doc Carter's Choice to Head DEA?

WASHINGTON—Thirty-six-year-old British psychiatrist Peter G. Bourne—credited the first to tell Jimmy Carter to run for president—is rumored to be the Plainsman's choice to replace DEA Director Peter Bensinger.

Bourne, a long-time advocate of marijuana decriminalization and the restructuring of detoxification programs, describes himself as "very much into radical politics," and his record seems to show it. He testified on behalf of Dr. Howard Levy in a landmark 1972 antiwar trial, helped found the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, organized the case that led to the Supreme Court's decision to strike down antiabortion laws, demonstrated in the streets of Chicago during the 1968 Democratic National Convention and served as a touchstone during the early days of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic.

Bourne first shocked the medical and drug enforcement communities in 1972 after returning from a medical conference in Yugoslavia. It was in Belgrade that he met the renowned neurosurgeon Dr. H. L. Wang, one of the few physicians to use and recommend acupuncture in detoxification programs. "Nobody took Wang seriously," said Bourne reflecting on the meeting. "The people kind of laughed him off. The following year I traveled to Hong Kong to see for myself. I went to his hospital. I spent some time with him. I returned enormously impressed with everything he had said and done. The man was using acupuncture to treat heroin addicts with unbelievable withdrawal symptoms, and it worked. Acupuncture has a great future, and I have encouraged the federal government to take it seriously."

Although Bourne does not have a law degree, considered by some to be an essential qualification to head the DEA, he does have the medical and administrative expertise to oversee an agency described by one former operative as a "tragic mistake."

Bourne went to Atlanta in 1957 to attend Emory University. He returned to Emory in 1969 to teach, conduct research and run a community mental health center. Carter, who met Bourne during the gubernatorial campaign, later made him chief health and mental health advisor for the state of Georgia. In 1971, Bourne established Georgia's first drug abuse program to receive applause from the medical community.

"There was real accomplishment and change in Georgia in providing more services to more people in more places," said Dr. Bertram S. Brown, of the National Institute of Mental Health.

Bourne, who during his travels to study drug abuse programs conferred verbally with DEA station chiefs around the globe, holds "mixed feelings" about the agency. He told *High Times* that there "is still a lot of ill will generated around the world by the presence of DEA agents in foreign countries, many of whom are not very sensitive to what happens there."

Agriculture Dept. Enlists Pharmaceutical Industry in War on Foreign Poppy Production

The United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) has invested at least $500,000 this year in domestic and foreign research projects designed to cultivate codeine from *Papaver bracteatum*, a nonopium-containing poppy.

The department has planted at least two and one-half acres of experimental poppy plots since 1972 in Maryland, Oregon, Washington and Arizona in its long-range plan to curtail the production of opium-bearing *Papaver somniferum*, from which both morphine and heroin are derived.

The government's opium eradication project evolved in the wake of a 1967 discovery by Iranian pharmacologist Dr. I. Lalezari, who proved that thebaine, an active property of bracteatum, could be converted into codeine. The USDA is presently providing funds for Iranian and Israeli research that will determine whether somniferum morphine can be replaced with bracteatum codeine as a painkiller.

The USDA also has been sharing its research with three of the nation's largest pharmaceutical manufacturers in its attempt to eliminate the somniferum poppy, which in Turkey and throughout the Middle East provides millions with a source of food and edible oil. The bracteatum poppy provides no such food source and was considered useless until Lalezari's discovery.

Merck & Company, Mallinckrodt Chemical Works and the S. B. Penick Company refused to discuss the specifics of their bracteatum projects.

"For many years we never told people about our involvement in narcotics," said Don Hargus of S. B. Penick. "Bracteatum is a very sensitive subject around here."

Mallinckrodt and Merck both declined to comment other than to claim that the Agriculture Department was not providing any funds for their respective bracteatum research projects. However, *High Times* has learned that Mallinckrodt maintains "a rather extensive and well-guarded research station in Nebraska."

Some observers base the USDA's interest in bracteatum cultivation on the fact that domestic opium stockpiles are being drastically reduced. The General Services Administration maintains a 150,000-pound raw opium stockpile along with 24,000 pounds of morphine. The government's stash is kept in torchproof steel-and-concrete vaults near Lexington, Kentucky.

Dwindling U.S. opium stockpiles and the new interest in bracteatum cultivation are due in part to the Drug Enforcement Administration's insistence that opium-producing countries (including India, America's main opium supplier) rely on the conventional opium-gum method of extraction.

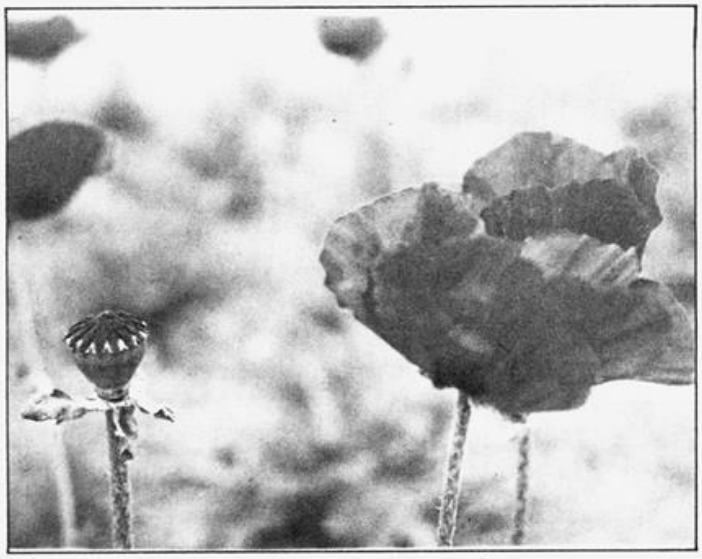
In the centuries-old opium-gum method, the poppy is slit, and the raw opium flows out of the strategically placed cut. With the opium-straw method, the poppy is crushed with expensive machinery. The DEA claims that opium derived from the straw method is less subject to diversion to black-market channels, although *High Times* could find no one to verify this statement.

The USDA's attempt to grow bracteatum is the first instance of domestically grown poppies since the nineteenth century, when they were harvested in California, Arizona, Florida, Louisiana, Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire.

"We've had no major problems with the project," said Donald W. Fishler, who oversees bracteatum for the Agriculture Department. "The prospects for deriving codeine-bearing thebaine from bracteatum look very encouraging."



A fully matured pod of Papaver somniferum. *The milk of this poppy can be processed to become morphine and heroin.*



The pod and flowering top of Papaver bracteatum, *the nonopium-containing poppy that the USDA and three of America's leading pharmaceutical companies are trying to promote in place of the opium-bearing* Papaver somniferum.

To Our Readers

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Milking the Poppy



The Pharmaceutical and Science Products Group, Mallinckrodt Incorporated (left to right): *from the left, David S. Sheridan, Frank A. Schottelkrob, Norman E. Drissell, Kenneth R. Monroe, Jr., Floyd P. Hallett and B. H. Ware. Mallinckrodt, a pioneer in* Papaver bracteatum *research, refused to comment on research or plans for the nonopium-containing poppy. In 1975, the company spent $6,949,000 in research and development. How much of this went into* Papaver bracteatum *remains a mystery.*

U.S. Reporter Disappears in Colombia

SAN FRANCISCO—An American reporter disappeared last July after spending 19½ months in a Colombian prison on political charges of plotting to run guns to guerrilla insurgents.

Friends and former news colleagues in San Francisco said the reporter, Emile Heler, has been missing for seven weeks and may be either dead, in solitary confinement or trying to escape the country on foot.

Heler, 34 and father of two children, was working as a free-lance writer in San Rafael, California when he left for Colombia in 1974. He was arrested that fall and held as a political prisoner on the pretext of a drug charge under Colombia's so-called "state of siege" that was declared in 1975. The Colombian president, Alphonso Lopez Michelsen, was identified as a CIA agent in the 1975 exposé, *Inside the Company: A CIA Diary*, by Philip Agee, an ex-CIA control agent in Latin America.

Heler, a newsman for 10 years, said he was caught up "in a nightmare of police craziness" and given eletroshock and Thorazine in prison. He also expressed fear for his life in a telephone call home on May 28, after being released unexpectedly May 6 with no money or way to leave the country. A U.S. embassy official was present when Heler was released, and he gave the name of Vice-Consul Patsy G. Stevens as his contact for friends in the United States. He has not been heard from since a June 2 phone call to Mary L. Holman of Mill Valley, California, in which he said he might be sent back to jail. Vice-Consul Stevens told this reporter in a July 21 telephone interview she had no idea where Heler was or whether he was safe.

Heler was arrested Sept. 30, 1974, and first he was charged with personal possession of 14 grams (one-half ounce) of marijuana and suspicion of trafficking. Then the trafficking charge was dropped. He expected a trial date to be set by mid-January, 1975, but he languished in jail four months while his case was being investigated.

Then, in an about-face, the Colombian authorities charged him with being part of an eight-man plot to supply guns to guerrillas in exchange for dope. He denied the charge, which was aired over Colombian television and radio and published in the Bogotá newspapers.

Heler was held incommunicado for the next four months, and given electroshock and Thorazine for no medical reason. Then his trial was held—with little evidence, he said—and he was sentenced to three years in prison on Sept. 15, 1975. His appeals were denied in December, and he reported threats on his life in prison for the first time. He said then he was expecting to get out of prison on work furlough in July 1976, but he was released without warning or explanation on May 6. He lacked work papers and passport.

Heler is a professional newsman who worked for the Detroit Free Press, United Press International news service in Detroit, London and Frankfurt, and for Radio Free Europe in Munich, Germany. He began free-lance writing in 1973 and made three journeys to Colombia in recent years.

Heler said in letters to his girlfriend that he was kidnapped from his room at the San Francisco Hotel in Bogotá by 15 CIA-financed Colombian secret agents armed with pistols, carbines and submachine guns. His letters from prison during the next 19½ months consistently claim he was a political prisoner under a CIA-FBI-DEA dragnet directed from the U.S. Embassy in Bogotá. He insisted the Americans were keeping him in jail.

Heler said Colombia is poverty-stricken and on the verge of an uprising. He said three of the country's 22 departments (administrative regions) have all but seceded, and that the army won't go into certain regions.

Measured against published reports about Colombia and the intervention of U.S. agencies in foreign countries, Heler's reports seem authentic. The Church committee's information about CIA activities gives further support to his claims. The most sensational piece of supporting evidence was published by ex-CIA agent Agee, whose book identified the current Colombian president as another CIA agent:

"The Bogotá station (of the CIA) supports the left wing of the Liberal Party called the Revolutionary Liberal Movement (MLR) headed by Lopez ... I wonder whether Lopez is witting (aware of the CIA influence) and contact with him is direct, or whether the Bogotá station's access to him is through other MLR leaders."

An American political reference work, Arthur Banks' *Political Handbook of the World 1975*, says the Lopez regime's foreign policy is "primarily determined by the country's need for economic assistance." The reference also cites the guerrilla warfare that Heler reported, but says the Colombian insurgent groups "presently offer only a marginal threat to stability."

Furthermore, the Banks reference says, "the Lopez victory in 1974 was hailed by a Liberal commentator as meaning that Colombians want change but not revolution. Problems facing the Lopez government are, however, numerous, including an inflation rate of 30 percent, widespread unemployment, and an agrarian reform program that has thus far proven ineffectual..."

Another reference by Walter Lacquer gives this picture of Colombia in 1974:

"Colombian political life has a violent tradition. *Violencia* (guerrilla warfare) ... has become the dominant theme in Colombian politics. Despite foreign investment and new agricultural projects, the socio-economic factors making for instability and violence persist." He cites a powerful financial oligarchy, peasant serfdom under land tenure and migration to overcrowded urban slums.

"High inflation and extreme maldistribution of wealth have hindered economic development and remain potential sources of political dissatisfaction," Lacquer says.

On the other hand, Heler quoted Colombian secret service chief DAS Major-General Mantallano as saying, "Colombia's one major problem is the transport of drugs from our country by North Americans."

Lacquer cites several insurgent groups in Colombia that "have advocated and to some extent practiced guerrilla warfare."

Lopez was elected president in April 1974 with 56 percent of the vote and inaugurated on Aug. 7, 1974, for a four-year term which since has been strengthened by the state of siege declared in May 1975—a month after Heler reported that "a revolution is coming here, sure as I'm in jail ... the generals may just decide to step in."

Heler's claims about the training, direction and financing of Colombian police compares accurately with reports in recently published works such as Agee's *CIA Diary*, John Marks and Victor Marchetti's *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, Sanford Ungar's *FBI*, and Raymond Aron's *The Imperial Republic*.

Agee, for example, revealed in his work that the International Police Academy (IPA) and the International Police Services School (IPSS) both train foreign police officers in Washington, D.C. He said the IPA is operated by the CIA under cover of the Agency for International Development (AID) Public Safety program. The IPA was founded by the CIA in Panama under the name Inter-American Police Academy and moved to the U.S. capital, according to Agee, whose reports have been independently confirmed by columnist Jack Anderson and others.

Marks and Marchetti, in the 1974 book that was contested and censored in court by the CIA, also cited AID as the cover for CIA training of foreign police. The CIA coordinates all counterinsurgency in Latin America, they said, and "the aim was to protect governments from local insurgents." The book cites covert CIA aid to Peru in the mid-1960s, CIA involvement in the Che Guevara death in Bolivia in 1967, the use of a commercial airline, Southern Air Transport, as a counterinsurgency air force in Latin America, and the CIA's telephone taps on Latin American officials.

Ungar, in his landmark book on the FBI published in March, verifies reports that the DEA and FBI are active overseas in concert with the CIA and Interpol. He cites FBI offices in South America, such as the one in Bolivia; the 25-man FBI team sent to the Dominican Republic during the American intervention there, and the presence of FBI agents during interrogation of foreigners in Latin American countries, as well as the CIA-FBI cooperation in the handling of U.S. informants who go overseas "for the purpose of reporting back on the activities of Americans traveling abroad."

Ungar reports the FBI more than doubled its agents overseas under the Nixon administration, partly because of its interest in "the expandling international narcotics trade." He notes that the DEA has offices in or near U.S. embassies overseas. Ungar criticizes the "financial improprieties of field personnel" and the "illegal and abusive tactics" of the DEA agents.

SENATOR NUNN BLASTS DEA

Treasury Official Confirms CIA Link

WASHINGTON—The Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, chaired by Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia, has blasted the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). Charges against the agency include gross failure to combat the flow of heroin into the U.S. effectively, overemphasizing buy-bust techniques, mishandling an inner agency report on DEA Public Affairs Director Vincent L. Promuto and failure to cooperate with the U.S. Customs Bureau.

"In this so-called war on drugs," said Nunn, acting chairman of the subcommittee, "the DEA has adopted a body count approach whereby the number of street arrests is more important than the person arrested."

In later testimony before the subcommittee hearing last summer, Roy L. Ash, former drug expert for the President's Advisory Council on Executive Organization, said, "Those engaged in drug traffic are best reached by conspiracy type approaches." Nunn expressed concern over Ash's statement and told the committee that "the activities of the DEA could operationally establish a national police force."

Also testifying was Eugene T. Rossides, a former Treasury Department official involved in the taxation of confiscated contraband. Rossides called the DEA a "tragic mistake that has led directly to a failure in federal enforcement."

Calling for a reversal of Reorganization Plan # 2, which created the DEA, Rossides confirmed long-held speculation that the CIA plays a role in the intelligence gathering operations of the DEA. "The identity of a dealer cannot be left to the DEA," said Rossides.



Wide World

Georgia Senator Sam Nunn, acting chairman of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, explored the formation of the DEA, in hearings last summer. Nunn learned that DEA procedures could qualify it as a "national police force."

Narc Informant Florida Murder Suspect

Police have yet to arrest Thomas Joseph Holt, a paid U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) undercover agent. Holt, 35, was indicted last summer by a Broward County, Florida, grand jury on first degree murder charges in at least two deaths.

DEA agents asked police to "refrain for a while." Meanwhile, only the DEA knows where Holt is. The feds have confirmed that he is "out of the state," though not in the custody of law enforcement officials. "We know how to contact him," said one agent.

Holt has been a paid DEA undercover informant for over six months, and federal court records reflect that his job as a "DEA confidential informant" involved meeting with alleged "narcotic suspects" while wearing concealed listening devices, enabling DEA agents to monitor the conversations.

Last June, Florida DEA agents disclosed that Holt "implicated himself" in the murders of two men who were the subject of much of his informant activities. The two men, Kenneth Douglas, 27, and Gerald Lerner, 33, were allegedly involved in a multi-million dollar Malaysia-to-south-Florida smuggling ring that brought $3 million worth of heroin into Florida last year.

Florida DEA Assistant Director David Westrate said that the DEA decided Holt could be more useful in continuing investigation if he were not in jail, even though his cover had been blown by the indictment for first-degree murder.



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FDA Danger to Public

Congress Exposes Deaths

WASHINGTON—Investigators from the General Accounting Office (GAO) have issued a critical indictment of the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), pharmaceutical makers, doctors and research scientists, charging them with exposing humans to unnecessary risks in experimenting with new drugs. The report also stated that little progress has been made in assuring the subjects' safety during the tests.

The GAO investigators asserted last July that the FDA had "failed to protect the public from dangers from new drugs approved for marketing by insuring that the approval decision was based on accurate data." The GAO allegedly also found that the FDA let makers of prescription pharmaceuticals supply new drugs to doctors or researchers for experimentation on their own patients without prior testing.

The congressional investigating unit also disclosed that many doctors and researchers failed to inform their patients that they were the subjects of an experiment and failed to obtain patients' consent. In addition, investigators discovered that many researchers kept inaccurate records, making the research useless.

Although no names of pharmaceutical manufacturers or researchers were mentioned in the report, the GAO said that the Department of Defense, which can conduct experiments without FDA approval, had administered at least four experimental drugs without ascertaining their safety.

Specific charges were leveled against the U.S. Army for administering the so-called anti-malaria drug dapsone to 1.6 million people, mostly American soldiers in Vietnam. Eight soldiers died in 1969 after taking dapsone, and the Army did not inform the FDA for several months.

The GAO investigation concluded that overall, the FDA had failed to enforce its standards as well as "clearly demonstrating a lack of aggressiveness in fulfilling its responsibility."

Pharmaceutical industry estimates assert that 85 percent of the first human tests on new drugs are performed on prisoners; however, Congress intends to sharply curtail this practice in the near future.

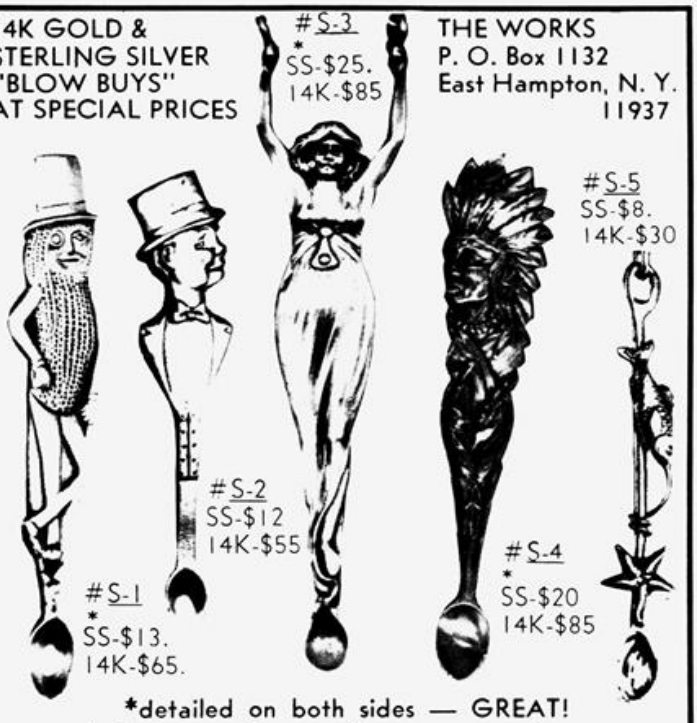
The National Commission for the Protection of Human Subjects of Biomedical and Behavioral Research, created by Congress to look into the problem of medical research abuse of prisoners, recently said that much of the testing that takes place in prison violates the dignity of inmates.

The commission report pointed to the serious deficiencies in living conditions and health care prevalent in most prisons along with an unreasonable restriction of prisoners' communications with the outside world. Because of this, it recommended that research should be done only on volunteers. However, the commission went on to state that no prisoner could be considered a true volunteer due to the overcrowded and brutal environment in which inmates are forced to live.

Anticipating the commission's findings, the U.S. Bureau of Prisons has announced a ban on future research on federal prisoners. The bureau also claims it will terminate its only ongoing program of massive tests of potentially dangerous substances on volunteers at its Addiction Research Center in Lexington, Kentucky.

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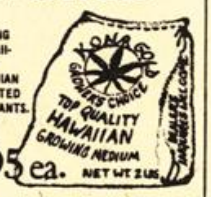
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200 Die in Mexico

Government Poisoning Continues

At least 200 persons in Mexico died between June and August as a result of U.S.-funded herbicides that have been poisoning the Mexican landscape, according to Ida Honorof, award-winning consumer activist and publisher of the Report to the Consumer. Honorof claims that the deaths have occurred in and around the state of Cuernavaca and were a direct result of attempts by the U.S. and Mexico to eradicate marijuana and opium crops with the use of herbicides 2-4D and paraquat.

The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) has supplied $40 million in planes and equipment to Mexico's eradication program over the past year. The Mexican government has also been supplied with the toxic chemical compounds thiodan, methylparathion, azodrin, nubacuron, mevidrin, phosdrin, sevimol, bidrin and carbicrow. These compounds have been banned as herbicides in the U.S.

Honorof stresses that the reports have not been "confirmed officially," but she quotes several sources both in Mexico and Canada as reporting that 200 Mexicans were fatally poisoned after coming into contact with one or more of the herbicides.

Honorof bases her allegations on interviews with Mexican officials including the Agricultural Commissioner in Cuernavaca whom she quotes as saying "Yes, it's the herbicide. They get sick, they die, we bury them."

Mexico to Seize CB's at Border

Americans seeking to enter Mexico with Citizen's Band radios in their cars will now be forced to turn around or surrender their CB units, according to U.S. Embassy officials in Mexico City. Mexico's crackdown on American CBs comes in the wake of reports noting a sharp increase in radio-dispatched pot smuggling activity over the U.S.-Mexico border.

Previously, American CB enthusiasts entering Mexico without official Mexican radio permits were required to have their units "sealed" by Customs officials. This was done by covering the unit's control dials with tape.

Mexican state troopers and narcotics officials have recently complained that hundreds of American pot smugglers are using CB-equipped scouts to forewarn them of police activity on border routes into the U.S.

Jamaica in State of Siege

Prime Minister Suspects CIA Involvement

KINGSTON—In an attempt to halt the violence that has been causing a death a day in Jamaica, Prime Minister Michael Manley has declared a continuance of a "state of emergency."

"I cannot prove in a court of law that the American CIA is here," said Manley during a rally on a Kingston street. "What I have said is that certain strange things are happening in Jamaica which we have not seen before."

In relation to what Manley described as a "subversive plot" against his regime, opposition leader Peranel Charles was arrested along with Peter Wittingham, another Labour Party leader. Charles was later released. Wittingham, however, remains in jail as Manley security forces maintain that they found incriminating documents in his attaché case.

In reaction to random acts of violence that so far this year have led to the deaths of over 1,000 persons, mostly in the slums of West Kingston, Manley has given the 8,000-man Jamaican Security Force broad, tough powers to maintain law and order. Nightly cordon-and-search operations under the country's weapons control laws, helicopter spotlight surveillance and random arrests of suspicious-looking persons have been ordered.

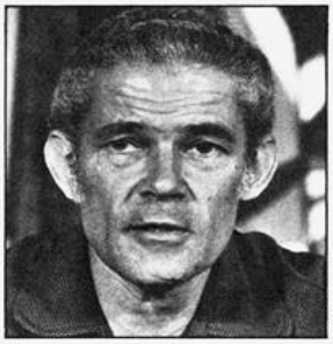
Manley is particularly concerned with the recent influx of illegal guns into Jamaica. Any Jamaican caught with a gun and/or bullets is subject to spend the rest of his life in the Gun Court, a top-security prison solely for those caught with illegal arms. One theory behind some of the illegal weapons is that when local marijuana merchants discovered they were being paid off in counterfeit dollars by grass dealers, they demanded to be paid off in handguns, which are easily sold for cash in Kingston.

However, the bulk of Jamaica's illegal arms are not being supplied by marijuana dealers, but by sophisticated guerrilla networks working in conjunction with unidentified foreign countries.

Manley is also interested in stopping the assassinations of resident foreign diplomats, such as Peruvian Ambassador Fernando Rodriguez Olivia, who was recently stabbed to death by burglars in his Kingston home.

The prime minister has been blaming the violence on U.S.-funded, right-wing political groups who are attempting to block Jamaica's path to Manley socialism. U.S. Ambassador Sumner Gerard has protested that the CIA is not in any manner involved in Jamaican violence, even though President Ford is reported to be none too happy about Manley's friendship with Fidel Castro.

As an indication of what tourist promoters are up against, Jamaican Tourism and Industry Minister P. J. Patterson has sought to assure prospective visitors that any tourists caught in curfews or cordons "would be treated with courtesy and understanding by the security forces."



Wide World

Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley maintains a state of martial law in the predominantly black Caribbean nation—a measure that has further cut the Jamaican—U.S. pot flow, already at an all-time low.

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Vermont Pardons Dopers and Frame-up Victims

Governor Thomas Salmon of Vermont has developed his own decriminalization program—automatic pardons for users convicted of marijuana possession. He has also set up a commission to advise him in granting pardons to victims of former undercover narcotics agent Paul D. Lawrence, whose fraudulent arrest techniques led to his conviction on several counts of perjury in 1975 (see *High Times* "Law," Aug./Sept. 1975).

Governor Salmon announced at a press conference last May that he does not believe marijuana smokers should be sent to jail. Since then, the governor's office has been issuing pardons (often by return mail) to those busted for possession of any amount, as long as the arrest involves no other crime. The record of conviction is expunged. Dealers in large amounts are still being prosecuted, however. Joseph Jamele, Jr., a spokesman for the governor's office, said marijuana has, in effect, been decriminalized in Vermont without legislative action, since the state's police as a rule no longer make arrests for "mere possession."

Father Ray Giroux, head of the state's parole board, has sued to force Salmon to release a list of those who have received pardons. The governor has thus far refused, citing adverse publicity to the arrestees.

A three-person review board has finished its consideration of over 200 narcotics cases involving the testimony of Paul Lawrence, a former undercover narc with a seven- or eight-year history of frame-ups, tainted evidence, beatings and perjury throughout Vermont. Michael Krell, chairman of the commission, said 50 to 60 of the most recent cases have already been dismissed by the State Attorney. Recommendations concerning possible pardon in the other cases will be submitted to the governor by October 1. Krell said the determination will be based on whether the case could stand without Lawrence's testimony, with the prisoner to receive the benefit of the doubt.

Peyote Raids Net 575 Pounds, 4 Suspects – Set East Coast Record

State and local police allegedly found over 400 pounds of peyote drying on the basement floor of a Hadden Township, New Jersey, apartment house last July. Narcs first entered the building with a key obtained from the building's owner. They were also armed with a warrant to search the apartment of 23-year-old Maureen Kline and 27-year-old Louis Hankin, who were later charged with possession of, and intent to distribute, a controlled dangerous substance.

The two-story building had been under surveillance for several days by narcs working on a tip, according to police. Detective Edward Slimm, who conducted the raid, said that narcs discovered $3,600 in cash and paraphernalia that could be used in converting the cactuslike plant, which was legal until 1965, into mescaline. Police said that more arrests could be expected in connection with the 400-pound seizure.

175 Pounds Hit in Baltimore

In another peyote raid 100 miles south of Hadden Township, Baltimore narcs seized 175 pounds of the hallucinogenic buttons and arrested truckdriver John Rice, 29, and his wife Geraldine, 27, after allegedly discovering the cache stuffed into two large militaryduffel bags and a number of paper sacks.

Maryland narcs learned about the peyote from an undercover network that carried out an eight-day investigation. Captain Frank T. Hutson of the County Police Narcotics Squad claims that the recent seizure was part of a larger haul that had been imported into the U.S. from Mexico.



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California Hedges on Decrim: 460,000 Retain Criminal Record

By Patrick Lanzing

SACRAMENTO—California's new marijuana law, which went into effect last January, changed simple possession of less than one ounce from a felony to a ticketable offense and entitled those convicted under the old law to have their pot-related criminal records destroyed. Raymond Procunier, chairman of the California Adult Authority, announced last December that state prisoners serving time for simple possession would be granted "early release." Despite this announcement, pot prisoners convicted under California's outdated pot laws remain behind bars.

Meanwhile, State Attorney General Evelle Younger is urging the courts to declare the record-destruction portion of the new law unconstitutional.

In July, legislative analyst A. Alan Post estimated that the State Department of Justice had about 806,000 entries of marijuana possession arrests, of which 148,000 resulted in conviction. These criminal records contain information on about 460,000 persons.

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) recently took the pot prisoners' case to the California Supreme Court and is charging the Attorney General and the Adult Authority with "reading the new marijuana law with a vengeful eye."

According to Gordon Brownell, NORML's West Coast coordinator, "the law says that 'any person' arrested or convicted prior to January 1, 1976, can have their records destroyed and their rights restored and that 'no public agency' can deny them any right or privilege. That would certainly apply to the state prison authorities. We have people serving time in Soledad, San Quentin and Folsom for offenses that would now be punishable by citation and fine." He stated that NORML is in touch with about 50 pot prisoners and assumes there are more who have not contacted NORML.

Brownell cited the example of a San Jose man who has spent the last three years in San Quentin for possession of a single joint. Another prisoner who served 5½ years for 11 joints was released on parole, then convicted of another crime. He was sent back to Folsom prison with an additional nine months tacked on for his original pot conviction.

"Rather than continuing to victimize persons convicted under the old law, the legislature provided the means to partially alleviate the harm caused them. The Attorney General and the Adult Authority are doing precisely the opposite," said Brownell.

Wilmer Leon, administrative officer of the California Adult Authority, conceded that "only about 15" persons charged solely with pot possession remained in state prison and gave assurances to this reporter that "other prisoners, whose records are complicated by other convictions, will have their possession sentences discharged as these cases come up for hearing." Leon's statements, however, were contradicted by Harold Riddell, assistant to the chairman of the Adult Authority, who maintained that the new pot law "is *not* retroactive" and denied that the board would discharge pot-related sentences as a matter of policy. Asked whether some prisoners were still doing time for simple possession convictions under the old law, Riddell said, "I looked this up once, but I'm afraid I've lost my notes."

Deputy Attorney General Mike Franchetti says that the Attorney General's objection to the record-destruction portion of the new law "is keyed on the idea of separation of powers which prohibits the legislature from usurping the record-keeping powers of the courts and the Attorney General."

Although Franchetti now thinks that the record-purging process mandated by the new law is "asinine," he confirmed that in February 1975, he advised then State Senator George Moscone to include the concept of record-purging in the body of the new law.

"The concept may have come from me," conceded Franchetti, "but the way it was finally written did not."

NORML recently filed "friend of the court" briefs with the California Supreme Court to secure the release of those now in state prison on simple possession convictions and a reduction of sentence for those whose records include other crimes. Brownell points out that in 1973, when Texas eased its penalties for possession, Governor Dolph Briscoe granted Christmas pardons to 400 Texas pot prisoners.

"Now, in California, which supposedly has a more liberal governor and criminal justice system, we are continuing to punish people under the old laws," he said.

Despite repeated attempts, neither Governor Jerry Brown nor a spokesperson could be reached for comment.



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Mystery Man Leaves NORML 10 Gs

WASHINGTON—On July 15 an unknown man wearing a sports shirt and dress slacks walked into the headquarters of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) and left $10,000 in cash in the briefcase of Director Keith Stroup. The money, wrapped in rubber bands, was divided into seven packs of 50 $20 bills and three packs of 100 tens.

The man entered NORML offices early in the afternoon and asked Stroup for some literature on the organization. Stroup left his first-floor office and went to the basement for the information. When he returned, the man was waiting by the front door. Stroup gave the man the literature. The man then said, "By the way, I left you a donation in your briefcase."

"How much?" asked Stroup.

"Ten thousand dollars," said the man.

Stroup, thinking the donation figure was a joke, thanked the man and returned to his office. In his briefcase was $10,000 in cash and a note saying it was from the "Confederation." Stroups says he's never heard of the organization, but added, "I am experiencing one of the world's greatest and most natural highs." The unknown donor left as mysteriously as he came.



Larry A. Schott

NORML Director Keith Stroup looks over the $10,000 in cash that was left in his briefcase by a man representing a marijuana import organization known as the Confederation.

STATE/MEANT

The Confederation (an association of independent marijuana, hashish and hashish oil smugglers, ton dealers, growers, transporters and workers) donates this $10,000 to NORML to hasten the day when our contributions to the betterment of society will be legalized. We regret the small amount—last year we could have given 100 times this—but since then the molecular totalitarianism of the ruling class has seriously depleted our resources. Nevertheless, we will attempt to continue to keep America high.

We invite and entreat all others in the cannabis trade and otherwise to give to NORML as much as they can afford—now!

Karma prevails. Venceremos!

THE CONFEDERATION

U.S. Pot Seizures Up 200 Percent

For the first three months of 1976 the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration made domestic seizures totaling 461,354 pounds of marijuana, an increase of 200.33 percent from the same quarter last year. The agency also confiscated 8,399 pounds of hashish, an increase of 800.54 percent over the 977 pounds confiscated during the first quarter of 1975.

During the January-March period for 1976, the DEA made 989 heroin arrests, 639 cocaine arrests and 525 cannabis arrests. During the same period for 1975 the agency made 1,069 heroin, 890 cocaine and 687 cannabis arrests.

Although the number of 1976 cannabis arrests (which includes both hash and grass) has declined, the agency confiscated 263,969 pounds more of marijuana and 7,422 pounds more of hashish for the first quarter of this year than it did for the same quarter of 1975.

For the first quarter of this year the DEA also seized 8.3 pounds of opium, 152 pounds of heroin and 440 pounds of cocaine. During the January-March period of 1975 the agency confiscated 15.5 pounds of opium, 13.8 pounds of heroin and 290 pounds of cocaine.

Canadian Bust Figures Low

In the January-April period for 1976, Canadian Customs inspectors working with the U.S. DEA confiscated 80.6 pounds of hashish and 1,088.5 pounds of marijuana as compared to 161 pounds of hashish and 1,290 pounds of marijuana seized during the same period in 1975.

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Carter Camp Meets NORML

Top Carter aide-de-camp Dr. Peter G. Bourne, the British physician who heads up Carter's Washington office, has been meeting privately with Keith Stroup, director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). The two are attempting to reach an agreement on what role Carter will play in NORML's bid to eliminate federal laws pertaining to personal possession of small amounts of marijuana.

The initial 20-minute meeting in New York's Statler Hilton during the Democratic National Convention in July was described by one observer as "an effort to make amends for the absence of a marijuana decriminalization plank in the Democratic Party platform." Carter has personally endorsed the decriminalization of possession of small amounts of marijuana to be decided upon by individual states.

Stroup, Bourne and New York State NORML Director Frank Fioramonti have been discussing the formation of a White House Conference on Youth and Drugs under the auspices of Bourne and NORML sometime next June.

Although no agreement has been reached, Bourne plans to continue talks with NORML representatives in Washington, where they will discuss the particulars of the proposed conference and the feasibility of Carter's assuming a leadership position in dope decrim if he is elected president. *(See related story on page 44.)*



Carrie Boretz

Long-time decrim advocate and top Carter aide, Dr. Peter G. Bourne, attended a preliminary meeting with NORML representatives during the Democratic National Convention in New York.



UPI

Jimmy Carter, shown here sporting the now defunct Allman Brothers (see story opposite) *T-shirt, plans to solidify his association with the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) through top advisor Peter G. Bourne.*

Carter Appears in Macon

In a show of support to Capricorn Records, Democratic presidential candidate Jimmy Carter appeared at the fifth annual Capricorn Barbecue in Macon, the industrial southern town of 125,000 people in the heart of Georgia's peach belt.

The barbecue, held at Lakeside Park, brought together as many as 2,000 people from throughout the country and abroad and featured three Capricorn bands, including Sea Level, the band that evolved out of the breakup of the Allman Brothers.

Carter's appearance put to rest any speculation connecting him with Gregg Allman's testimony against John "Scooter" Herring. Previous speculation had asserted that Carter was instrumental in granting Gregg Allman immunity in return for testimony that led to 33 indictments in the Macon area.

"Carter was advised not to attend the outing," said one highly placed Carter aide, "but he rejected the idea that his appearance here today would be harmful to the campaign."

In response to questions about his association with Capricorn Records president Phil Walden, Carter said, "Phil means a lot to me, personally and politically. He has a good attitude toward the people of this country as expressed through his performing groups." Capricorn bands have given many concerts for Carter with gate proceeds going to the candidate. The proceeds are matched by a Federal Election Commission grant.

Amidst the afternoon barbecue of shredded pork, beans, fried chicken and carousel chicken, a local delicacy similar to hot curried chicken, Carter thanked Walden for his support. The candidate was later photographed alongside Walden as he was presented Billboard magazine's award for being one of America's top 200 leaders in the music industry.

Gregg Allman, who remained in California, has been a persona non grata in the Macon area since Herring's conviction, and has only been in town twice since he testified against Herring—both times under "heavy bodyguard," according to former Allman Brother Dicky Betts.

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Allman Aide Gets 75 for Coke

Three Brothers Quit in Protest

MACON—Gregg Allman's former road manager, John "Scooter" Herring, was sentenced last August to the maximum 75 years in prison on charges of supplying cocaine to Atlanta, Georgia, musicians.

U.S. District Court Judge Wilbur Owens, Jr., said he would review the sentence of Herring, 36, in three months. Authorities in Macon claim they have been seeking Herring's help in marijuana-cocaine investigations throughout the South.

Judge Owens delivered a long speech to Herring in which he defended a federal prosecutor's decision to grant Allman immunity to testify in Herring's trial, in which the one-time auto mechanic was found guilty of five counts of conspiring to sell cocaine, lirtrine and Demerol from 1973 to 1975.

"The public tells me that Mr. Herring is nothing but a scapegoat," said Judge Owens. "They say the person who ought to be prosecuted is Mr. Allman and all the other people who made Mr. Herring do what he did." Allman claims not to be a user of cocaine any longer.

In reaction to Herring's conviction, four of the Allman Brothers—bassist Lamar Williams, keyboarder Chuck Leavell and drummer Jaimoe—have left the band to form the new group Sea Level. Capricorn Records spokesman Mark Pucci told *High Times* that the report is "not true" and that "all of the Allman Brothers participate in other projects from time to time." However, Leavell has dubbed Allman's testimony against Herring "the final straw." Former Allman Brother Dicky Betts told *High Times* that the Macon-based band broke up "solely because of Gregg's testimony against Scooter." Betts added that Herring had saved Allman's life on at least two occasions when Allman overdosed on heroin. "The grand jury asked Gregg if Scooter had ever saved his life, and Gregg told them that he didn't remember," said Betts.

Capricorn Records President Phil Walden said that Jimmy Carter did not intercede on behalf of Gregg Allman, but added, "I advised Carter that Allman was going to testify before the grand jury after I found out about it." Herring is now free on a $100,000 appeal bond put up by Walden.

In a related incident Andrew J. Ritchie, caretaker at the Allman Brothers farm near Macon, was arrested and charged with growing 30 to 40 pot plants on the farm.

Ritchie, who was alone on the farm at the time of the bust, was taken into custody by the Jones County sheriff's department. He was later released on a $1,000 bond posted by Allman Brothers percussionist Claude Trucks, Jr.

Jones County Sheriff Holmes Hawkins said that the bust was in response to informants' tips and claimed there was no major investigation involved in the seizure of the plants.

Ritchie, whose pot-growing case must be heard by a grand jury, will almost surely be indicted, according to County Assistant District Attorney Charles Newbury.



Richard Aaron

Before the Georgia snowstorm: (left to right) *Capricorn Records president Phil Walden, Greg Allman and John "Scooter" Herring.*

HighWitness Interview:

Dr. Harris Rubin

Dr. Harris Rubin's planned study of the effects of marijuana on male sexual arousal was always widely publicized. Then, Congress voted last April specifically to deny funds for this research. Rubin, 44, of the University of Southern Illinois School of Medicine, has been active for the past ten years in research and treatment programs on aspects of sexual pathology—including rape, child molestation and exhibitionism. Dr. Rubin had planned to investigate the sexual effect of grass on men while they watch erotic movies. Various Congressmen characterized the plan as immoral, decadent and foolish. Rubin contented that THC's sexual effects have long been the subject of users' conversation, but that his experiments would have provided the first scientific data on the topic. Here's Rubin's personal reaction to the controversy.



Southern Illinois University News Service

The recent cutoff of Dr. Harris Rubin's federal pot research funds was directly related, according to Rubin, to "the political gains" of Congressman Robert H. Michel.

High Times: Is the recent congressional action directed only against your study, or at all similar research in the future?

Rubin: It is directed at our study—it names us specifically.

High Times: Do you think it will keep other scientists from investigating the sexual effects of pot?

Rubin: That decision has set a precedent. Never before has Congress directly taken money away from a research project that had already been funded by an administrative agency—HEW in this case. When agency officials refused to renew the grant themselves, they acquiesced in this dangerous precedent. I can't predict what will be done in the future, but certainly this same sort of action could happen again.

High Times: Do you expect it will hinder your efforts to get money from private foundations?

Rubin: I don't think so. Most foundations are like the federal agencies that fund research, such as HEW and the National Institute of Drug Abuse. That is, they evaluate the importance of the research itself, rather than the political hay that can be made on it.

High Times: Do you anticipate any legal challenge to this action, as unfairly singling out one particular research grant?

Rubin: I have yet to explore this idea with attorneys. I don't know if this is a bill of attainder or not. It might be.

High Times: Do you feel the recent national publicity around your project has damaged your professional standing, or given you a reputation as an outlaw doctor, as it were?

Rubin: My reputation hasn't been hurt at all. The scientific, professional and academic community has been highly supportive of my work. I have become controversial to the press, but certainly not to scientists.

High Times: How do you feel about the congressional moral outrage in light of the Washington sex scandals?

Rubin: I don't make any connection between them. I think Congressman Robert H. Michel [Rep. Illinois] attempted to make political gains; in fact, I know he did. He needed a campaign issue, and I guess this is the only one he could find. That doesn't speak too well for him. People were just afraid to stand up and speak. There were very few people on the Senate floor when that vote was taken. During the House vote, very few representatives even knew this provision was in the bill. It was a $12.3 billion appropriations bill, with one little paragraph about taking away our funds. The senators certainly *did* know it was in there, and, as I understand it, there were only 12 members on the floor during the debate on removing our funds.

High Times: What was the final vote, do you know?

Rubin: It was a voice vote; they refused to take a roll call. Then within five or ten minutes the entire bill came up for a vote, and all of a sudden they had 91 senators there.

High Times: Do you have any plans to continue this study in the near future?

Rubin: Absolutely. We have not yet explored the possible ways of private funding, but we certainly intend to.

High Times: Had any of the research already begun?

Rubin: Not really. The equipment, apparatus and all the things necessary for the beginning part had been developed and purchased, ready to run. But we never tested any subjects.

High Times: Can you describe what you had planned to do in a little more detail, what kind of tests you planned to make?

Rubin: We intended to study the effect of controlled dosages of marijuana administered through a spirometer. That's a medical apparatus designed to measure lung volume, how much air an individual can hold in the lungs. It can work both ways. You can put a measured amount of gas or smoke in the spirometer and have the person draw it out. If you have a known concentration of THC in the smoke and the subject holds it in the lungs a certain length of time, then you have a means of controlling the dose of marijuana smoke. We were looking for the effect of the drug on a standard erotic stimulus on a man in a private viewing chamber. We had already determined the stimulus produces a certain average level of arousal. Our goal was to see how the herb would affect the amount of arousal elicited by the film, as well as the person's ability to control his reaction. We planned to measure decreases or increases in sexual excitement, as well as changes that might occur in several different hormones, against baseline readings taken while the men were not high.

High Times: Do you know of any other researchers currently exploring pot's sexual effects on human beings?

Rubin: No one else has developed a procedure to work directly on sexual arousal in humans. Many other studies are looking at various aspects of marijuana, and some of them are tangentially dealing with some aspects of sexual behavior, primarily hormone reactions.

High Times: Do you anticipate going on to study actual intercourse under the influence of pot?

Rubin: There is no need to. There are many other ways of getting the information. You have no control over mutual sexual response. It is difficult enough to control an environment where you have one person. But in interaction between two people, you would never know the nature of the stimulus.

High Times: Have you ever used marijuana yourself?

Rubin: I don't use marijuana.

High Times: What are your opinions on the legalization of grass?

Rubin: I try to keep my views on legalization or decriminalization totally separate from my professional activities. I hope the decision will be made on the basis of research that indicates what marijuana, in fact, does to the individual. The fact that the laws as they now stand make so many criminals in the country is also important. There aren't many laws being enforced that make criminals of about 23 million people.

High Times

THE GARDEN

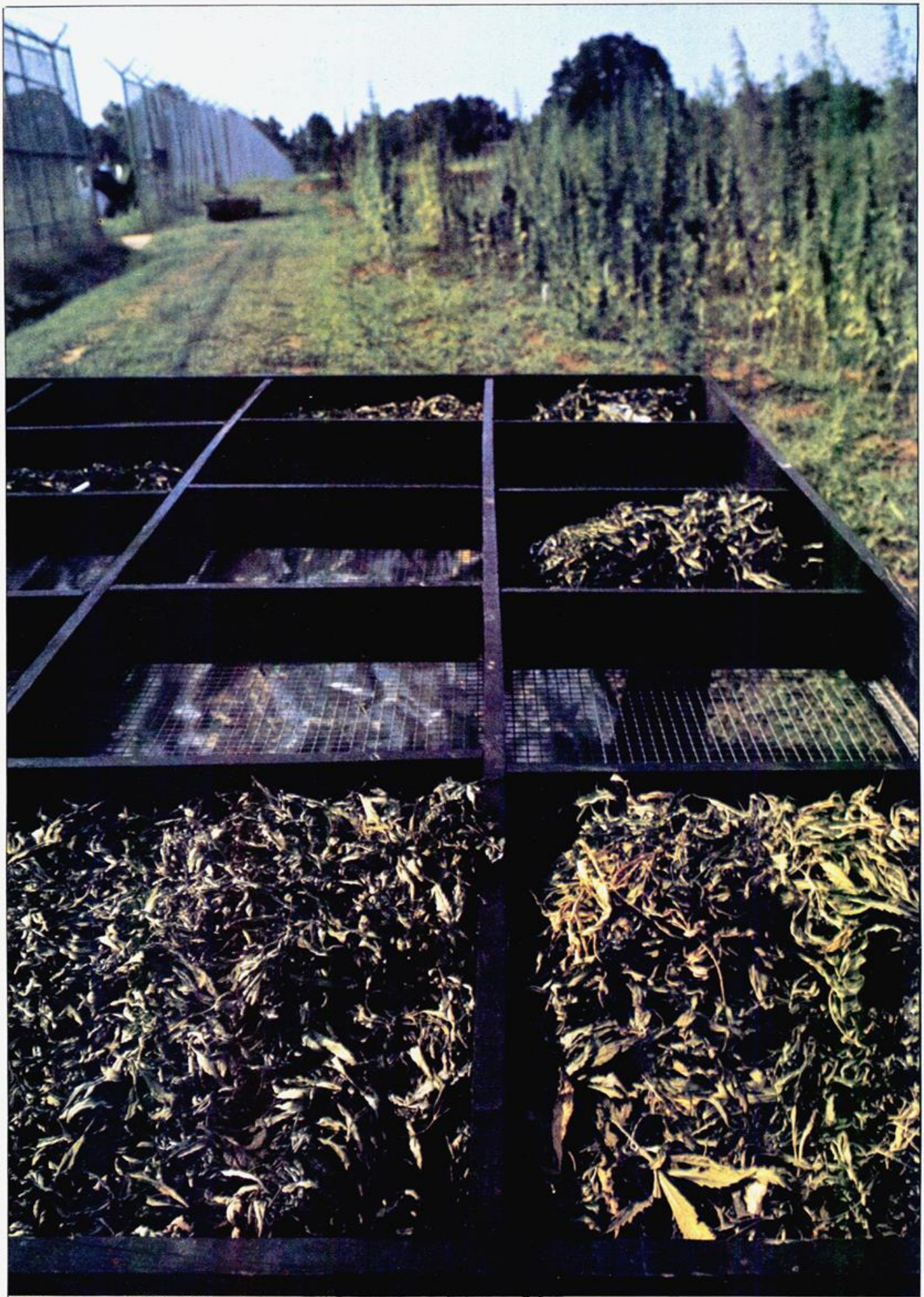
Inside the Government Pot Farm

It was my first visit to the garden, and there had just been, it seems, this *problem*. A youth, a student at Ole Miss, had broken through the perimeter barrier and had been detained while gazing through the fence. Security had been called, and there had been an attempt to find Carlton Turner, without success. The student was—at the request of a senior Ole Miss professor—set free.

Just an incident, explained Dr. Carlton Turner as he piloted me through the efficient grille gates, but annoying. "One thing we don't need," he said, "is problems."

The garden, however, seemed placid enough, a soothing display of green leafage, rippling in the Mississippi sunlight. I was conducted through thigh-high fields of Mexican, alongside banks of exotica from the provinces of Russia, the Balkans, the

By Anthony Haden-Guest
Photographs by Baron Wolman



Before going to the lab, this batch of marijuana waits to be manicured into flake.

Australian Outback and into towering groves of Turkish three times the height of a tall man. Bees paddled lethargically through the air like satellites on computer malfunction. No, Turner said, the honey has no special qualities. Even though the plants upon which the bees are feeding are 5½ acres of the finest marijuana in the world.

This is the Mississippi Program, the only U.S. Government marijuana plantation. Just for research, naturally. Outside the garden is a secondary perimeter, a shaggy Arcadian sprawl of persimmon and pine. Further out is the campus of the University of Mississippi, "Ole Miss" itself, where magnolia flowers bloom among the mimic red brick ante-bellum warehouses of learning, and fresh-faced students wander around wearing laundered Levis and Mickey Mouse T-shirts acquired not in head boutiques, but at Disney World.

Carlton Turner—"Call me C.T."—is in his middle thirties, and is director of the marijuana project. Responsibilities. Today he was wearing two-tone, brown-and-white shoes and a fanciful bow tie with a design of prancing ponies. Originally from Choctaw, Alabama, he radiates the tough bonhomie of the New South, the Jimmy Carter manner, and right now he is burning with a righteous Carteresque furor.

"You know what they should have said? 'Listen, boy: What do you *want?* Do you want some of my marijuana? You tell me now. I don't want any of your bullshit. Or else it won't be the police that lock you in jail. *I'm* going to lock you in jail and throw away the key.' "

It is not, you see, that Turner is rigid. "But think of the *rumors*. People will tell their folks, 'I can go down and look at the marijuana garden.' And then *they* tell folks." Trouble in the garden, and, for the results, remember Genesis III. Eviction.

Because all around there are further eyes watching. The pharmacognosy department, within which the project is housed, and the academe of Ole Miss. The bosses in Washington, NIDA, the DEA, NORML. And those silent corporations and conglomerates that just cannot wait until the 600 million useless dollars spent prosecuting 400,000 marijuana users in 1975 are turned around, and the pot market—a minimum of $4 billion annually, according to government analysis—comes under proper commercial control. Which may, of course, never happen. A lot depends on what is going on, here and now, down in Ole Miss.

Why in a place that is best known for football and Faulkner? Why in Ole Miss? The decision to locate the marijuana project in the state of Mississippi was made by Dr. Coy Waller, who is now a director of the research institute, with the garden as part of his demesne. Waller is a mild-mannered, reticent man, with a distinguished record in chemistry research. The sequential birth-control pill was developed under his direction. After 24 years in industry, Waller decided to get back to pure research.

Waller went back to Washington. It was 1968. *Annus Mirabilis*. The Summer of Love had departed, leaving plenty of bruised and broken blossoms. Year of rumbles and riots. Waller found one subject much on Washington's mind: dope.

"I said, 'Well, what are you doing on marijuana?' I looked at the program and said, 'That's not much.' I had grown some marijuana when I was out teaching in the state of Washington in 1939 to 1941, so I knew a fair amount about it. They asked me to draw up a program for an ad hoc committee."

This was February. Waller spent three months drawing up a program, which he costed at $130,000. He outlined it to a committee that had been convened by the authority then considered relevant, the National Institute of Mental Health. Word had already come from Congress and from the White House, via HEW, that something had to be done about the marijuana problem, so the appearance of Waller seemed providential. The program was accepted.

"The green, green grass of Mississippi . . . is five times stronger than anything you're liable to find on the street."

"There was so little known about the botany . . . the chemistry," Waller explains, "that they needed an outside person. I just happened to fall into the slot."

Mississippi suggested itself for various reasons. For one thing, the Department of Agriculture had been growing *Cannabis sativa* for fiber there since World War II. "The farmers didn't know about its drug properties," Waller says. "They paid no attention." It was, furthermore, a long, thin state, rich in soil variety, and the initial program had called for three separate gardens. Also there was a scientist down at the University of Mississippi raring to work on the project: Norman Doorenbos. He was put in charge. Waller waited for developments.

They were not slow in coming, and not all of them were scientific. There were problems with security. Somebody got away with ten plants. Small stuff, but irritating publicity. Nor did Doorenbos himself help with his flair for catching headlines. Some jaunty stuff in Rolling Stone was the end of it. Doorenbos "resigned."

At that stage, the project itself seemed in peril. Carlton Turner had actually thought the DEA might close it down. Turner comes from Choctaw, Alabama, and he went to the University of Southern Mississippi. A promising career as newscaster and D.J. with a local station—"middle-of-the-road music: Dinah Shore, Dean Martin, Perry Como"—was cut short by a spell in Laos. He got his Ph.D. from Southern in 1969 and wondered what to do with his life. Two specific areas seemed promising to the ambitious young chemist: pollution research and dope. He toyed with the idea of participating in a new pollution-control company, but a meeting with Doorenbos proved decisive. In June 1970, he joined the project.

The troubles came, but, no, the feds didn't close the project down. In fact, says Carlton Turner, they proved quite sympathetic. Duly, in 1971, he found himself installed as director. A "compromise," he says. There were a few problems to deal with, partly bureaucratic. Turner had, for instance, to hack out his own territory. It had to be made quite plain who ran the project, for instance, to Maynard Quimby, an Ole Miss professor who maintained his own marijuana herbarium. Even to Coy Waller.

There were also the security problems to be tidied up. The other two gardens, one in the delta and one in the southern part of the state, had been closed down. But, by and large, things had been placid. Extraordinarily so.

"Mississippi," notes Coy Waller, "is a very well-ordered society. The children say 'Yes, Sir' and 'No, Ma'am.' Respect for authority goes very deep here. The University of Mississippi, I'm convinced, is the only university in this country that could have supported this project without student unrest.

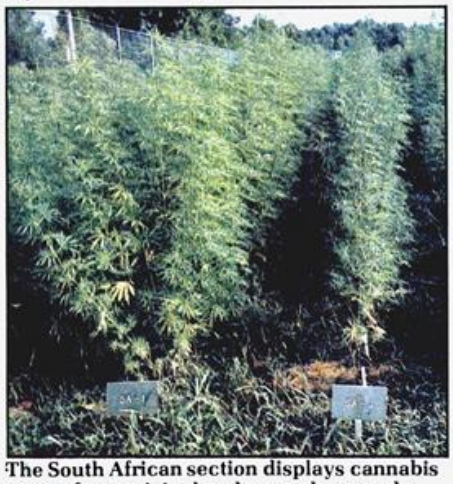
"We haven't tried to hide it from our students. We've told them about it time and time again. But we've told them we have to abide by certain federal rules. If you touch it, you can expect to get your hand slapped. But the students have been very gracious to us."

Shortly after taking over, Carlton Turner succeeded in producing that substance for which the project was set up. Grass, clinically graded, with all the relevant data available. Grass of standards, without which research results seemed to be nothing more than so many radiant false dawns or stabs in the bilious dark.

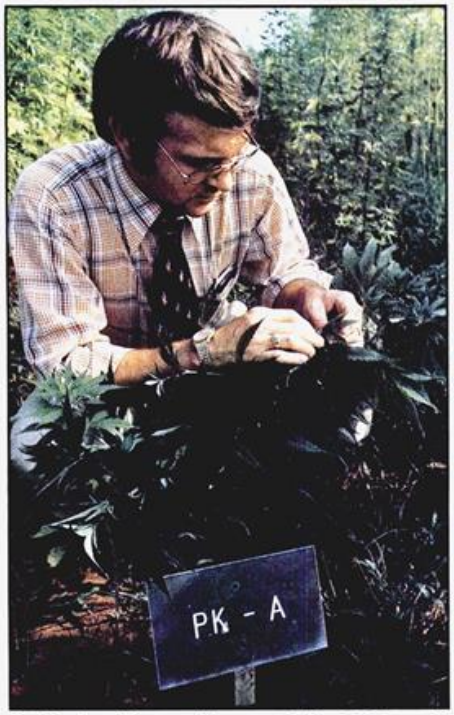
There is a smell in the corridors outside Carlton Turner's office and the laboratories of the marijuana project. These, incidentally, are in the pharmaceutical research building, an oblong structure just across the grass and rhododendron from the Ole Miss Alumna House, the Law Building, the Loyalty



Harvested cannabis dries beneath the hot rays of the Mississippi sun.



The South African section displays cannabis grown from original and secondary seeds.



Dr. Carlton Turner, director of the NIDA project, caresses a maturing cannabis plant.

Foundation and just down the road from a monument to Our Confederate Dead.

The office is on the third floor. The corridors are pretty standard for such buildings: oyster-colored vinyl floors, acoustic tiling, clocks keeping different times and signs with such uninviting legends as "DO NOT ENTER—CARCINOGENS" and "POISON CONTROL CENTER" ("You can swallow it if you like," I am told when handed a pebble-hard bud of strychnine. "It's quite safe like this. It would go straight through you." I dare say, but no.). The smell, which increased as we approached, was omnipresent, repellent and somehow familiar. It proved to emanate from a roomful of mice, rats, rabbits—all white. Tom Wolfe or Edgar Winter would never get out of there alive—and the interesting thing was that nobody on the project really noticed it any longer. Surreal is in the eye of the beholder. As, perhaps, with the marijuana project itself.

Turner got involved on the telephone almost as soon as I arrived at the office. Some stuff about shipments of marijuana seeds from Hawaii and Afghanistan. (They just come by registered mail, in case you are interested, but they have to be specially picked up. And, no, they haven't lost any en route, though one Pakistani supplier was discovered trying to diddle them out of the paid weight.)

While Turner was involved, I looked around the office, which had shelf-fuls of academic stuffs, plus plentiful jocular touches. Little statuettes with messages like "Cheer Up! Things Could Be Worse—You Could Have My Job" and a pink-beribboned Pepsi bottle. There was a print of *Desiderata* on fake vellum from a laboratory instrument firm, an ashtray from the Day Detective Services of Jackson, framed diplomas, including a Doctorate in Philosophy from the University of South Mississippi (1970), a 1972 award "in recognition of outstanding service" from the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs and a citation dated 1973, which drolly cites him as a "Bachelor of the Year." This last citation, however, is contradicted by more recent snaps of a duly bouncing baby. All in all, it might have been the office of a hip marketing man.

A giant sidled in with a slightly daffy smile, and about an acre of Big Smith green coverall. He introduced himself as Jim Urbanek, a sometime linebacker with the Miami Dolphins, currently in charge of the garden—Namely, security.

Turner gets off the telephone. He is still aggrieved about the security, though less, it appears, about the actual incident than the abdication of responsibility. "You shouldn't have called anybody else in," he says. "We have full authority."

Urbanek muttered and chewed on a white vinyl-tipped cheroot as we walked outside to a Chevy pickup in which we were driving back to the garden. "You've opened the floodgates," said a still fretful Carlton Turner, slapping the lobster-colored pickup to a stop at the garden gate.

Today the garden was shimmering in a haze. Turner got to his knees, fondling the leaves paternally. The harvest, he explains, is hand picked, flowering top by flowering top. "The THC content is higher in this young leaf here than in this bigger, older one," he notes, "and the question always arises: Is there the same amount in each leaf? Hell, I don't know. To me it's an academic question. Like, in cold weather you'll see broader leaves. And as the weather gets hotter, the leaves get finer. Hell! Nobody knows why. It's the genetic code of the plant."

We passed a clump of plants that had missed the harvesters. Mexican material. "When you've got people you're paying by the hour, they're gonna miss things," Turner said. "They're not as closely associated with it as you'd like them to be. But you see this one?"—he grabs a stem—"See, they got this one. And it's doing just what we want. It's branching out again, and we'll have another top. In another week or two, we'll be able to come out again. And hopefully"—a note of steeliness—"they will be a little more skilled in what they're doing.

"But it's the first time we worked like this. Before, we took the leaves. Now, we take the young growths, where the THC content is highest. We need particular THC contents for our batches of cigarettes. We can harvest and come back for more. Every week ... every week-and-a-half. We are, in effect, stealing from the plant."

We ploughed through some more of the thigh-high stuff and reached a positive copse of plants, obliterating the sun. These plants, Turner said, were Turkish, fiber-type and weak in THC, but deceptively vigorous in appearance. "This is a male plant," he observed, gripping a stem as thick as a wrestler's thumb and burgeoning with blooms. "See! It's totally open. In all theory, this plant has died. The pollen has been transmitted into the air, and the plant is gradually dying.

"And you can see its fiber-type. It's got this hollow stalk." He sank a thumbnail deep into the trunk. "The drug type is usually solid. Not always, but usually. And the layman wouldn't be able to tell the difference.

"If we were to take 50 people off the street and say, Go in and harvest anything you want!' I would bet that they would come in and harvest this, because it's the tallest. And then, if they've read the literature, they know that marijuana has the highest THC content when it's flowering. And they would see these flowers. But this is a fiber-type male." Dr. Carlton Turner smiled, with a certain grim expertise. "The least valuable of all."

We moved on across the garden. Small acronyms painted on signs explained the origins of various plants and the dates of

planting. There has been, Turner admitted, a fair amount of aberration.

"The rule of thumb that you've got for cannabis is not hard and fast. You can always find an exception. This here is a good typical marijuana leaf"—he snipped a leaf off a Mexican plant and handed it to me—"serrated edges . . . planately compound."

Which, it turned out, means that the leaves spring from the same section of stalk. Usually, for that matter, there are an odd number of leaves, but not always.

"Here's four . . . six . . ." Turner said, investigating the undergrowth. "And come here! Here's something *very* interesting!" What the interesting thing turned out to be was a plant in which the leaves did *not* spring from the same section of stalk, but consecutively in a sort of spiral.

"And it's got ten leaves." Carlton Turner said, brimming. "It's difficult just from reading the literature to get the full concept of what's really going on with marijuana. It's a very unstable plant. Mark this plant and get herbarium specimens on it, Jim. And get some photographs of it. That's a *good plant*."

We passed on to yet more diminutive beds. "CZ is for Czech," Turner explained. "That there is Hungarian. And right behind Jim there is some of what we call Little India. It's a fragile looking plant, but very good. Loaded with chemicals. Just damned near any cannabinoid that you find in any other plant, you'll find in that Little India."

The Russians are, apparently, less satisfactory. "We got sent 14 varieties by our colleagues in Moscow, and all of them are fiber-type. These here are female plants. You can get a good idea of the bract." The bract is the covering of the seed and the single part of the marijuana plant highest in THC content. "See those little glistening things? Those are the multicellular hairs where the cannabinoids are secreted. Smell that resin! The old conception is that the plants that produce a lot of resin produce a good marijuana, but this plant would produce a very impotent marijuana." He added, dismissively, as one who despises street hash as understrength and overpriced. "It would have to be used for hash."

We crossed to a shed. It was filled with what appeared to be the usual humdrum implements. A deseeder, which works by vibration, and drums full of drying grass. "This is what the material looks like," Turner said, running his hands into it. "Smell this! It's got a different odor. There's nothing sloppy about *this*.

"The cigarette machine will cut it to the right particle size. When it's young, it'll be nice and green, but right now you've got this good dark color, and it's good stuff. You see this greenish tint? I could wash my hands off, but I'd get a positive test and put myself in jail for possession." He laughed uproariously. "All our hippie friends would give their front row seats in hell and their right testicle for this stuff."

Would they? There seem to be problems here! Neither Carlton Turner his fellow scientists nor Jim Urbanek will admit to having ever tried grass (though Urbanek admits that its use was not unknown among his fellow Dolphins). Theoretically Ole Miss produces the "best grass in the world." But would one allow teetotal chemists to run vineyards, and—on the strength of chromatographic mass spectrometric analysis and whatever—choose one's wine cellar? Consider also the word *best*. There are nuances in Turner's approach to grass that are subtle without being entirely unexpected. He will speak of an unusually "good" marijuana, meaning one high in THC content. The use of the approving word has much in it of the enthusiasm of the scientist, even for something of which the results may allow outside his personal comprehension—a "clean" H-bomb— and even a bit of the fascinated ambivalence with which the policeman regards the criminal. But, no, says Turner, he is, at this moment, neither for nor against. "If I were a crusader," he says, "it would interfere with my *objectivity*."

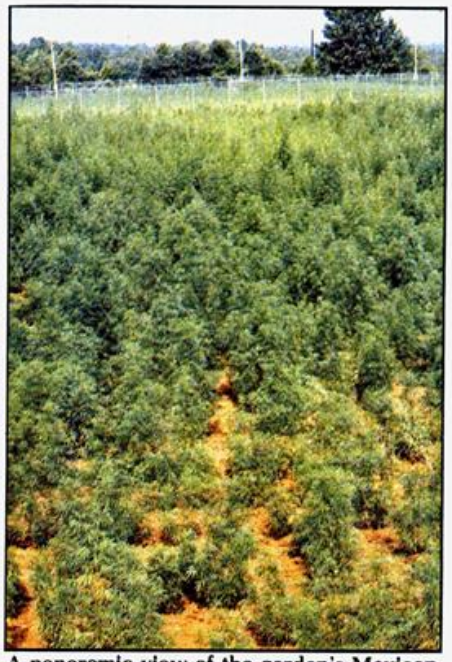
No doubt because of this same necessary objectivity, the smoking of grass is not encouraged on the project. "There was a case in 1970," Turner remembers. "We had a girl work here, and I heard her husband was having pot parties. He was picking her up in the labs. She knew that I'd heard. She resigned.

"But I don't care if people *have* smoked. We had a girl come in the other day. Right away, I knew. I've studied psychology. I said, 'Do you still smoke marijuana?' She didn't know what to say. I hired her. But I said, 'If you ever smoke again, I'm going to find out about it. And I'm gonna have your butt *right out* of here.' "

He ran the stuff through his fingers reflectively. No, he doesn't feel that not having a marijuana smoker on the staff handicaps research. All the results convince him of the excellence of the green, green grass of Mississippi. That it is anywhere up to five times stronger than anything you're liable to come up with on the street, but—decrim or no decrim—crop improvements are not precisely what the Ole Miss marijuana project is all about.

Consider the scant interest with which Turner passes by Maynard Quimby's plot: a small allotment in the middle of the garden wherein the professor cultivates esoteric sorts of cannabis. "I don't even want to put these into my catalog," Turner declared. "These are just herbarium specimens. I've got to have some *consistency*. We had to wipe everything out here and start over."

(continued on page 108)



A panoramic view of the garden's Mexican acre maturing in the rich, red soil.



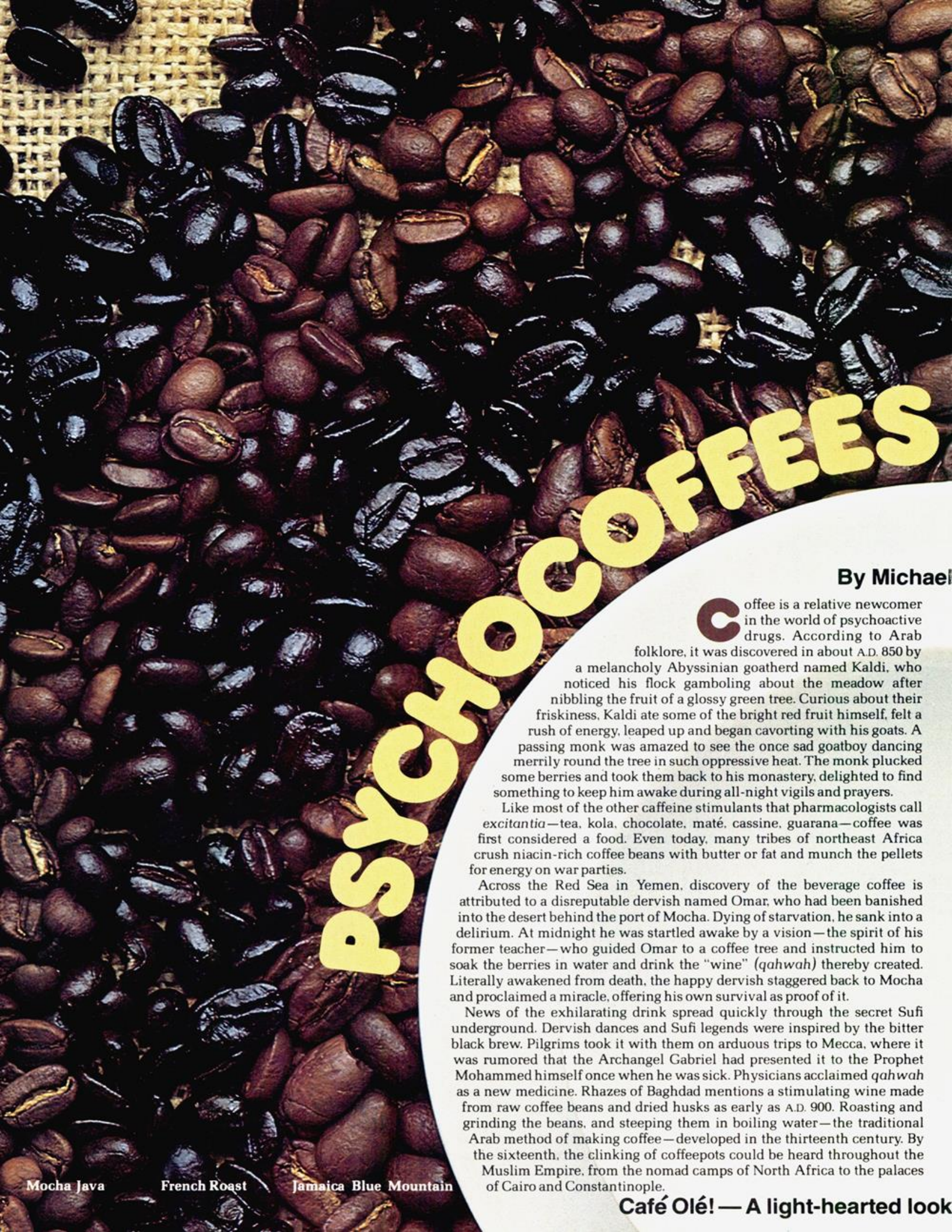
Pot Farm technician Diane Womack uses a scale to weigh out harvest samples.



C.T.'s fraction collector, a machine used to take samples in the separation of cannabinoids.



Two Ole Miss students deseed and manicure part of the garden's 1976 harvest.



PSYCHOCOFFEES

By Michael

Coffee is a relative newcomer in the world of psychoactive drugs. According to Arab folklore, it was discovered in about A.D. 850 by a melancholy Abyssinian goatherd named Kaldi, who noticed his flock gamboling about the meadow after nibbling the fruit of a glossy green tree. Curious about their friskiness, Kaldi ate some of the bright red fruit himself, felt a rush of energy, leaped up and began cavorting with his goats. A passing monk was amazed to see the once sad goatboy dancing merrily round the tree in such oppressive heat. The monk plucked some berries and took them back to his monastery, delighted to find something to keep him awake during all-night vigils and prayers.

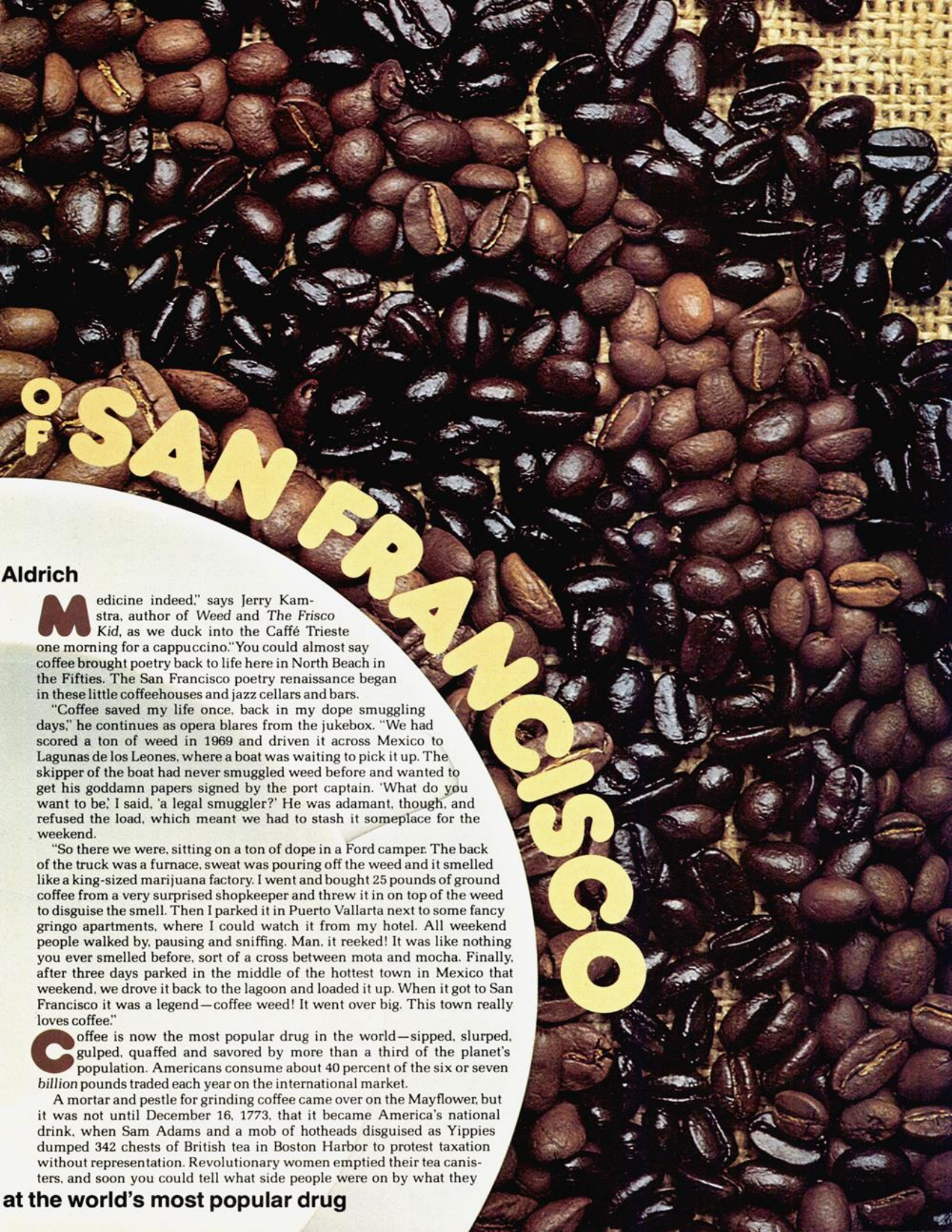
Like most of the other caffeine stimulants that pharmacologists call *excitantia*—tea, kola, chocolate, maté, cassine, guarana—coffee was first considered a food. Even today, many tribes of northeast Africa crush niacin-rich coffee beans with butter or fat and munch the pellets for energy on war parties.

Across the Red Sea in Yemen, discovery of the beverage coffee is attributed to a disreputable dervish named Omar, who had been banished into the desert behind the port of Mocha. Dying of starvation, he sank into a delirium. At midnight he was startled awake by a vision—the spirit of his former teacher—who guided Omar to a coffee tree and instructed him to soak the berries in water and drink the "wine" *(qahwah)* thereby created. Literally awakened from death, the happy dervish staggered back to Mocha and proclaimed a miracle, offering his own survival as proof of it.

News of the exhilarating drink spread quickly through the secret Sufi underground. Dervish dances and Sufi legends were inspired by the bitter black brew. Pilgrims took it with them on arduous trips to Mecca, where it was rumored that the Archangel Gabriel had presented it to the Prophet Mohammed himself once when he was sick. Physicians acclaimed *qahwah* as a new medicine. Rhazes of Baghdad mentions a stimulating wine made from raw coffee beans and dried husks as early as A.D. 900. Roasting and grinding the beans, and steeping them in boiling water—the traditional Arab method of making coffee—developed in the thirteenth century. By the sixteenth, the clinking of coffeepots could be heard throughout the Muslim Empire, from the nomad camps of North Africa to the palaces of Cairo and Constantinople.

Mocha Java French Roast Jamaica Blue Mountain

Café Olé! — A light-hearted look



OF SAN FRANCISCO

Aldrich

at the world's most popular drug

Medicine indeed," says Jerry Kamstra, author of *Weed* and *The Frisco Kid*, as we duck into the Caffé Trieste one morning for a cappuccino. "You could almost say coffee brought poetry back to life here in North Beach in the Fifties. The San Francisco poetry renaissance began in these little coffeehouses and jazz cellars and bars.

"Coffee saved my life once, back in my dope smuggling days," he continues as opera blares from the jukebox. "We had scored a ton of weed in 1969 and driven it across Mexico to Lagunas de los Leones, where a boat was waiting to pick it up. The skipper of the boat had never smuggled weed before and wanted to get his goddamn papers signed by the port captain. 'What do you want to be,' I said, 'a legal smuggler?' He was adamant, though, and refused the load, which meant we had to stash it someplace for the weekend.

"So there we were, sitting on a ton of dope in a Ford camper. The back of the truck was a furnace, sweat was pouring off the weed and it smelled like a king-sized marijuana factory. I went and bought 25 pounds of ground coffee from a very surprised shopkeeper and threw it in on top of the weed to disguise the smell. Then I parked it in Puerto Vallarta next to some fancy gringo apartments, where I could watch it from my hotel. All weekend people walked by, pausing and sniffing. Man, it reeked! It was like nothing you ever smelled before, sort of a cross between mota and mocha. Finally, after three days parked in the middle of the hottest town in Mexico that weekend, we drove it back to the lagoon and loaded it up. When it got to San Francisco it was a legend—coffee weed! It went over big. This town really loves coffee."

Coffee is now the most popular drug in the world—sipped, slurped, gulped, quaffed and savored by more than a third of the planet's population. Americans consume about 40 percent of the six or seven *billion* pounds traded each year on the international market.

A mortar and pestle for grinding coffee came over on the Mayflower, but it was not until December 16, 1773, that it became America's national drink, when Sam Adams and a mob of hotheads disguised as Yippies dumped 342 chests of British tea in Boston Harbor to protest taxation without representation. Revolutionary women emptied their tea canisters, and soon you could tell what side people were on by what they

offered you for breakfast.

Coffeehouses became centers of sedition by providing discreet meeting rooms away from watchful Tory eyes. Daniel Webster called Boston's Green Dragon "headquarters of the Revolution," and the Sons of Liberty plotted rebel strategy at the Merchants Coffeehouse in New York.

As the new nation moved west, no wagon train would depart without a year's supply of coffee to be brewed over the campfire. Tall sailing ships brought coffee from Java, Rio, Aden, the West Indies, round the horn to the boozy and brawling Barbary Coast of San Francisco, where miners would pay $30 a pound in gold dust for the beans.

Massive migrations from Europe brought millions of coffee fanatics to our shores. Between 1880 and 1920, one in ten Italians left for America, and many ended up in San Francisco. The area along Columbus Avenue from North Beach to Fisherman's Wharf became "Little Italy." In fact, the famous restaurants at the Wharf began as dockside eateries for fishermen who didn't dare leave their catches unguarded for even an hour. Italian *caffés* lent the city a distinctly Mediterranean flavor.

Now it's as natural to step out to the local coffeeshop as it is to attend a socialite party in Washington, D.C.—it's where the real business gets done. Folgers, MJB and Hills Brothers started in San Francisco and maintain busy roasting plants here. And you can still stop by Graffeo's down on Columbus Avenue to see coffee roasted the old-fashioned Italian way, charred to a cinder, its aroma so powerful that your nostrils are still flaring halfway down the block. Fine coffee is one of the charms that makes San Francisco the highest city in the universe.

"It used to be illegal to drink coffee," I announce as some of the Ludlow Library curators swap stoned stories in the Ristorante Vagabondo after seeing the movie *The Man Who Fell to Earth*.

"In 1511 the Sultan of Cairo sent a new governor to Mecca. The orthodox young official was shocked to find pilgrims drinking coffee openly in the mosques, so he called a meeting of theologians to determine whether coffee was an inebriant and therefore forbidden by the Koran. One learned worthy claimed that coffee did act like wine—thus revealing that he was familiar with wine—and was promptly condemned to a certain number of cane strokes on his feet for this infringement of the law."

"He probably sucked his toes," Michelle smiles, "and that's how we got the expression 'putting your foot in your mouth.' "

"Some doctors testified that coffee was terribly harmful, and it was immediately prohibited. Sale was banned, coffee trees were burned down and those convicted of drinking it were led through town on a donkey. But when the Sultan heard this he withdrew the prohibition, for he was an avid coffee drinker himself. Various other rulers tried to ban it too. In some places people who dared open coffeehouses were given the death penalty. Eventually coffee drinking became so widespread it was impossible to stop. Like every other drug prohibition in history, the ban failed for the simple reason that people who liked it couldn't be prevented from using it, no matter how harsh the penalties."

"Didn't they eat hash with it?" Michelle asks.

"Yes," says Michael. "Remember the Arabian Nights story about the hashhead who pisses all over the Sultan? It's thought to be a rather late interpolation because he also drinks coffee."

Michael Horowitz, a *High Times* contributing editor, makes his living cataloguing books and remembering this kind of arcana. "The tradition continued in the Hashish Club of Paris in the 1840s. Moreau de Tours would hand them a confection of Algerian hash, saying, 'This will be deducted from your share of Paradise,' and Gautier and Baudelaire say they washed it down with coffee Arabian style, the grounds still in it and no sugar."

"Ever hear the story of Abu Gallioun?" Cindy chimes in. "It's in *The Seven Sisters of Sleep*. He was a Lebanese mountain man who supposedly taught the women of Tripoli a unique method of making coffee. He appeared out of nowhere one day, sat down on a busy street corner and took an enormous bowl out of his bag, which he attached to a long pipe stem. Testing the pipe bowl on the ground, he put a little tripod over it and stood his coffeepot on it. He filled the bowl with blond hash and dark tobacco and proceeded to smoke pipe after pipe, boiling his coffee all the while.

"The news got to the harems, and the women came to watch this weirdo make his coffee on his pipe. They soon won the right to drink coffee and smoke dope like the men, and by the time coffee got to Turkey, the failure of a husband to provide coffee for his wife became legal grounds for divorce."

"That's all right, friend," Michael says. "You have nothing to worry about."

Coffeehouses became the rage of Constantinople in 1551 during the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent. The game of bridge was invented in these fabulous hostels, which bubbled with political and intellectual excitement. Magicians, orators, belly dancers, travelers and musicians from every exotic realm made coffeehouses the rock palaces of their time. Shah Abbas, wise ruler of Isfahan in Persia, even appointed special coffeehouse mullahs "to be there every day betimes, to entertain the tobacco-whiffers and coffee-quaffers with a point of law, history, or poetry." Ornate Turkish and Persian coffeehouses provided the model for the later great cages of Europe.

The spice and drug trade flourished between eastern Europe and Constantinople, despite sporadic outbreaks of the last Crusades. When coffee was first introduced to Venice about 1600, Christian priests tried to ban it as a drink fit only for Saracens and Satan. They petitioned Pope Clement VIII for his ruling on the subject. "Delicious!" pronounced the Pope, who promptly baptized the brew to make it legal. Capuchin monks experimented with different coffee preparations and invented cappuccino as a remedy against plague.

Of all the caffeine stimulants, coffee has the most demonic undertone. Beneath its shimmering surface lurks something secretive, sinister, even satanic: a dark mysterious force that gossip, wit and laughter cannot allay. An unearthly feeling in the most mundane of drinks, that conjures up apparitions in the desert, ghostly sailing ships, strange tales of bravado and duplicity understood with the heart, not the feverish brain.

Mark Twain, in *The Mysterious Stranger* (an exorcist tale set in gothic Austria), recounts the myth of how coffee came to Vienna. An old manservant, says Twain, "had served in the wars, and was at the seige of Vienna; and there, when the Turks were defeated and driven away, among the captured things were bags of coffee, and the Turkish prisoners explained the character of it, and now he always kept coffee by him, to drink himself and also to astonish the ignorant."

The Holy Wars also brought coffee to England. Cyrill, Patriarch of the Greek Church in Constantinople, was assassinated in 1637 and his disciple, the prelate Conopios, fled to Oxford. There Conopios regaled students with fables of the Orient and the advancements of Arabic science and medicine, over tiny cups of Turkish brew. Soon scholars were meeting regularly at the Oxford Coffee Club, and in 1662 they were granted a charter by King Charles II. Thus began the most prestigious scientific association in English history, the Royal Society.

It's a real joy to intiate a novice into the pleasures of coffee tasting, especially one who already takes pride in drug connoisseurship. Fred is such a person—a marijuana mavin who can distinguish

Oaxacan from Michoacán in one toke, blindfolded, but has never paid much attention to coffee. We saunter into Cost Plus down on Fisherman's Wharf at noon one day and I ask him what kind of coffee he likes.

"Strong" is the only description he can muster. So we get a half-pound each of Kalossi Celebes and Guatemala Antigua and retreat to my house to brew it up.

"There are three things to start with in coffee tasting," I say, grinding the Celebes. "Body, aroma and acidity. Body is the thickness of the coffee, heavy as mud or light as feathers. Aroma comes from its volatile chemicals, and some people can tell different coffees by fragrance alone."

I bring water to a boil, let it cool a minute and pour it over the grounds in the filter of my Chemex. "Acidity is the sharpness. All coffee is acidy, but in some you can hardly taste it, in others it shocks you. Here. Try this, and go slow. Smell it first."

Fred cocks his nose over the cup, inhales and gasps: "Spicy!" Then a tentative sip. "Smooth and thick. Guess that means heavy-bodied."

"Right. That syrupy quality is characteristic of Indonesian coffees. How's the acidity?"

A long slurp, contemplating, rolling it around in his mouth. "No special sharpness. Low acidity?"

"Relatively. Don't savor it so much, you'll coat your taste buds. I want you to be able to taste the Antigua," I say, brushing out the grinder and filling it with Guatemalan beans.

"This is grown at high altitudes," I add as the Braun coffee mill whirls. "I call it Guatemala Red because it looks like this," showing him the distinctly rust-colored grounds. A few minutes later Fred is sampling it.

"Wow!" he exclaims after the second sip. "That's sharp. Lots of zing."

"Yes," I reply, "connoisseurs like to think up adjectives for acidy coffees: zesty, brisk, snappy. Aroma and body?"

"Smells rich but delicate," slurp, slurp, "and it's not as thick as the Celebes."

"Or, as they say, bracing and medium-bodied. Which of the two coffees is stronger?"

"Well, it depends on what you mean. Antigua has a sharper smell and flavor, but the Celebes has real body and smoothness. Each has its own special complexity."

"Welcome to the ranks. Professional coffee tasters train for 20 years to be able to make that kind of distinction."

London coffeehouses were talk centers for the greatest wits and wags of the Restoration. John Dryden held forth daily at Will's smoke-filled coffeeroom like a Persian mullah, enchanting his listeners with poems, invective, and sprightly criticism. Broadsides plastered the walls of coffeehouses catering to the maritime trade, and one enterprising proprietor, Edward Lloyd, erected a pulpit for auctions and took offers to underwrite valuable cargo: modern insurance began at Lloyd's of London in 1698.

Satiric poetry like Pope's "Rape of the Lock" was inspired by coffeehouse gossip, and scintillating prose crowned the Augustan Age. Addison and Steele's *Tatler* and *Spectator*, full of malicious wit, fashion notes, tongue-in-cheek moralizing and sly doses of scandal, were designed specifically for the coffeehouse crowds. The novel began here too: cannot we detect coffeehouse tall-taling in *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels* and *Tom Jones*?

At first coffeehouses were exclusively male domains, except for the barmaids—serving wenches who carried coffee to the patrons from the "bar" where it was warmed. Often their only pay was tuppence deposited in boxes labeled "To Insure Promptness"—the origin of the word "tip." But soon ladies of fashion demanded admittance, like their sisters in Paris, where a pamphlet urging female access to cafes circulated in 1715. The first London coffeehouse to open its doors to women customers was the Golden Lion in 1717.

The Parisian court was the glass of fashion for Europe. In 1664 the "Sun King," Louis XIV, curled his pinkie round a demitasse and advanced the fortunes of coffee in one elegant sip, for Louis set the style of all the royal houses of the world. The Turkish ambassador threw posh coffee parties at Versailles: "On bended knee, the black slaves of the Ambassador, arrayed in the most gorgeous Oriental costumes, served the choicest Mocha coffee in tiny cups of egg-shell porcelain, hot, strong and fragrant, poured out in saucers of gold and silver, placed on embroidered silk doylies fringed with gold bullion, to the grand dames, who fluttered their fans with many grimaces, bending their piquant faces—be-rouged, be-powdered and be-patched—over the new and steaming beverage."

A Sicilian lemonade vendor named Procope opened the most famous coffee parlor of Paris in 1689. At the Cafe de Procope, heady French Roast sustained Voltaire's cynical mockery of "the best of all possible worlds"; inspired Diderot and d'Alembert to compile the first encyclopedia; and caused an unknown artillery officer named Bonaparte to leave his tricornered hat once when he couldn't pay his bills. Marat, Robespierre and Danton plotted their plots there.

As in America, Paris coffeehouses were the birthplace of revolution. A hundred years after Procope started his little cafe, the sip the Sun King took came back and washed over the Bastille.

Afternoon coffee break with Gordon Brownell, West Coast coordinator of the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), at Hardcastle's on Fillmore Street. Over a mug of mild but tasty Peruvian, Gordon reminisces about the 1972 California Marijuana Initiative campaign.

"Many a decision was made inside these walls," he says. "Since we had a policy of not smoking dope in the office, we'd walk around the block cupping a joint in our hands and end up here afterwards."

Recalling that Gordon had done his political apprenticeship as a Nixon staffer in 1969, I ask if he knows any good White House coffee stories.

"The White House was divided," he replies. Half were caffeine addicts like in any busy organization, but many of the Christian Scientists, Mormons and Southern Baptists wouldn't touch the stuff. My boss [Harry Dent] didn't, so I'd run down to the vending machines in the east wing basement, where the White House police were stationed. The cops always grumbled about how bad the coffee was, but they drank a lot of it. I don't know what President Nixon's coffee habits were."

Anything else?

"No . . . wait a minute. Have you read *All the President's Men*? Coffee helped lead Woodward and Bernstein from Watergate directly into the White House. Remember when Bernstein was trying to get that bookkeeper from CREEP to open up about the Plumbers' slush fund? He kept sipping slowly on cups of coffee and finally got her to agree that Liddy, Magruder and Porter, I think, had gotten money from the fund.

"Bernstein rushed back to Woodward all excited—in the movie, Hoffman says 'Well you'd be crazy too if you were operating on 20 cups of coffee'—and they started digging deeper into secret White House intelligence activities. Eventually it led them to Mitchell, Haldeman and the president himself. Now *that's* a White House coffee story!"

The tale of bringing coffee to the New World reads like an Errol Flynn movie script. The Dutch recognized coffee's commercial potential sooner than the French, introducing it to Java in 1690 and Surinam in 1718, but limiting seeds and cuttings to Dutch nationals only. Then as now, however, the

John Farrell

A HIGH TIMES GUIDE TO CONNOISSEUR COFFEES

Arabian Mocha: The orginal mud from Yemen, granddaddy of them all. Small bean ("shortberry"), profound, earthy, heavy-bodied, hearty: Sufi wit and contemplation.

Brazil Santo: Snappy, dry, medium-bodied, piquant and perky, the keystone of coffee commerce. July 1975 frosts devastated the crop, making fine Santos hard to get.

Colombia Medellin: Legendary for richness, moderate milds from standard Excelso to deep Supremo and famous Medellin, flavorful even decaffeinated.

Costa Rica SHB (Strictly Hard Bean): Delight of Europeans, paradoxical heavy smoothness and rich acidity, great dark-roasted.

El Salvador: Mild, sweet, medium-bodied Central Standard, sharper full-powered Salvador Dorea SHG (Strictly High Grown), long the favorite of Germany.

Ethiopia Harrar: Sometimes also called Mocha, acidy, dusty pungency, gutsy oomph and brilliance. A certain wildness: the coffee Rimbaud smuggled guns in at Harrar.

Guatemala Antigua: Zesty, bracing, very high grown, medium-bodied red lightning. Almost psychedelic: the DMT of coffees.

Haiti: Voodoo brew, pleasant full-bodied sweetness with a hint of strange danger. Best dark-roasted as in Port-au-Prince and Paris.

Indian Nilgiri: Malabar, Mysore, Nilgiri, Tellicherry, fabled names of the spice-drug trade: thick, dusty, rich. Try a Plantation Peaberry for Tantric energy.

Jamaica Blue Mountain: Princess of the Caribees; a dream of mellow sensuality. Very rare, very expensive, this silky-soft ample-bodied courtesan deserves to be nakedly nuzzled, subtly savored, gently and lovingly lapped.

Java: Bold, mouth-filling, velvety, gets smoother as it cools. Most famous Arabica in history, will take you back to tall sails and high seas, Ahab and Queequeg.

Kalossi Celebes: From Sulawesi, next to Borneo: syrupy, spicy feathery smooth. Celebes and French Roast blended, *magnifique, formidable.*

Kenya: Brisk, bittersweet, full-bodied, elusively aromatic: safari medicine with a touch of black mystery.

Kona Gold: Subtle, medium-bodied, grown on Mauna Loa's lava beds. Make it full strength to transmute its brassiness into molten gold. Like "Kona Gold" pot, offers the best opportunity for top quality U.S. homegrown.

Martinique: Buccaneer's brew, choice of colonial America, sassy with surprisingly delicate winelike bouquet.

Mexico: Diverse as Mexican weed, often unremarkable. Oaxacan has a tang superb with chili when you get the munchies. Basis of the best coffee liqueur, Kahlúa.

Mocha Java: The only true chemical blend, Yemenite roasted with Java: brilliance, depth, sturdiness, complexity. In cafés, "Mocha Java" is half coffee, half hot chocolate, sweetened and creamed to taste.

Tanzania: Low acidity, mild, full-flavored, laconic, suggestive: a beautiful large bean produced on the slopes of Kilimanjaro.

Venezuela: Delicate, sweet, light-bodied, fine, the mountain growths from Tachira and Merida are also called Maracaibos after the port.

Yunnan: Yes, there is a gourmet coffee from China, by no means a peasant brew, aromatic and Mandarin-eloquent, scarcer than 1000-year-old eggs in U.S.

Zaire (formerly Congo): Homeland of neutral Robustas, but the gourmet grades are Arabicas from Kivu and Ituri: acidy, potent Congolese Black.

Roasts

Roasting puffs up and darkens the beans, so the darker the roast, the more coffee you must use. The name of the roast depends on how long the beans are burnt, not where they come from.

American Roast: From golden "light city" to chestnut-colored "full city," the regular commercial roast, perfect for those who perfer light conversation to existential philosophy.

Vienna Roast: Somewhat darker, a trace of oil apparent on the bean. Favorite fuel of Strauss waltzers. "Viennese Coffee" is brewed only from this lightest of dark roasts, often with milk, cloves, allspice or cinnamon, always with a generous dollop of sweet whipped cream on top.

French Roast: "The primary characteristic of the being of an existent is never to reveal itself completely to consciousness." (—Sartre.) Hefty, dark chocolate-colored, quite oily, astringent. Savor it with Talleyrand's mantra, "Black as the Devil, hot as hell, Pure as an Angel, sweet as love," or try café au lait (half hot milk) with flaky croissants for superb continental breakfast. Often called New Orleans Roast, with chicory added makes Louisiana coffee.

Italian Roast: Complicated, elegant, a little sinister ("a force cleverly kept hidden, a man jealously guarding his true strength from public gaze"—Mario Puzo). Almost carbonized, burnt black, huge, very oily: the gloom and gold of Caravaggio. Espresso is made in a machine that forces live steam through the grounds; cappuccino adds scalded milk, a glop of froth, a sprinkle of chocolate or cinnamon. Italian Roast with a twist of lemon, Roman style, is especially delicious.

Special Recipes

Turkish Coffee: Brewed in a special pot, the Ibrik, with sides sloping inward at the top to keep it from boiling over. For each serving, add a heaping spoon of very finely ground Mocha and the same amount of sugar to three ounces of water: bring to a boil, producing a foam called "the face of the coffee." Pour a little into a demitasse, foam and all, do not stir: repeat boiling and pouring two or three times. A favorite of 50,000 hippies at Yener's near the Blue Mosque in Istanbul, goes great with brittle Turkish "band-aid" sticks of hash.

Cardamom Coffee: The mainstay of Bedouin hospitality, served ceremonially from a brass pot with an elongated curved spout. Drop two teaspoons of crushed green cardamom pods and seeds in a little hot water, plus saffron, cloves, sugar and strong Mocha for each medium-small cup; boil 2-3 minutes, strain and serve. A loud slurping noise when drinking is good form.

Café Hotel Ritz: Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway nursed hangovers with this sublimity that sneaks up on you: to each cup of French Roast, add a dose of heavy cream and a tablespoon of cognac.

Irish Coffee: Invented in San Francisco by a spirited immigrant from Shannon, now the favorite of poets and politicians from Boston to Baghdad by the Bay. Put two spoons of sugar in a glass coffee mug, leave the spoon in the glass to prevent breakage, pour in hot, strong coffee and a jigger of Irish whiskey. Stir, top it off with heavy cream, stand on the table, sing "Danny Boy," and leprechauns will come and haul you away.

Café de Olla: Traditionally made and served in a handleless earthenware pot *(olla)*, this Mexican delight heats a cup of water, half a stick of cinnamon, a whole clove, and two heaping spoons of raw brown sugar *(piloncillo)* together. When the sugar dissolves, add a spoon of dark roast—Plumas preferred—bring to a boil, simmer two minutes, stir, cover, let stand so the grounds settle, and drink quickly.

Mocha Ghirardelli: Another San Francisco specialty, originally served in Domingo Ghirardelli's absinthe and chocolate shop in gold rush days, now quaffed by tourists and theatergoers upstairs in the converted old brick factory at Ghirardelli Square. Equal parts strong coffee and luscious dark cocoa, do not boil, serve piping hot in mugs, topped with marshmallows or whipped cream.

The Shanghai Shag: From the Barbary Coast of 1880s San Francisco, usually administered by a doxie from the cribs, usually taken on a dare: black, thick coffee laced with whiskey, brandy, gin and laudanum. Recruitment technique for the China trade. For modern recreational use, a bit of black opium bubbled in scalding coffee, spooned out and swallowed, will foster a mellow fantasy in your brain by the time you've finished the cup, slowly.

great botanists of the world shared specimens—and the Dutch sent Louis XIV's royal botanist, Antoine de Jussieu, one little plant from which the mighty Latin American coffee industry grew.

De Jussiue—who, not coincidentally, was also the first taxonomist to describe coca—zealously guarded the few coffee trees he'd managed to cultivate at the Jardin des Plantes from the Dutch specimen. In 1723 a young French naval officer, Gabriel de Clieu, approached him with the idea of growing coffee in Martinique, but de Jussieu refused to part with any of his treasured plants. Undaunted, de Clieu clambered over the garden walls and stole a small coffee tree, setting sail for Martinique the next day with it enclosed in a glass cage.

The voyage was incredible, including storms that shattered the cage and nearly washed the plant overboard, a pirate attack, a swordfight with a Dutch spy over the coffee plant and a long panoramic scene in which the ship was becalmed and de Clieu had to share his sip of rationed water with his tree. Eventually they reached Martinique, where de Clieu planted his prize, surrounded by armed guards day and night, beginning the West Indies coffee trade. But that's not all there was to it. . . .

In 1727 a suave Brazilian army colonel, Francisco de Melo Palheta, was invited to arbitrate a dispute over the boundary between French and Dutch Guiana, both coffee countries that prohibited export of cuttings on point of death. In the mornings, Palheta met with the governors and diplomats about the boundary squabble; in the afternoons, he secretly romanced the French governor's wife. When the border was settled, she presented him with a bouquet in front of hundreds of witnesses, ostensibly for having resolved the dispute, actually a token of her appreciation of his sexual finesse. Hidden in the bouquet were a few cuttings which Palheta triumphantly smuggled back to Brazil to start what later became the world's largest coffee industry. All this from the one plant de Clieu swiped from de Jussieu's gardens.

"What's all this about Jamaican Blue Mountain?" asks the friendly silver-haired lady at Freed, Teller & Freed's, a dank traditional coffee store right in the heart of San Francisco's flashiest gay shopping area, Polk Street. "I've had fifteen requests for it today."

Reggae and Rasta, I think, *go great with ganja*—but I reply, "It's my favorite coffee, and even at $5 a pound here it's less than anyplace else."

"There's only about 100,000 pounds of it produced every year," she muses. "We have to ration it. It's ironic, you know? We've never been so busy, but right now the coffee industry is in chaos. Frosts in Brazil last year. War in Angola. Earthquakes in Guatemala. Commercial coffee has been downsliding, but there's a revival of interest in gourmet coffees."

"Maybe it's drugs," I blurt. "The drug revolution started over in North Beach with the beatniks 20 years ago, and kids started flocking to the coffeehouses. They got a taste for espresso. Now they've grown up and it's a revival. Since coffee's so expensive anyway, they might as well throw out their percolators, get a drip system, and taste some real coffee for a change."

Still searching for pure Blue Mountain, I try Hardcastle's retail outlet on Greenwich, where Doug, the counterman, tells me they've been out for almost two months. "Most of it goes to Japan. We were selling it for $8 a pound and it may go up to $10 next time. Jim Hardcastle of Capricorn Coffees is the only roaster in the western United States who imports it, and he has letters from the Jamaican government to prove it."

I notice a gleaming silver canister labeled *Java.* "Is that real Java? I thought the Arabicas in Java got wiped out in World War II and all they produced any more were Robustas."

"It's illegal to sell Indonesian Robustas as Java," he replies. "They use Robustas as filler in commerical blends. But there's still a small Arabica crop and that's the real thing."

"Far out," I think as I exit with a bag of Java ($3.30), "you *can* get it if you really want. If you wait long enough."

Passing the Coffee Cantata, a swanky restaurant on Union Street, brings to mind the Baroque era when coffee inspired dozens of tinkling minor masterpieces of chamber music. In Bach's famed "Coffee Cantata" of 1732, a young woman named Lisette is threatened that she'll never find a husband because she drinks so much coffee. She agrees to stop (and Bach tosses in some strange "medical opinions" against coffee), but finally wins from her fiancé a written contract guaranteeing her the right to drink it, as a condition of marriage.

At the other end of Union Street, over Russian Hill in North Beach, is Malvina's coffeehouse, one of the finest in a city full of great cafes. Margo St. James, chairmadam of Coyote ("a loose women's organization" working for decriminalization of prostitution) breezes into Malvina's spacious loft late one afternoon. In cut-offs and Coyote T-shirt, she radiates the wholesome healthiness of a champion long distance runner, which she is. She's just back from a Pike's Peak competition and the Democrat and Republican national conventions.

"It was perfect timing to be at the conventions during the sex scandals," she says, "but the pols are running scared. It'll be hard to get Congressional hearings this year, and it's a shame, too, because we've finally worked out a detailed decriminalization program. We had a loiter-in in New York, which is gonna get the hippo-critters in trouble, 'cause they arrested a lot of ordinary housewives."

Margo flashes a toothy grin. "You know, coffee had a lot to do with the early women's movement. The idea of a coffee break originated when working women and children in the cotton mills of England demanded a break in their 16-hour days. And *kaffee-klatsches:* they were treasured institutions among a rising new class of German housewives and working women in the early 1800s. They'd gather to discuss political affairs, and the men—who were originally excluded from these gatherings—tried to put it down as just 'gossip,' *klatsch.* Nowadays we'd call it consciousness raising."

In Paris, too, women defiantly carved out a new niche for themselves in the Bohemianism of the 1830s. George Sand set the style by clipping her hair short, wearing men's clothes, and accompanying Balzac to the coffeehouses where she almost singlehandedly created a new type of women: *la lionne.*

"She did not want to please by her beauty or charm by her wit, she wanted to surprise and astonish by her audacity," wrote a contemporary. "Horsewoman and huntress, whip in hand, spurs on boots, gun across her shoulder, cigar in mouth, glass in hand, all impertinence and rowdiness, *la lionne* delighted in defying and disconcerting the peaceful elegance of the salons, and left them. There was an empty place where she should have been, and nobody came forward to fill it"—except, we might now add, the legions of libertarians, men and women, who crowd the cafes of every civilized corner of the globe.

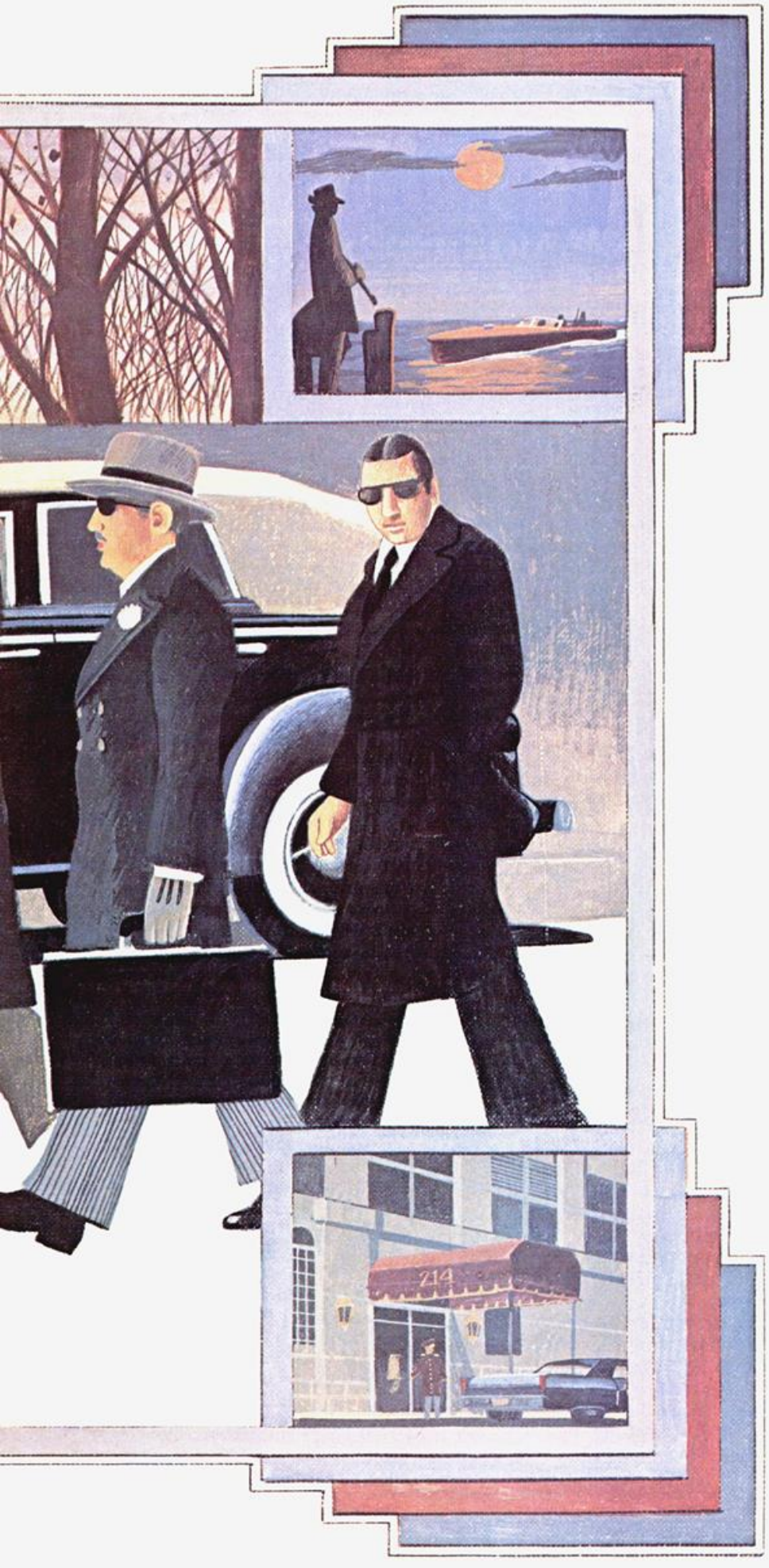
Out over the Golden Gate Bridge in Marin County, Bea, Linda and Jim have a super house high in the hills, where Michelle and I go on weekends to escape the city. As the sun fades this afternoon, it's still 97 degrees under the plum tree and we're all clustered around the pool, skinnydipping with Eleanor and Herb. Eleanor, fresh from two years in Paris, translates a section of Balzac's *Treatise on Modern Excitants* for me. It's about a droll experiment he claims was made in London.

"The destinies of a people depend on their food and diet," Balzac intones in Eleanor's melodious voice. "The English government permitted disposal of the lives of three condemned prisoners, who were given the option of being hanged according to the usual practice of that country, or of living exclusively on tea or coffee or chocolate without additional food or drink. The unhappy fools accepted. Perhaps anyone condemned to die would have done the same. As each aliment offered more or less the same chance, they chose willy-nilly.

"The man who lived on chocolate died

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Chuck Wilkinson



FRANK COSTELLO, FATHER OF MODERN SMUGGLING

a romanzo

from rumrunner to media mogul

By Gilbert Choate

If Frank Costello were alive today, dope shortages would be as rare as a cab in the rain. Frank paid no heed to hijackers and blockaders; he was impervious to obstacles like the Coast Guard, the Customs Service, the U.S. Constitution, the nettlesome ambushes of rival bootleggers and the worst obstacles the elements could hurl at him, including icebergs, which he wanted to buy so they couldn't sink his rumrunners as they had the *Titanic*. Costello simply didn't know the meaning of the word *impossible*. He didn't know the meaning of many other words, either (he was an "illiterate numbskull" according to biographer David Hanna), yet he is remembered today as the greatest Italian-American since Abraham Lincoln. For he perfected the art and science of smuggling as we know it today.

Of course, smuggling is as old as the three wise men who ran frankincense and myrrh over the Bethlehem border,

but it was "Uncle" Frank Costello who brought it into the twentieth century. Captain Bill McCoy, the first Prohibition skipper to anchor his cargo ship outside the coastal limit and sell his wares to anyone with the price of a drink, likened himself to patriot John Hancock, who smuggled Jamaican rum into the Colonies before, during and after the American Revolution, but Costello looked forward to the time when he would run America as business, with the aid of a select group of businessmen. Costello brought to crime the same organizational savoir-faire Henry Ford brought to industry. And despite the many hazards to his health that his profession entailed, he lived to the ripe old age of 82.

Costello's life is filled with episodes more inspiring than the Bible. When he first achieved eminence in the 1920s, he glittered brightly in the galaxy of talent that included Mayor Jimmy Walker, gambler Arnold Rothstein, musicians Cab Calloway and Louis Armstrong, evangelist Aimee Semple MacPherson, inconoclast H. L. Mencken, reporter Damon Runyon, not to mention Toots Shor, Babe Ruth, Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Dorothy Parker, Harold Ross, James Thurber, George S. Kaufman and Charles Lindbergh.

They all did their part to keep the Twenties roaring, but Costello supplied the grease that turned all their gears—bootleg whisky. Costello was the model for F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* in 1927 and for Mario Puzo's *The Godfather* 40 years later; he even reportedly inspired Carl Barks, a Walt Disney studio artist, to create Donald Duck's Uncle Scrooge, who, unlike Uncle Frank, was the richest duck in the world because his orderly business practices were superior to the crude tactics of his rivals, the Beagle Boys. At the height of his power, when he was the *capo il tutti capi* or Boss of Bosses, Costello was more popular than Santa Claus. The reason for his popularity was simple: Costello never killed anybody he could pay off. He believed everyone should get "his fair share": nobody had to starve on a cop's salary, or a judge's, when Frank was around. Because he realized that this democratic arrangement could never prevail in a totalitarian society, Costello was a lifelong enemy of communism. By the time of his death in 1973, Uncle Frank and Uncle Sam had been allies for the better part of a century.

For instance, one of the earliest beneficiaries of Costello's business acumen may have been Joe Kennedy, father of Jack, Bobby and Teddy. Joe invested in Scotch whiskey early in Prohibition and is said to have sold it to Costello at eight dollars a case to import to the United States for $85 a case. In the 1960s, persons not unknown to President John F. Kennedy renewed the old family friendship when they called on Frank to discuss the vexing problem of Fidel Castro, whose revolution in the Caribbean was interfering with the collection of revenue from Costello-owned casinos in Havana. Frank agreed that it was a shame and expressed his concern to Sam "Momo" Giancana, who said he would see what could be done. Giancana headed south to talk matters over with the bearded rebel, but unfortunately he had no success. Even more unfortunately, Giancana had a slightly fatal accident after he most foolishly revealed some of Costello's most jealously guarded spaghetti recipes to a Senate subcommittee investigating the CIA in 1975.

The chain of events that led Frank Costello, a poor immigrants' son from the poverty stricken hills of Calabria, Italy, to the big seat in the boardroom is a chronicle of luck and pluck, a full-dress four-act American Dream. To tell it properly requires the bold, broad strokes of an Horatio Alger. For Frank Costello was larger than life. A man for all seasons, who started out running rum and wound up controlling America's consciousness.

The tiny and impoverished village of Lauropoli, Italy, was founded in the year 1776, the same year as the United States, and it had its very own constitution: "Anyone who has trouble with justice, or is wanted by the law, is free to come and live in the new town of Lauropoli, where he and his family will have a nice house, work and full protection." An apt stage for Francesco Castiglia to make his entrance, and he had the good sense to be born there in 1891, at the height of Lauropoli's poverty boom. The event was not reported in the New York Times, though his death was considered front-page news in 1973. In the years between, Frank lived an interesting and exciting life, marked chiefly by hard work and the tendency of his friends and family to succumb to the unfortunate disease of lead poisoning. However, Frank soon had lots of nice money to compensate him for these bereavements.

It was wholesale bribery of the Coast Guard that made Frank's fleet profitable for so many years.

When he and his mother arrived in New York in 1896, however, they went promptly to church to thank St. Francis for their safe delivery. Then they took the subway uptown to East Harlem where Frank lived with his parents, brother and four sisters for the next 20 years. As the young Castiglia twig was bent into manhood, Frank found his way into the gangland that composed New York's colorful immigrant underworld. Jewish and Irish gangs dominated the West Side and Lower East Side, later the home of Flower Power; the Germans of Yorkville swore eternal fidelity to beer, McKinley and the Kaiser, in that order, and Frank's neighborhood was the turf of the Black Hand, the Unione Siciliane, and the Artichoke King—Ciro Terranova, the vegetable tycoon whose iron grip on the city's groceries, fruit markets and restaurants attracted Frank with his early love of power play and easy money. He began running errands and collecting rent for Terranova before 1910 and was still on friendly terms with him in the 1930s, when Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia decided to put the Artichoke King out of business by declaring artichokes illegal in New York. Those were the good old days.

Equally important in young Frank's mental environment were the local Irish pols and ward-heelers who ferried between East Harlem and Tammany Hall with graft, favors and bankrolls the size of your foot. Frank ran errands for them too, and learned in return the gladhanding, doubledealing techniques that were to stand him in good stead as a gangland "peacemaker" who eventually earned the title "Prime Minister of the Underworld."

Enter Prohibition. In this chapter we find Frank on the side of a good cause for the first time in his life. American drinkers who were deprived of their liquor by the Volstead Act of 1921 rightly saw themselves as the "most oppressed" people in the world, and they enthusiastically embraced freedom fighters like Al Capone, Dutch Schultz and above all Frank Costello. So much illegal liquor entered the United States during the 1920s that it is impossible to credit Frank with all of it, but he certainly invented the businesslike type of bootlegging that maximized profits while guaranteeing the consumer a drink that was clearly a cut above the white-lightning bathtub gin of the period.

Frank's partners were notorious: his first bankroll came from gambler Arnold Rothstein, who fixed the 1919 World Series and dominated U.S. crime until his death by murder in 1928, and "Big Bill" Dwyer, a front man who also owned the Brooklyn Dodgers. But it was Frank who created the business structure for their joint venture.

Now, most of the bootleggers of the day were haphazard racketeers who simply hijacked their liquor from government warehouses and from each other; some simply chartered boats and trusted their luck; many who opened their own clandestine breweries and distilleries were amateurs who blinded many customers

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Harvest!

By Ma and Pa Kettle

The harvest is in. Some of the crops are put up for winter; others are still drying in the warm Indian-summer sun. The frost is not yet on the pumpkin—the weather is fine—but summer's work is done, and now it's time to sit back and relax and reap the rewards mother nature has put in our picnic basket.

Your fall feast, the best picnic of the year, may feature apples grown in your own back yard, a cheese from upstate, nouveau Beaujolais (a wine that doesn't like to grow old) from across the Atlantic, and herbs that testify to the bounty of the harvest across the broad Pacific. But whatever you pack for a romp through the verdant hills and dales erupting with the first flaming sparks of autumnal foliage, it will be the best of the year, having enjoyed the full blessings of the glorious summer sun.

And so, as the flaming orb moves toward its rendezvous with the equinox, let us burn the best herbs in our harvest baskets in sympathy with our star, who burns brightest now, but will soon disappear. And when our fire dies, then the thou part begins. ◘





Frank Costello, Father of Modern Smuggling

(continued from page 72)

with wood alcohol or poisoned them with putrid rat meat used to give their ersatz liniments the appearance and distinctive bouquet of 12-year-old Scotch. Much of what was drunk as "liquor" during the Prohibition era might as well have been gasoline, but Frank's dedication to methodical smuggling made it possible to bring in the real McCoy (named, as a matter of fact, after Captain Bill McCoy). According to George Wolf, Costello's attorney for 30 years, "Frank's operation was organized exactly like a corporation, with departments and staffs for all phases of the business. Not that these departments weren't unusual. Operating out of an office Frank leased at 405 Lexington Avenue, the 'business' had a traffic department, a distribution department, a corruption department to handle bribery, a defense department to cope with rivals and even an intelligence department to keep an eye on what prohibition enforcement agencies were doing." All they needed was a Minister of Education!

During Prohibition, American know-how produced as many ways to smuggle liquor as there are to have sex. Booze crossed borders in hollow legs, in hollow eggs, on the backs of pack animals and in the packs of families on camping trips. Pipelines underneath the Great Lakes pumped in Canadian whiskey, and gunboats fired torpedoes full of moonshine at the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. And although the predominant point of entry was the million-mile-long Canadian border, the most glamorous and notorious smugglers' alley was Rum Row, stretching from Delaware to Long Island Sound, where Captain Bill "The Real McCoy" McCoy, Frank Costello and anyone else with a boat and a gun, had a lark dodging the Coast Guard to make millions with liquor from Nassau, Bimini and every other spit of land in the Atlantic Ocean that could be used for transshipping.

In these ports, the bottle would be packed into "hams"—burlap bags full of straw to prevent breakage. Cargo ships would carry the hams to Rum Row, where contact boats would ferry the booze to shore. Then the freight was carried to warehouses where it was doctored—one part Scotch, one part grain alcohol and three parts water—and sent on its merry way. Hijackers abounded at every point, but the very nice money involved made it a not unpleasant business to be in.

In the early days, from 1920 to 1924, the undermanned Coast Guard with its vintage fleet of Spanish-American War tanks and tubs, stood little chance of overpowering the smugglers they were supposed to chase. As a result, Rum Row soon acquired the reputation as a party spot. Harold Waters, a Coast Guardsman who served in the International Ice Patrol at the time, later reminisced:

> Rum Row quickly developed a community life of its own. Fresh provisions were brought out from shore every day, along with the morning and evening newspapers. For entertainment, to keep their crews from getting bored, the bigger ships featured happy hours, impromptu concerts graced by paid entertainers from shore. There was also dancing on the main deck of evenings and no lack of dance partners, mostly girls who came out just for kicks; later they would brag to their more sedate shoreside sisters of having danced with swashbuckling partners offshore. Music was provided by paid orchestras.
>
> Call girls from New York City, Cape May, Atlantic City, Wildwood and other ports always considered it a signal honor to be "invited" out to Rum Row, where they received double the shoreside price for their favors, as well as what was quaintly called a hazard bonus.

Waters remembers seeing ships flying the flag on national holidays—including the King's Birthday and Bastille Day, since many of the cargo ships were British or French. Sightseeing boats were more common on Rum Row than Coast Guard cutters in hot pursuit.

Costello made an early reconnaisance and discovered the rocky subarctic island of St. Pierre, off Newfoundland, population 300, the last French possession in the New World north of Devil's Island. Sometime in 1921, Frank traveled to St. Pierre and struck a deal with its mayor. The details are not known, but Frank's business brought millions of dollars to the tiny island, where he is remembered to this day with greater reverence and awe than Jesus Christ.

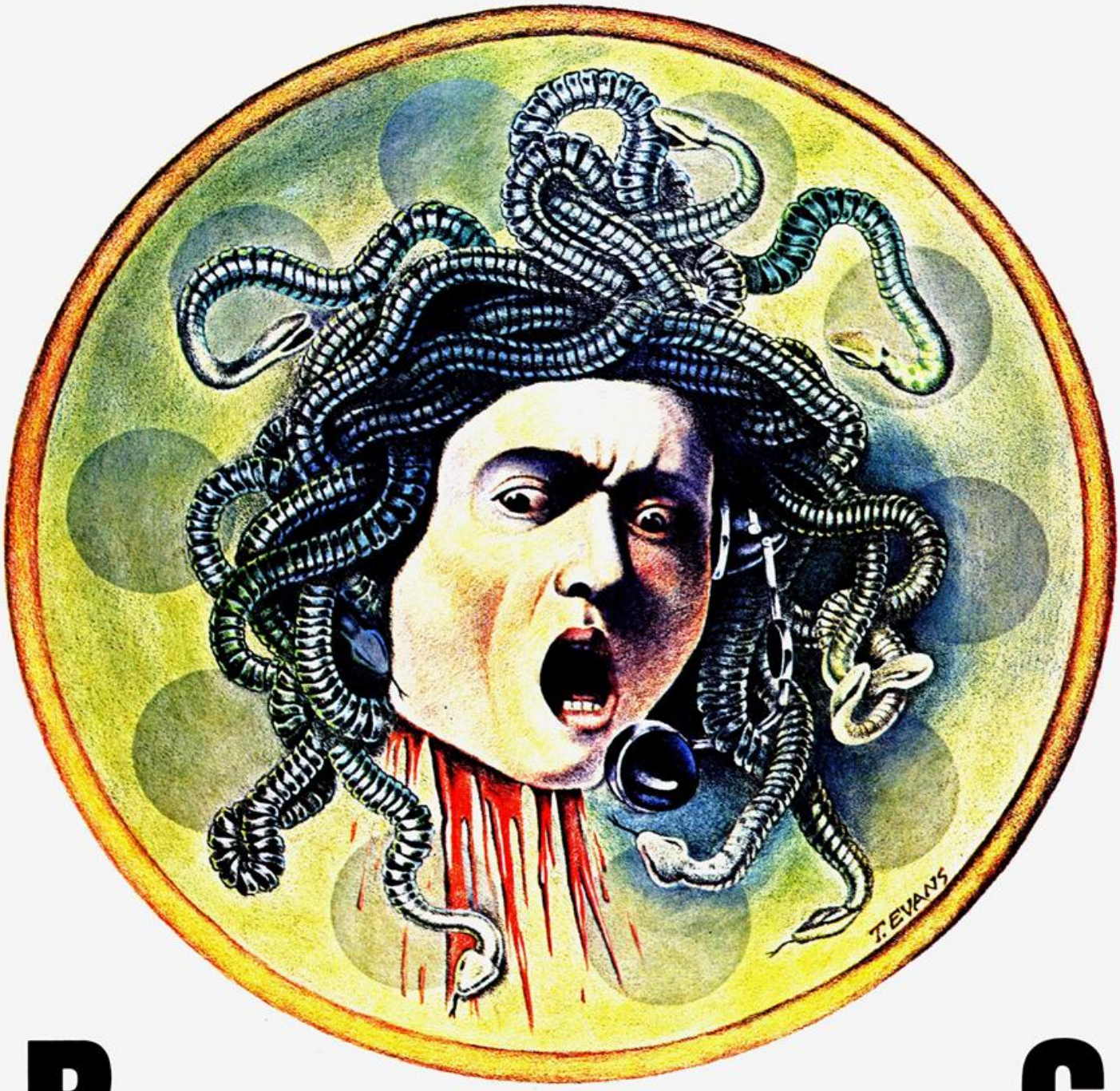
From St. Pierre, Frank's cargo ships would make their way to Rum Row, staying carefully tuned to the Coast Guard radio channel—not for intelligence on antismuggler movements, but for weather reports and iceberg news. At Rum Row, they would transfer their cargo to skiffs, scows and launches equipped with war-surplus Liberty Ship engines that could easily outrun the Coast Guard fleet of icebreakers and salvage ships. This was seldom necessary, however, as Frank and Big Bill Dwyer took the precaution of buying off the Coast Guard. The speed was more important in outrunning hijackers, who resorted to dastardly tricks like shooting at the rumrunners, posing as Coast Guard ships, and otherwise wreaking havoc. The whole journey took about two days if the weather was nice, but more often a week or longer when the seas were choppy, as they frequently are in the North Atlantic. The longer a rumrunner stayed at sea, the greater risk he or she ran of the crew breaking into the cargo and demolishing it orally. This frequent occurrence was the great plague of Rum Row, and many bootlegging skippers took vows of temperance after thirstily sampling their own wares and tumbling into the water as a result.

To help his skippers, Frank devised ingenious codes. For instance, the skippers of cargo ships carried the torn halves of dollar bills which the skippers of the contact boats had to match before he would let them on board. Bills of various denominations were used to separate cargo ships, contact boats, and paid-off Coast Guard commanders. The Coast Guard also used semaphore and systems of blinking lights to inform ships that they were cleared to pass, or to inform them of other Coast Guard craft in the area which had not been paid off. For contingencies like these, Costello sent along bagmen with several thousand dollars in cash to persuade the Coast Guard's able seamen to cooperate. Occasionally the bagmen would augment their worth by permitting themselves to be hijacked, bought off and released to deal with Frank as best they could, but those who stayed around soon found this to be an unhealthy practice.

Frank's corruption of the Coast Guard was the most massive wholesaling of federal services to a private citizen in all of recorded history. At its worst in 1923, Frank Costello commanded more naval power than the Royal Admiralty at the height of the British Empire. Nor did the Coast Guard stop at ignoring his activities (with an occasional bust for appearances' sake). They provided safe passage for Costello convoys, performed rescue duty on sinking Costello rumrunners, and frequently helped with the offloading. Seaman Harold Waters states that a good many Coast Guarders were not above taking a drink of bootlegger's whiskey, either: ice patrol around St. Pierre, his mates were frequently stood drinks by the affable rummies. However, the luckiest drinkers of the period were the bathers and beach fanciers who frequently found hundreds of bottles of Scotch mingling at their waists with other aquatic life forms.

Eventually the government succeeded in extending the three-mile coastal limit to 12 miles, making it more difficult for the speedboats to make their runs. As early as 1921, the Hovering Vessels Act enabled the Coast Guard to board ships flying foreign flags on the high seas on suspicion of smuggling, but many Coast

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BIG MOTHER IS LISTENING

An ear-burning exposé of Ma Bell's Private CIA

By George O'Toole

There is a crime so heinous that merely to be suspected of it is legal grounds for the wiretapping of your telephone without a warrant. Your every telephone conversation will be tape recorded for as long as it takes to establish your guilt or innocence. If no evidence against you is overheard, you will never know that your privacy was violated. If your telephone conversations indicate you are guilty of this crime, there will be a knock on your door. It won't be the police, the FBI, the CIA or any official law enforcement agency, for the law does not grant them this kind of power over a person suspected of this crime. The people on the other side of the door will be from one of the most powerful private police forces in the country—the telephone company cops. And the crime they are empowered by law to investigate through wholesale warrantless wiretapping is not murder, kidnapping, espionage or treason; it is telephone fraud—cheating Ma Bell out of a dime.

Title III of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968—the federal wiretapping law—gives the telephone company carte blanche to eavesdrop on its customers, so long as such listening can be fitted under either of the broad headings, "rendition of telephone service," or "protection of the rights or property" of the telephone company. The definition of those terms is left entirely to the telephone cops, since there is no legal requirement even to notify the courts or the official police that such a tap has been installed. If you suspected the telephone company or anyone else of cheating you, and you went out and tried a little wiretapping to see if you could prove it, you would be subject to $10,000 fine in 5 years

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the slammer. But if the telephone cops think you may be trying to fiddle a few free phone calls, they have the legal right to stick their ears into every facet of your private life you may happen to discuss on the phone. That tells you a little about the difference between you and Ma Bell.

There are more than 1,800 telephone companies in the United States, some with homey American names like the Farmers' Mutual Cooperative Telephone Company, the Yell County Telephone Company, and the William Butts Telephone Company. But 83 percent of the national telephone system is owned by the Bell System—the 24 affiliates and subsidiary companies of the American Telephone and Telegraph company—known affectionately as Ma Bell. AT&T is a government-sanctioned monopoly that does $30 billion worth of business annually. It provides its customers with the best telephone service in the world.

Just because it works so well, the Americans take for granted a degree of efficiency and reliability in their telephone system that is unknown throughout most of the world. Even in much of Europe the phone service is sluggish and uncertain, while in most of Asia and Latin America the telephone systems resemble a pair of tin cans and a piece of string, compared to our domestic product. Within the U.S. there are over 120 million telephones spread out among the 50 states, and any one of them can be connected to any other in a matter of seconds, and at a reasonable price. Few of the goodies that come from the cornucopia of American industry can claim to offer the consumer such unalloyed blessings as the telephone. It doesn't give you cancer, rot your teeth or weaken your mind. It is an indispensible comfort to the old person who must live alone and the lovers who must live apart. They know they can depend on it, and even if they are among Ma Bell's harshest critics, they have to admit she must be doing something right. But Big Mama has lately been caught doing her babies wrong. And the wrong always involves, in one way or another, the telephone cops.

There is no question that the telephone company needs its own security force; any business that has to leave boxes full of money unattended on streetcorners has special problems in this department. Ripping off pay telephones may seem like a nickel and dime racket, but some professional thieves specialize in it, learning to pick coin box locks swiftly and unobtrusively. They set up phony laundromat and vending machine businesses to turn the silver into long green without attracting suspicion from bank tellers. An experienced coin box artist who works steadily and doesn't get caught can collect $100,000 per year.

Beyond safeguarding the billions of dollars in company assets sprinkled around the country, the telephone cops are also responsible for protecting telephone customers. A wide assortment of baddies, ranging from extortionists to perverts, use the telephone to prey on the public, and the telephone cops do a necessary job in helping the official police catch them. But the telephone cops also have the task of protecting the telephone customer from wiretappers, and this is a circumstance of exquisite irony; if your telephone has ever been tapped, the odds are well over a thousand to one that it was the telephone cops who tapped it.

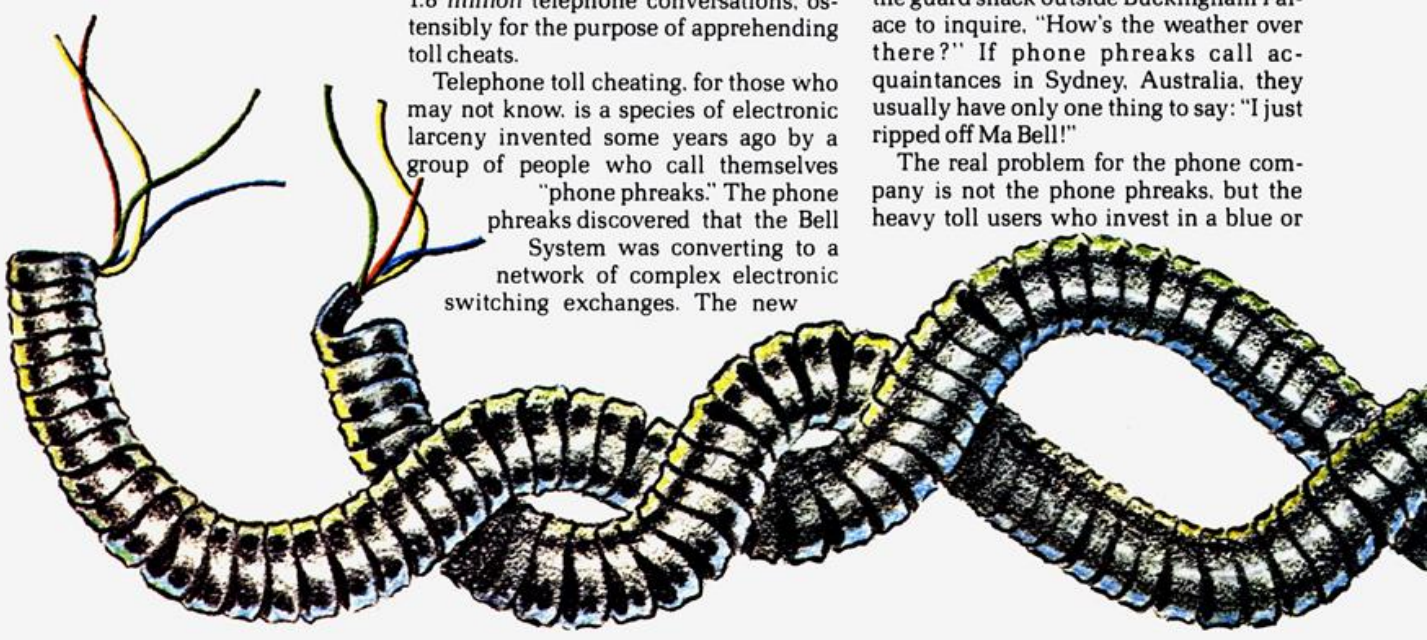
While no one knows how many illegal wiretaps are placed by suspicious spouses, industrial spies or political dirty-tricksters, telephone repairmen turn up about 200 of them each year in the normal course of maintaining the lines, or in response to an annual deluge of 10,000 complaints from suspicious telephone subscribers. Another five or six hundred wiretaps are annually installed by federal, state or local police armed with legitimate court orders. But the telephone cops, during the only five-year period for which statistics are available, listened in without a single warrant on 1.8 *million* telephone conversations, ostensibly for the purpose of apprehending toll cheats.

Telephone toll cheating, for those who may not know, is a species of electronic larceny invented some years ago by a group of people who call themselves "phone phreaks." The phone phreaks discovered that the Bell System was converting to a network of complex electronic switching exchanges. The new exchanges operate through a set of audible tones transmitted over the telephone lines. The phreaks' key discovery was that one particular tone—2,600 cycles per second—can be used to gain access to the long distance lines without leaving any record that might result in a toll charge. To take advantage of this fact, the phreaks devised a little instrument that became known as "the blue box." The device, which is about the size of a small transistor radio and has a set of buttons similar to a push-button telephone, is used to produce the series of tones necessary to make a toll-free call to almost any telephone in the world. Less common, but still very popular among phone phreaks is "the black box," a device that can be attached to one's phone to permit incoming toll calls to be received without charge to the calling party—a sort of do-it-yourself WATS line.

The phone phreaks' underground is comprised of individuals, mostly young, possessed of two distinctly American traits: technical ingenuity and a loathing of the telephone company. Banded together as "The Technological American Party," they publish their own technical journal, TAP, full of how-to-do-it information and hold an annual convention in New York. The convention is well attended by the telephone cops, as well as the phreaks; the former bring along cameras and the latter bring along masks.

William Caming, attorney for AT&T, last year told a House subcommittee that toll fraud has cost the Bell System about one million dollars since the blue and black boxes were first introduced back in the 1960s. But to whatever extent this figure includes long distance dialing by the phone phreaks, it is deceptively inflated. Electronic toll fraud doesn't take money out of Ma Bell's pockets, it just avoids putting any in. Typical phone phreaks' toll calls are not ones they would have made and paid for anyway, even if they didn't have their blue boxes. Phone phreaks call the U.S. Embassy in Moscow to ask, "What's happening?" or the guard shack outside Buckingham Palace to inquire, "How's the weather over there?" If phone phreaks call acquaintances in Sydney, Australia, they usually have only one thing to say: "I just ripped off Ma Bell!"

The real problem for the phone company is not the phone phreaks, but the heavy toll users who invest in a blue or



black box to reduce their phone bills. The telephone cops say it happens all the time; within the last few months they have accused singer Lainie Kazan, actor ("Love That") Bob Cummings and international wheeler-dealer Bernie Cornfeld of blue box bunco.

To trap the toll cheats, the telephone cops have come up with a new electronic gadget of their own. The device scans telephone lines in search of the tell-tale 2,600 – cycle tone the blue box uses to sneak into the long-distance lines. Whenever that frequency is heard by the device, the telephone line is automatically tapped—or, as the telephone cops prefer to put it, "monitored"—and the conversation is tape recorded. However, 2,600 cycles is well within the range of human speech, and the telephone cops' electronic trap often snaps shut on the fully paid-up conversations of solid citizens. Of the 1.8 million calls taped by the device during a five-year period, it is certain that 700,000 did not involve fraud. In fact, in less than two percent of the conversations the telephone cops eavesdropped on was there any legal proof that a blue or black box was in use.

Last year an attorney for AT&T, William Caming appeared before the National Wiretap Commission, a select panel appointed by Congress and the president to review the effectiveness of the federal wiretapping laws. The telephone company lawyer resisted the suggestion of Justice Department officials (James Reynolds, attorney for the criminal division of the U.S. Department of Justice, and Anthony J. P. Farris, the former U.S. attorney for the Southern District of Texas) that the law be changed to require telephone cops to obtain court orders before tapping someone's phone, just like every other police force. That wouldn't work, he testified, for the simple reason that in most cases of suspected toll fraud, the telephone cops wouldn't have enough evidence to get a warrant if they needed one. In other words, the telephone cops wouldn't be able to do their job if they were forced to play according to the rules, and the telephone company's right to collect its dimes transcends the right of thousands of innocent telephone subscribers to converse in private. The commission went along with the telephone company and made no recommendation that the law be changed.

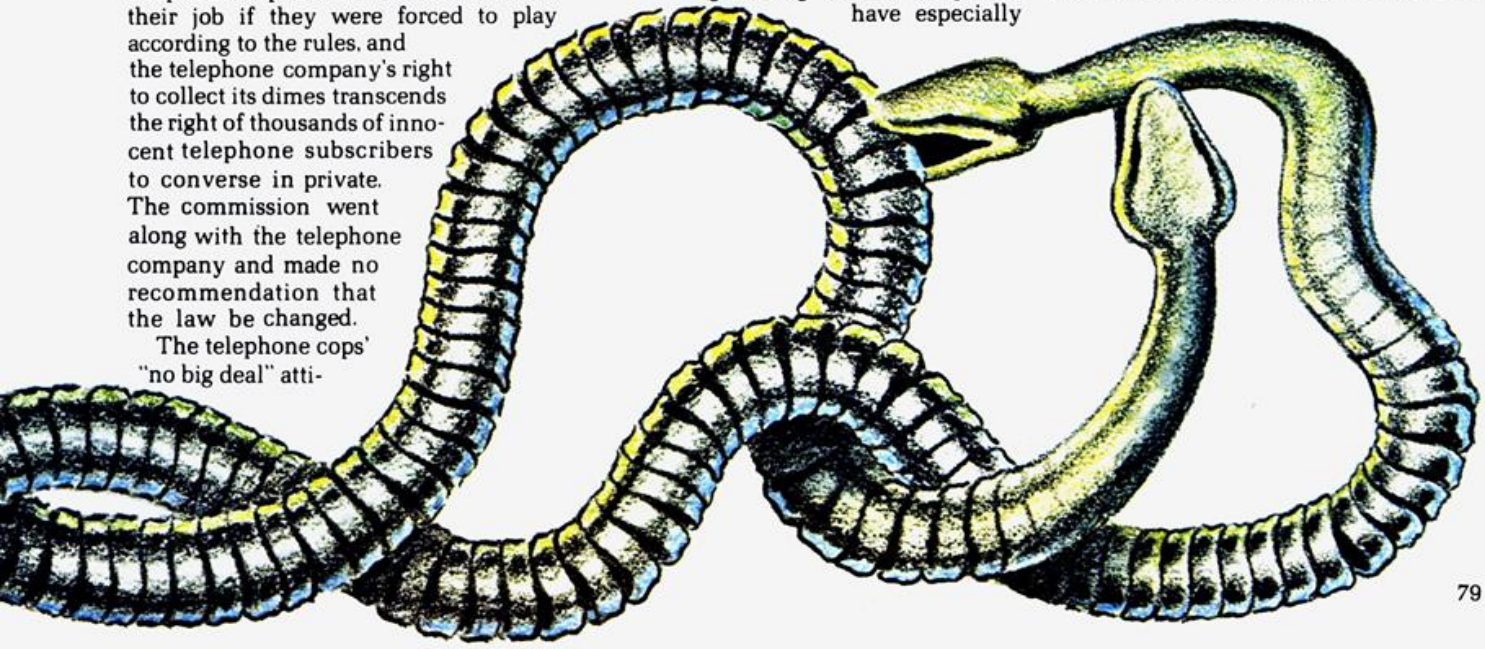
The telephone cops' "no big deal" attitude toward warrantless wiretapping is only a reflection of Ma Bell's generally blasé approach to customer privacy. Telephone company employees are no more scandalized by the prospect of listening in on someone's private chat than the groundskeeper at a nudist camp would be shocked by the sight of naked flesh. Christina Huggins, a former Pacific Telephone Company operator recently revealed that company technicians working in telephone switching centers search the lines until they find an interesting conversation—especially one in which the topic is sex—and switch it to the loudspeaker for the enjoyment of their fellow employees. One woman employee, Mrs. Cheryl Crouse, heard the voice of her husband on the loudspeaker making a date with another woman. He may have been cheating on her, but he wasn't cheating Ma Bell.

More than ten percent of Ma Bell's customers pay a monthly charge to the telephone company to keep it from listing or otherwise giving out their telephone numbers. But a small Los Angeles newspaper, the Los Angeles Vanguard, recently discovered that Pacific Telephone and Telegraph—a Bell System company—routinely handed over unlisted numbers to the IRS, the FBI, the CIA, the armed services, the police, the governor's office and a host of other agencies including the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Two California telephone customers have filed a class action suit, demanding the company refund the unlisted number charges to the 1.3 million customers who mistakenly thought Ma Bell would respect their privacy.

The privacy of telephone customers' toll records is another area in which the telephone company is sometimes less than scrupulous. The detailed list of the numbers you call, the date and time you called them and how long you talked—form a revealing index of whom you know and what you're up to. Reporters who do most of their information-gathering on the telephone have especially fascinating toll records, and the FBI, the IRS and other government agencies show a keen interest in getting a look at them. Toll records are not covered by federal wiretapping laws or other statutes, so telephone company employees are free to hand them over to any cop who asks for them, which is what they often did until recently. Since 1974 it is Bell System policy to require a subpoena, except in the case of the FBI, which is still given the records on the strength of a simple written request bearing the signature of the FBI Director.

Advances in surveillance technology have reduced the need for the police to go to the phone company for toll records. A device known as a "telephone decoder," or "pen register," collects the same information when it's attached to the customer's telephone line. The instrument makes a paper tape record of the number you call, the date and time you called it and the length of the call, and it does this for local calls as well as the long distance calls that would ordinarily show up on your toll record. One model of the telephone decoder, manufactured by a company called Voice Identification, Inc., seems to have been designed for use by the telephone cops; the paper tape also shows whether the 2,600 cycle blue box tone was overheard during the call. Because the device does not actually record the telephone conversation, it is not covered by the federal wiretap laws, and can be used by official and private police without a court order. The telephone cops, of course, would not need a warrant to use it even if the device were considered to be a wiretap.

The unrestricted power of the telephone cops to wiretap puts them in a position to do favors for official policemen who want to tap someone's phone but can't quite establish "probable cause" to obtain a court order. The telephone company often recruits its security agents from among the ranks of retired policemen and former FBI agents, so if a police officer doesn't know a telephone



cop personally, he probably knows another policeman who does. The smooth operation of this Old Boy Network is illustrated by the March 1975 disclosure of the association of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company's Security Office and the Baltimore Police Department's Vice Squad.

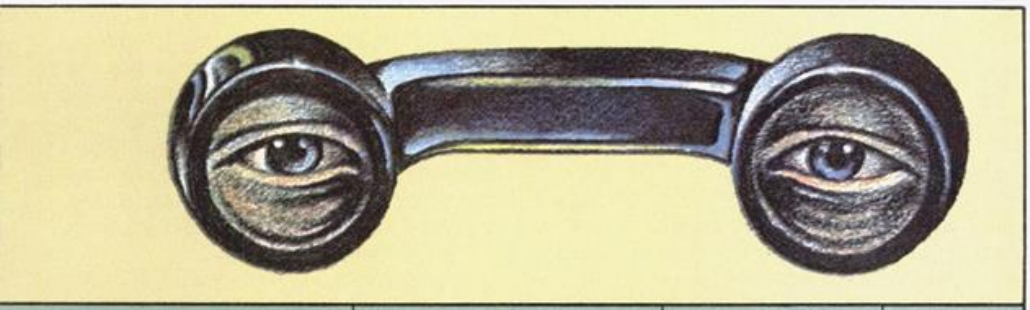
Whenever a vice squad officer suspected that a house or apartment was being used for illegal gambling, he would get the telephone number of the residence and turn it over to a retired police officer, identified only as "Captain Burns," who worked for the telephone company. According to the testimony of former vice squad officer George Guest, the retired cop would arrange to have the telephone cops tap the line and listen in for a few days. Afterward he would get back to the officer and let him know if anything had been heard on the line to confirm his suspicions. If so, the officer would apply for a search warrant, listing "a reliable informant" as the source of his information. One imaginative officer dreamed up a more elaborate explanation of how he came to learn of the illegal gambling. He claimed that the suspect was sitting next to him on a park bench when a dog jumped into the man's lap, knocking to the ground a bag full of lottery slips he was carrying. One officer later testified, "Some of the Vice affidavits were like reading *Grimm's Fairy Tales*."

James H. Ashley, a former official of Southwestern Bell, recently revealed that, "In the past ten years, the Bell System has upgraded its security force, doubling it in size and hiring FBI types who are used to using wiretaps." But the telephone cops don't all belong to a single, giant police force. All Bell System companies and a few of the larger independent telephone companies have their own security departments. The unifying organization that unofficially links most of these security forces is the Society of Former Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—the FBI agents' alumni club. The Society, which has been described by one former agent as "Hoover's Loyal Legion," consists of some 5,000 gung-ho ex-agents, about half of the total number of former FBI agents. The Society's membership has included such distinguished peace officers as: Robert Maheu, the Las Vegas private eye and Howard Hughes henchman who allegedly helped recruit Mafia hit men for the CIA's attempts to assassinate Fidel Castro; the late William Harvey, an alumnus of both the FBI and the CIA, also involved in the abortive Castro hits; George Wackenhut, president of the rent-a-cop service that bears his name and director of Florida Governor Claud Kirk's private police force back in the 1960s; Arthur Hanes, a former segregationist mayor of Birmingham, Alabama, and defense attorney for the Ku Klux Klan.

A *High Times* Guide to Licensed Wiretappers

Agent's Name	Title	Location	Dates of FBI Service
Telephone Company: American Telephone and Telegraph Company			
Joseph F. Doherty	Director of Corporate Security	New York, N.Y.	1949–54
Other Bell System Companies			
New England Telephone and Telegraph Company			
Paul J. Breslin	General Security Manager	Boston, Mass.	1950–56
John J. McGillicuddy	Security Representative	Boston, Mass.	1942–68
Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania			
William H. Naylor	Security Supervisor	Philadelphia, Pa.	1940–63
Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company			
Paul G. Travers	Special Representative	Washington, D.C.	1935–62
Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company			
Roger H. Allred	General Security Manager	Charlotte, N.C.	1952–58
William R. Cathey	State Security Manager	Nashville, Tenn.	1954–60
James T. Duncan	Division Security Manager	Jacksonville, Fla.	1952–54
Edward L. Hill	Security Supervisor	Macon, Ga.	1966–71
J. Donald Jones	Security Representative	Macon, Ga.	1969–72
Theodore A. King	General Security Manager	Atlanta, Ga.	1954–60
Paul J. Leslie, Jr.	Security Representative	Macon, Ga.	1970–73
Glynn Martin	Security Representative	Atlanta, Ga.	1968–71
Gerald E. McDaniel, Jr.	Division Security Supervisor	Atlanta, Ga.	1965–69
Jerry D. Roseberry	Security Representative	Atlanta, Ga.	1968–70
Clark F. Stone	Security Representative	Atlanta, Ga.	1969–72
Gary B. Sullivan	Security Representative	Atlanta, Ga.	1959–62
South Central Bell Telephone Company			
T. Chandler Josey	State Security Manager	Birmingham, Ala.	1954–59
Howard H. Rice	Division Security Supervisor	Montgomery, Ala.	1963–69
Illinois Bell Telephone Company			
Jerome F. Taylor	Staff Supervisor	Chicago, Ill.	1947–49
Northwestern Bell Telephone Company			
Robert A. Frink	General Security Supervisor	Omaha, Neb.	1947–52
Southwestern Bell Telephone Company			
James F. T. Garner	Security Manager	Topeka, Kans.	1962–66
James A. Handloser	Security Manager	Little Rock, Ark.	1956–64
James W. Hervey	Security Manager	Oklahoma City, Ok.	1960–62
Billy D. Hubbard	Security Supervisor	Houston, Tex.	1964–69
*William J. Jonas, Jr.	Security Manager	San Antonio, Tex.	1962–65
Edwin P. McKaskel	Security Manager	Kansas City, Mo.	1962–65
Richard L. Schultz	Security Manager	Topeka, Kans.	1960–65
*Jerry L. Slaughter	Security Manager	Houston, Tex.	1957–62
T. Edward Umphres	Security Manager	St. Louis, Mo.	1951–59
*James M. Vaughan, Jr.	Security Manager	Dallas, Tex.	1955–65
*Robert K. Wimmer	Security Supervisor	Lubbock, Tex.	1963–68
*William L. Wray	Security Supervisor	Fort Worth, Tex.	1961–66
*Carlton C. Wright, Jr.	Division Security Supervisor	Dallas, Tex.	1967–70
Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company			
Glenn H. Bethel	General Security Supervisor	Denver, Colo.	1935–61

*Formerly held commissions as Special Texas Rangers



Agent's Name	Title	Location	Dates of FBI Service
Pacific Northwestern Bell Telephone Company			
Clifford F. Arney, Jr.	Manager	Renton, Wash.	1962–67
Gordon A. Fraing	Security Supervisor	Seattle, Wash.	1951–72
Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company			
Sam B. Beasley	Chief Special Agent	San Jose, Ca.	1940–46
Non-Bell System Telephone Companies			
United Telephone Company			
Otho A. Ezell	Security Director	Fort Myers, Fla.	1939–69
William J. Quinn	Security Director	Overland Park, Kans.	1951–72
General Telephone Company			
Edwin J. Lange	Security Investigator	Muskegon, Mich.	1951–72
General Telephone Company of California			
William D. Griffith	Security Director	Santa Monica, Ca.	1942–73
General Telephone Company of Florida			
John R. Brett	Security Manager	Tampa, Fla.	1947–71
James E. Hicks	Security Investigator	Tampa, Fla.	1971–73
Herbert E. Mason	Special Agent	Tampa, Fla.	1963–65
Robert C. Rose	Security Investigator	Tampa, Fla.	1969–70
Robert L. Stromberg	Division Special Agent	Tampa, Fla.	1963–68
General Telephone Company of Indiana			
Charles K. Corbett	Security Director	Fort Wayne, Ind.	1937–65
General Telephone Company of Kentucky			
Barry W. Ryan	Security Director	Lexington, Ky.	1965–68
General Telephone Company of Michigan			
Phillip S. Endres	Director of Security	Muskegon, Mich.	1969–71
General Telephone Company of Ohio			
James A. Moore	Security and Internal Audit Director	Marion, Ohio	1962–63
General Telephone Company of Pennsylvania			
Herman C. Littlejohn	Security Director	Erie, Pa.	1942–66
John R. Shay	Security Agent	Erie, Pa.	1952–73
W. Court Soloff	Security Manager	Erie, Pa.	1966–70
General Telephone Company of the Southwest			
George H. Castleman, Jr.	Security Agent	League City, Tex.	1965–70
Kenneth E. Commons	Security Director	San Angelo, Tex.	1941–61
John E. Dailey	Security Agent	San Angelo, Tex.	1949–73
General Telephone Company of the Southeast			
Horace S. Hallett	Director of Security	Durham, N.C.	1935–65
Virgil T. Russ	Security Agent	Dothan, Ala.	1970–71
General Telephone Company of the Northwest			
Oliver T. Mansfield	Security Director	Everett, Wash.	1941–66
Richard L. Ryman	Security Agent	Everett, Wash.	1952–59

The Society's Executive Services Committee functions as a clearing house for top-level private security jobs, insuring wherever possible that such openings are filled by loyal FBI alumni. The company affiliations of the members reads like the *Fortune* 500 list of major American companies. Former special agents hold down senior security positions in virtually every major oil company, airline, automobile manufacturer, aerospace manufacturer and bank in the country. The telephone company security departments are particularly well represented.

Of the 665 security officers who work for Bell System telephone companies, at least 76 are former FBI agents, and most of these ex-agents are in management positions. Joseph Doherty, AT&T's Corporate Security Director and architect of the massive wiretapping program that recorded 1.8 million private telephone conversations, is a member of the Society. Senior security executives of New England Telephone and Telegraph, Bell Telephone of Pennsylvania, Northwest Bell, Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph, Pacific Northwest Bell and Pacific Telephone and Telegraph are also members of Hoover's Loyal Legion. South Central Bell's security manager for the state of Alabama is one of three ex-agents who hold senior posts in that Bell System subsidiary. Thirteen Society members work for Southern Bell, including two General Security Managers, two Division Security Supervisors and the security manager for the state of Tennessee. Southwestern Bell also boasts 13 Society members, all with the title of security manager or security supervisor and scattered throughout Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas and Kansas.

The independent telephone companies are not completely lacking in representation in the Society of Former Special Agents. General Telephone and Electronics—which controls 10 million of the 17 million telephones outside the Bell System—employs 28 Loyal Legionnaires including the security directors of its subsidiaries in California, Florida, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and General Telephone of the Southwest. United Telephone—with 2.5 million non-Bell phones—claims only two, its security directors in Florida and the Midwest.

To suggest that the high concentration of ex-FBI agents among the telephone cops represents a conscious plan to facilitate illegal wiretapping by the Bureau might earn one the title of "conspiracy theorist." Let's just say it's an interesting coincidence that, in the words of one former FBI eavesdropping specialist, FBI wiretappers "find convenient."

The line separating the telephone cops from the official police is nowhere thinner than in Texas, where Southwestern Bell's security department seems to be the local headquarters of the police Old

Boy Network. Of the 44 security agents in the department, 15 are former FBI agents. Until recently, six of the ex-agents and three other telephone cops held commissions as Special Texas Rangers, giving them almost the same arrest and firearms powers as the regular Rangers; in January 1975, the six lost their commissions as the ranks of Special Rangers were depleted in the wake of an attack by a group of state legislators and the Texas Civil Liberties Union. In Houston, Southwestern Bell hired 300 local policemen to moonlight as security guards at telephone company buildings in the area in the early 1970s. Bell also hired Deputy Police Chief W. L. Williams and M. L. "Joe" Singleton, the head of the Police Department's Criminal Intelligence Division, to work part-time managing the off-duty cops.

Southwestern Bell's telephone cops set up a special service called "Law Enforcement Liaison," which hands over to the police information about telephone subscribers. The service does a brisk business answering 10,000 police inquiries annually. Many of these requests simply involve matching a customer's name and address to a telephone number turned up by a police investigation, but Law Enforcement Liaison also releases unlisted numbers and toll record information to the cops. In the face of considerable evidence to the contrary, Southwestern Bell denies that the service also gives the cops "cable and pair" data, information that is almost essential to installing an illegal wiretap.

The cord running from your telephone to the wall contains a pair of wires that connect the instrument to the central exchange, which may be several miles away. After it leaves the immediate vicinity of your house, apartment or office, the wire pair converges with others coming from neighboring telephones. Hundreds of wire pairs are carried within a cable through underground ducts and over telephone poles until they finally terminate in the local exchange switching equipment.

The wiretappers who want to put an illegal bug in your telephone will probably avoid the immediate vicinity of your home or office for fear of attracting attention and discovery (although some disguise themselves as company repair technicians and pretend to be working on the lines). They cannot put on the tap at the local telephone exchange; even if they could get into the building, the tap would soon be detected by one of the many maintenance workers there. That leaves one alternative: tapping into your wire pair in the cable somewhere between your home or office and the telephone exchange. But *which* cable and pair among the hundreds or thousands filling the underground ducts and festooning the telephone poles? That information can come only from someone with access to the telephone company's wiring plans . . . from someone like a telephone cop.

The fact that it is often almost impossible to place an illegal wiretap without receiving cable and pair information from someone in the telephone company was very much in the mind of Houston Police Chief Carrol M. Lynn during his recent probe of illegal tapping by officers in his department. Chief Lynn was appointed by the new, liberal city administration of Mayor Fred Hofheinz in 1973. Soon after he took office he discovered the department had carried out a ten-year program of political spying under his predecessor. The Criminal Intelligence Division had compiled thousands of dossiers on citizens having no criminal records or associates. Most of the individuals spied upon were political activists of one coloration or another. The spy files were full of personal information, often including sexual gossip, and much of the data could have been acquired only through wiretapping.

Police in Texas are forbidden to wiretap in any circumstances; court orders cannot be issued to legalize wiretapping by the local cops. This curious state of affairs in one of the country's leading law-and-order states results from Texas's lack of any state law to regulate wiretapping, a situation that made the state a happy hunting ground for wiretappers until 1968, when Congress passed the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act. Under the new federal law, local police cannot wiretap unless there is a state law to regulate their electronic eavesdropping; otherwise wiretapping in such states is reserved exclusively to federal agents with federal court orders. Texas will probably remedy this situation soon by passing its own wiretap law, but at the time the Houston cops were compiling their spy files, any wiretapping on their part would have been a federal crime. Chief Lynn launched an internal investigation to learn how the information had been obtained.

Many of the accusations were spelled out by one Bell official in a suicide note that concluded with the warning, "Watergate is a gnat compared to the Bell System."

The probe disclosed that 62 Houston police officers had conducted more than a thousand illegal wiretaps during a seven-year period. Lynn charged that some 200 employees of Southwestern Bell had cooperated with the police in the illegal tapping. Many police officers in Houston and other Texas cities confirmed the charge that the telephone company was very cooperative in placing illegal taps. A Southwestern Bell spokesperson said the company could not deny that some of its 14,000 employees might have been involved in the illegal wiretapping, but stressed that this would be a violation of company policy and grounds for immediate dismissal.

In practice, however, there is little risk to the telephone cop who helps the police install an illegal wiretap because of the security force's autonomy within Southwestern Bell. In a wire service interview, the chief telephone security agent in Houston, Jerry L. Slaughter, revealed that he can demand cable and pair information from other telephone company employees on the strength of his simple assertion that a court order for wiretapping exists. He doesn't have to show anyone the warrant, and there is no system to check his statement. The cable and pair information is given to him over the phone, so apparently there is no written record of the request. According to Slaughter, misuse of this power is prevented by "my integrity and the integrity of my co-workers."

The telephone cops' denials that they had cooperated in the illegal tapping were not borne out by later developments in the case. Several of the Houston cops named by Chief Lynn were indicted by a federal grand jury, and the testimony given in their trials confirmed the police chief's charges that Southwestern Bell had aided in the tapping. Anthony V. Zavala, one of the indicted officers, testified that he had received cable and pair information from the telephone cops on a half dozen occasions, and that Southwestern Bell had also handed him customer toll records without a court order.

While several Houston police officers were convicted of wiretapping last March, none of the Southwestern Bell telephone cops were brought up on related charges, a fact later cited by Southwestern Bell vice-president Charles Marshall as proof that the charges against the telephone company were unfounded. But the absence of prosecution of telephone cops seems to have been a result of the FBI's lack of enthusiasm for pursuing the matter: Anthony J. P. Farris, a former federal prosecutor in Houston, says he had a lot of trouble getting the local FBI field office to take any interest in the case. When he finally put his demands for action in writing in a letter to the Bureau in April of 1874, the field office assigned one agent to the case, a sleuth whose investigative reports consisted mostly of photocopies of newspaper clippings reporting on Chief Lynn's probe.

The listlessness of the FBI probe of the telephone cops may have been caused by the fact that those Southwestern Bell security officers with the greatest respon-

sibility for any illegal taps were themselves alumni of the Bureau. Perhaps more important was the knowledge that any thorough probe of the illegal wiretapping in Texas would soon lead back to the Bureau itself: according to the testimony of several Houston cops, the local FBI office was one of the chief consumers of the information gleaned from the taps. And ex-officer Anthony Zavala revealed that the FBI field office had its own illegal taps, presumably installed through the cooperation of the telephone cops. The Houston police had to take the fall all by themselves.

Not all of those indicted were convicted, however. Nine officers were acquitted by jurors who later told the press. "We did not think these were evil men. Most of us felt we want the police force, and that they are hampered enough as it is." and "I sincerely believe that they had no evil intentions or a bad purpose in anything they did." Which may have been a particularly bitter pill for Chief Carrol Lynn. His resolve that the Houston police obey the law made him the target of a harassment campaign by the Houston Police Officers Association. In June 1975, the cops took out a full-page newspaper advertisement attacking him, and the resultant public pressure forced him to resign. That development must have cheered the telephone cops particularly, for it was Chief Lynn who first accused them of illegal wiretapping.

Investigating individuals who make "false allegations" against Southwestern Bell is yet another task of the telephone cops, according to Jerry L. Slaughter, Southwestern Bell's chief security man in Houston and a former FBI agent and Special Texas Ranger. Slaughter, in a wire service interview, cited as examples of such "false allegations" recent charges by some Southwestern Bell executives that the company had been engaged in unfair rate-setting, political slush funding, and yet more illegal wiretapping. Many of the accusations were spelled out by one Bell official in a suicide note which concluded with the warning, "Watergate is a gnat compared to the Bell System."

The Southwestern Bell executive who took his own life was T. O. Gravitt, the $90,000 per year vice-president in charge of Texas operations. Shortly after he took over that job in 1973, Gravitt was contacted by his old friend James H. Ashley, then Southwestern Bell's general commercial manager. Texas was then the only state in the union without a public service commission, so it was Ashley's job to press for telephone rate increases in negotiations with the city councils in 200 Texas cities. He reportedly told Gravitt that Southwestern Bell was using deceptive accounting practices to justify its demands for inflated telephone rates.

Gravitt and Ashley began to work for reform of Texas rate-setting practices within Southwestern Bell. They raised the issue with higher officials in the company, but their efforts were cut short by the telephone cops, who suddenly began to investigate "allegations of impropriety" on the part of the two phone company executives.

"Practically every security man in Southwestern Bell was on our case," Ashley later said. "I was told the investigation was aimed at Gravitt and that nothing would happen to me if I cooperated. Gravitt was told it was an investigation of Ashley."

In fact, the telephone cops seemed out to get as much dirt as possible on both men. Gravitt learned that more than 150 company employees had been asked whether he had solicited gifts from them, made passes at women workers or asked his subordinates to "fix him up" with female companions. On October 17, 1974, convinced that both his reputation and career were ruined, Gravitt started his car inside the closed garage of his Dallas home, climbed behind the wheel and went to sleep.

After Gravitt's body was discovered, Southwestern Bell officials descended on the dead executive's home and rifled through his papers. A telephone company man tried to make off with one of the documents, but was caught in the act by one of Gravitt's sons. The younger Gravitt had discovered that it was his father's suicide note, and it was dynamite. The note charged Southwestern Bell with creating a $100,000 slush fund by raising the salaries of telephone company executives who then "voluntarily" contributed the additional money to the fund. The slush fund was used for political contributions and other payoffs to officials who control Southwestern Bell's telephone rates.

If your telephone has ever been tapped, the odds are well over a thousand to one that it was the telephone cops who tapped it.

Gravitt's charges were further elaborated by James Ashley, who was fired by Southwestern Bell after his friend's death. Ashley claimed the telephone company operates a secret wiretapping system to collect financial information about some of its largest customers in Houston, San Antonio, Dallas, Fort Worth and Lubbock. He further charged that Southwestern Bell used its telephone cops to eavesdrop on the city officials who have the power to approve or deny the company's rate requests.

"When I went to a city to negotiate a rate increase," Ashley said, "I knew everything there was to know about the officials who would lower the rates. How much they owed, whom they were sleeping with, if they could be gotten to."

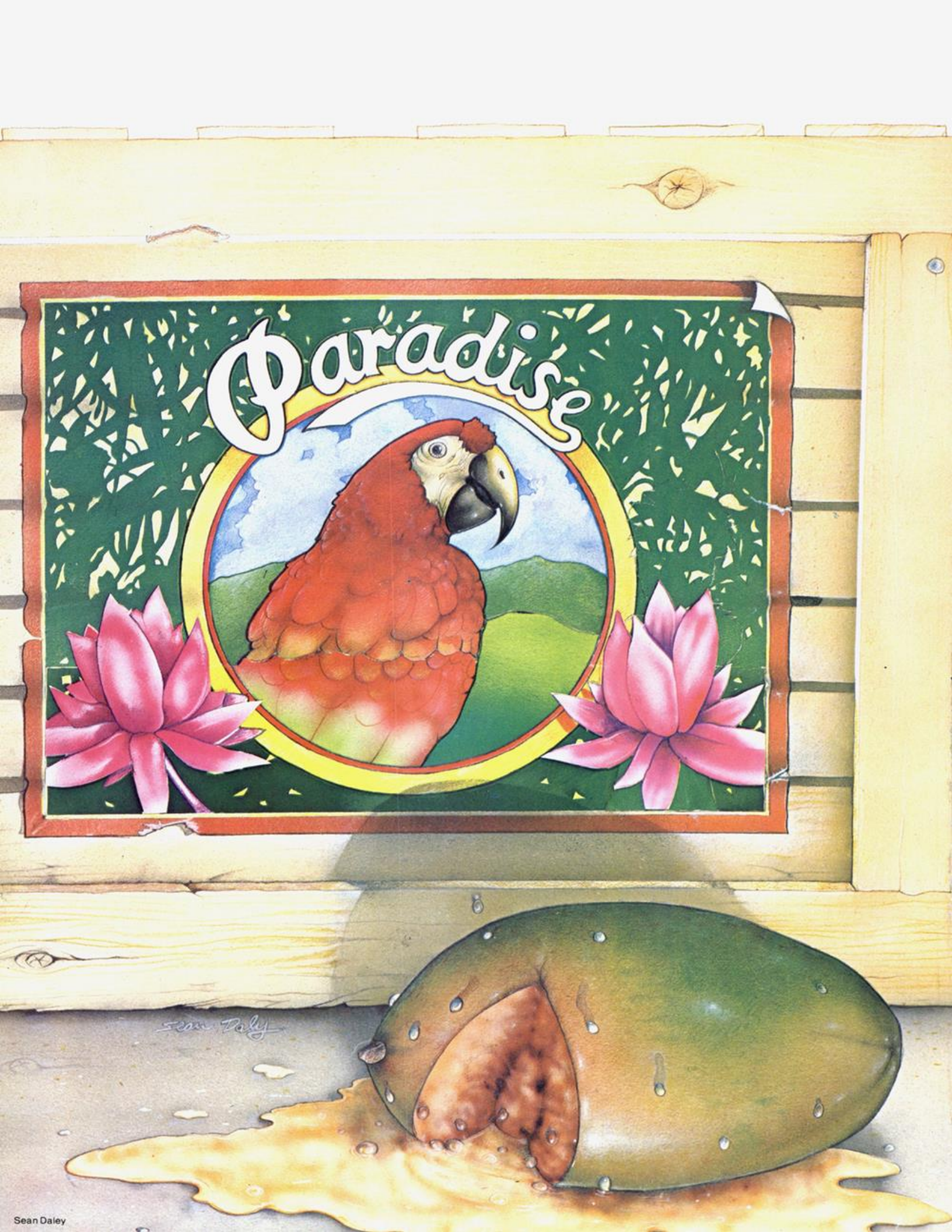
If a city councilman was in financial trouble, the telephone company would throw some business his way as a favor; if that didn't work, they would pressure him through the banks from which he had borrowed.

"If a city official was having an affair with some woman," Ashley said, "we didn't have to spell it out for him to get his cooperation. All we had to do was ask how Mrs. So and So was getting along.... If we didn't have information on the councilman the company would just tap a few telephones. Pretty soon we'd know everything we needed to know."

Spokespersons for the Bell System quickly denied the charges against Southwestern Bell, but similar stories were unfolding in several other states. After reading of Gravitt's suicide note in October, 1974, John J. Ryan, former vice-president in charge of Southern Bell in North Carolina, reportedly said he had administered a political slush fund along the same lines as the one described by Gravitt and Ashley; some of the money was contributed to congressional and gubernatorial candidates in the 1972 election. William R. Clark, a member and former chairman of the Missouri Public Service Commission, resigned after the April 1975 disclosure that he had been a guest of Southwestern Bell on a hunting trip; the company maintained an 11,000 acre hunting preserve near Uvalde in south central Texas where public officials were invited to shoot deer and pheasant from padded swivel chairs in carpeted shooting blinds. In Kansas, two members of the state Corporation Commission—Dale E. Saffels and Vernon Stroberg—admitted they had taken an expense-paid trip to Las Vegas, courtesy of Southwestern Bell; it was later disclosed that all members of the Commission held special toll-free telephone credit cards issued by the company. Similar revelations of slush funding and entertaining of public service commissioners were made by Bell System executives in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky and Illinois.

Southwestern Bell continues to deny the charges made by Gravitt and Ashley, and the company will eventually have its day in court; a $29 million slander and libel suit by James Ashley and the family of T. O. Gravitt against the telephone company is pending. However, the Texas Senate Subcommittee on Consumer Affairs carried out its own investigation of Southwestern Bell and found that the telephone cops had cooperated with the

(continued on page 123)



Sean Daley

When It's Mango Time Down South

MANGOES

By Andrew Weil

I don't know whether it's possible to convey the joy of my discovery of mangoes. I have a passion for mangoes, and although I have traveled in the tropics before, I have never managed to be in a mango-growing region when the fruit was in season. In India I was too early; in South America, seven years ago, too late; in Mexico two years ago, too early again. But this time I was not to be cheated. In southern Mexico in February, I saw the first green mangoes on the streets of San Cristobal de las Casas. Unripe, the size of eggs, and as hard as potatoes, they are sliced and eaten as a snack with salt and chili. The taste is bracingly sour, yet with a decided hint of the distinctive flavor that is so overwhelmingly delicious in the ripe fruit. In Guatemala in early March, I came across the first ripe mangoes. Small, blotched, of uneven quality, they hardly deserved the name. But they were an unmistakable sign that I was on the trail and getting warm.

And then arriving in San José, the capital of Costa Rica, I found mangoes on sale on every downtown street corner. When I say every downtown street corner, I mean every downtown street corner. Big mangoes. Ripe mangoes. Wonderful mangoes! And not just one kind: I was able to buy at least four varieties of mango in Costa Rica, each better than the last. One was long, oval, yellow and drippingly juicy. Another was large, round, orange-red, with flesh the consistency of ice cream.The flavor of each kind was distinctive. And, probably, that was just the beginning. There are hundreds of varieties of mango, and these were just the earliest.

My mango cravings go back to early childhood in Philadelphia when a fruitarian aunt let me taste one that had been sent to her from Florida. In those days, mangoes hardly ever made it north. Now they are shipped up quite regularly, so that even the rural farm market near my home in northern Virginia had them in June last year. But of the mangoes that one can buy in the north, only a tiny percentage are worth eating. Picked long before they are ripe, removed from the intense sun that they depend on, their maturation is aborted, and they rarely ripen in the way nature intended.

The mango is a member of the cashew family, the Anacardiaceae, a plant group that is rich in toxins and irritant oils. Poison ivy belongs to this family, and the skin of the mango contains an oil that in some people produces a contact dermatitis similiar to poison ivy. Allergic individuals can still enjoy the fruit if they handle it with gloves and peel it carefully before eating. A mango that is not perfectly ripe is

(continued on page 120)

Would you like to know more about Lettuce "Opium"?

1. What is Lettuce "Opium"? Lettuce "Opium" is a pure extract from a combination of various strains of lettuce *(lactuca sativa).* Lettuce "Opium" contains no other chemicals or additives. Instead, it contains the natural active ingredient, lactucarium, which has such a wonderful effect on body and mind. According to Dorland's *Illustrated Medical Dictionary,* 25th edition, the juice of lactuca *(lactucarium)* "was formerly used as a sedative and hypnotic." Many other reference books refer to *lactucarium* as an opium substitute, hence the name, Lettuce "Opium."

2. Is Lettuce "Opium" really opium? No. Our product has no connection whatsoever with real poppy opium which is both harmful and illegal.

3 How do you use Lettuce "Opium"? We manufacture our unique product expressly for smoking purposes. It can be smoked alone or blended with your favorite herb. It has a pleasant taste and a sweet mystical aroma which makes smoking it a pleasure rather than a chore. It should be smoked in a pipe, but it can be crushed, mixed with any herb and rolled into joints for added pleasure. We recommend that you smoke it alone to enjoy its fullest effects.

4. Is Lettuce "Opium" harmful? Our cat accidentally ate a few grams of our Lettuce "Opium," crashed, and woke up five hours later with no visible side effects. In fact, he likes it as much as we do. Besides, have you ever heard of a lettuce addict?

5. Is it really legal? Of course it's legal. In order for this product to become illegal, all salads in America containing lettuce would have to be banned (not to mention the fact that all those involved in lettuce production would be out of jobs). By smoking our product, you will be doing your small part to bolster the economic status of those involved in lettuce production.

6. What are the effects and how much should you smoke? We believe that any substance is habit forming in direct proportion to the amount of pleasure associated with its use. Be sensible and know your own limits.

Below are excerpts from an article by Bob Rosen, a writer for "The Villager" of New York City. Mr. Rosen was, in effect, conducting a consumer fraud investigation aimed at objectively testing the various claims made by manufacturers of legal highs. Mr. Rosen received no special treatment from the companies he contacted, as he did not disclose the fact that he was a writer. Please read what he has to say because it will have a considerable impact on you, the consumer. We regret that we cannot print Mr. Rosen's article in its entirety, however, should you want a copy of his most informative article, send us a self-addressed stamped envelope and we will gladly forward a copy to you.

In celebration of the Bicentennial, I swindled my editor out of $15 under the pretense of doing a "consumer fraud" story and mailed away for "legal drugs."

For the past eight weeks I have been smoking, drinking, chewing, swallowing and gagging on my legal stash. I have injested one ounce of Kava Kava Root, three-quarters of an ounce of Yohimbe Bark, one tablespoon of Gotu Kola, one tablespoon of Chia Seeds, one-quarter teaspoon of Lila Nut Powder, three bols of "Special Smoking Blend," uncountable joints of American Indian Smoking Herbs, several joints of "Aphrodisia Smoking Blend," and one gram of Lettuce Opium. The Lettuce Opium is the only substance that had any noticeable effect on me.

On the morning of January 19, a plain white envelope appeared in my mailbox. It contained one gram of Lettuce Opium. Bill Olmsted of Natural Enterprises in Gaithersburg, Maryland manufactures and sells the stuff for $4 per gram.

To prepare for my first opium experience, I read Thomas DeQuincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater.* I wanted to know what was in store for me.

I was ready.

January 20, 1 A.M.: I put a small chunk of the sticky black stuff into my pipe.

I want to push this to the limit.

It takes two matches just to dry out the opium. On the third, it catches and gives off a pleasantly sweet odor. I consume the chunk, then smoke two more.

Nothing.

The phone rings. It's a friend. "Opium?" she says.

"That's right."

"It should be just like heroin."

"I can dig it," I say and begin to laugh.

"Yor're laughing too much," she tells me." I can't communicate with you."

She has a point. I hang up the phone and look at the clock. I expect it to be about 1:45 a.m. It is 1:10. Something is happening. I flip on the television and smoke more opium. I can't stop laughing and smoke opium straight through to two o'clock.

I have consumed one-half gram and cannot go on. My tongue feels as though it is vibrating.

I get the urge to walk my dog but can't get the beast on its leash. All my coordination has vanished. I whistle, and he follows. It's very cold out. I can feel the opium coming on strong. My mind drifts. I think of thermonuclear warfare, old age and death. It soon passes.

Have I unearthed something new? Am I in the vanguard of a drug craze that will soon sweep the country, corrupt youth and like LSD finally be outlawed by the government? Possibly. But looking at this objectively, the Lettuce Opium is not "real" opium. I'm sure it was not "like heroin." I did not have the hallucinations of DeQuincey.

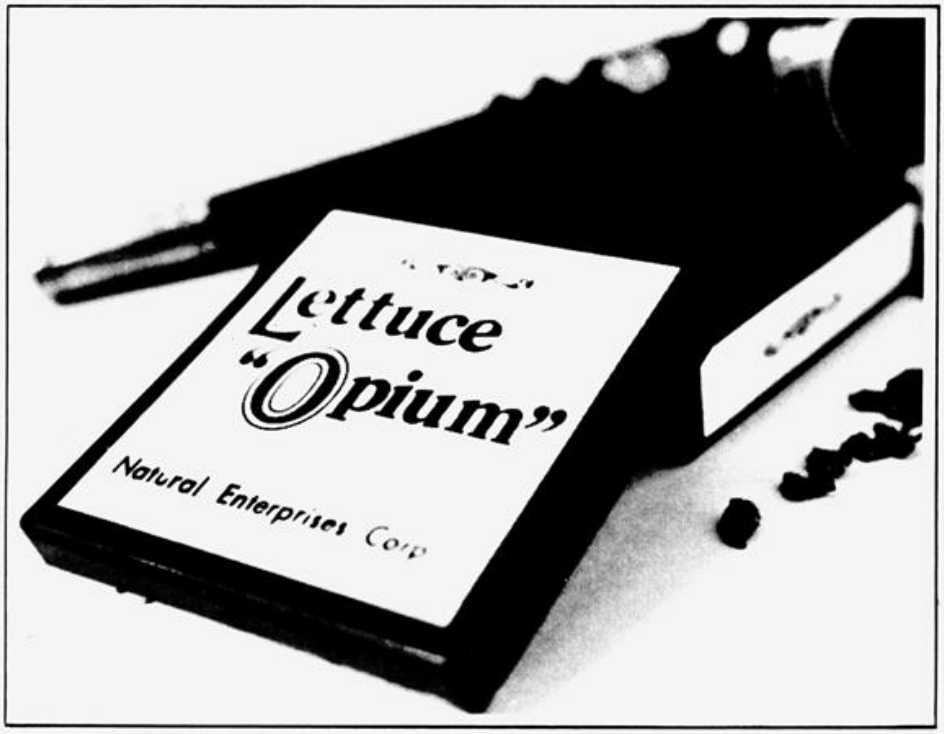
Then things take a turn for the worst. I brace myself, and for the next four days quaff the vile potions and smoke myself blind with the Special Blend. Nothing happens. The Chia Seeds bring me closer to vomiting than anything else.

It is over. I have reached the light at the end of the tunnel.

Still, there is a positive side to my ordeal. The Lettuce Opium *did* work, and I am pleased to report the constant abuse of these "extremely dangerous drugs" has not rendered me dead, diseased or impotent.

by Bob Rosen

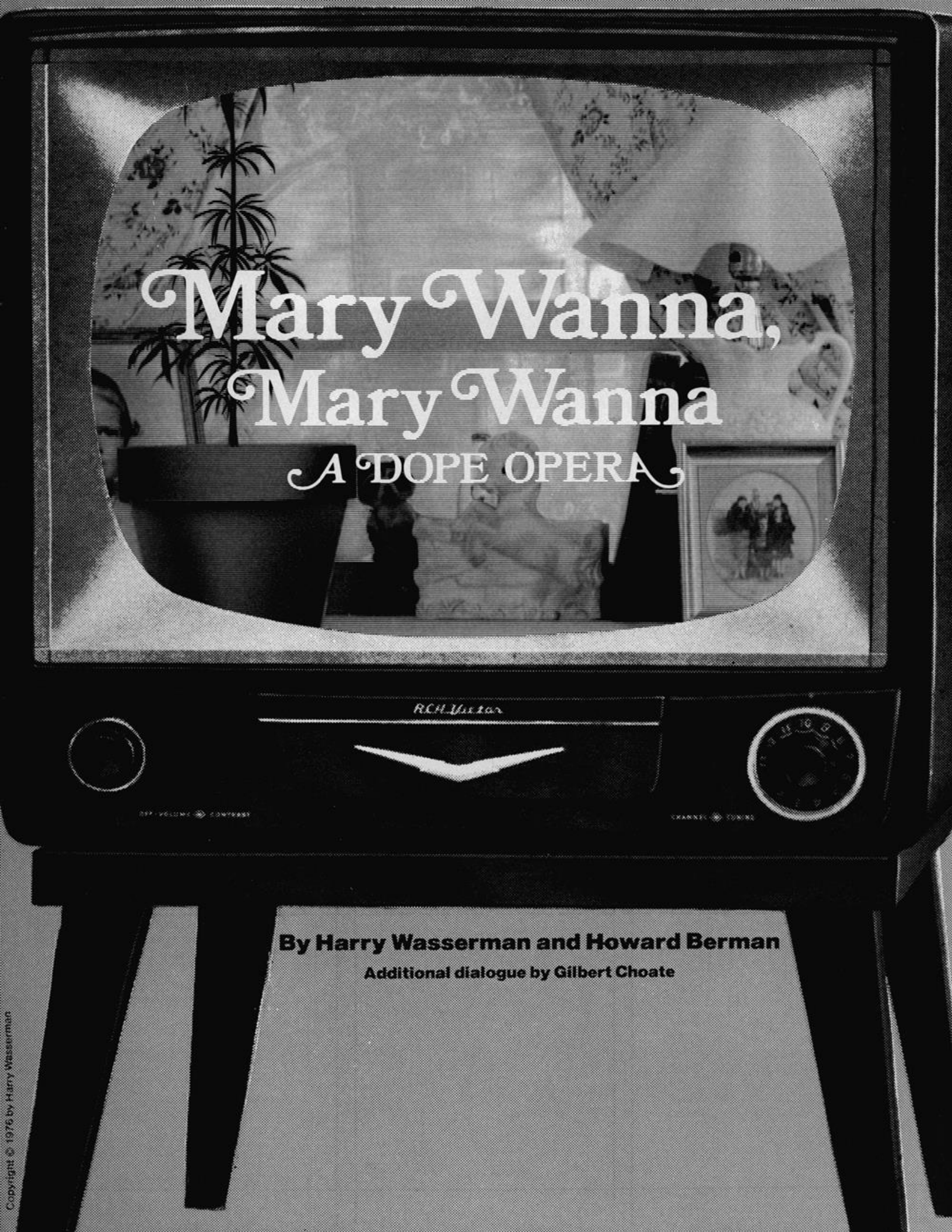
The Villager (March 11, 1976)



Our Lettuce "Opium" now comes packaged in attractive, sturdy, reusable plastic stash boxes. It sells for $4.00 plus 50¢ postage and handling. Please address all orders to:

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Mary Wanna, Mary Wanna

A DOPE OPERA

By Harry Wasserman and Howard Berman

Additional dialogue by Gilbert Choate

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Chapter One, in which Mary...



1. **TOM: Mary, Mary, wake up! What's the matter?**
MARY: Oh, Tom, I had a terrible nightmare—I dreamt I ate a giant mountain of cocaine!



4. ***Later...***
CATHY: You're sure this is Colombian?
MARY: How should I know? I'm not Geraldo Rivera.



5. **MARY: Well, we smoked almost the whole ounce... Are you feeling a buzz yet?**
CATHY: Look, Mary... I don't know how to tell you this... but your so-called dope... Have you ever read "Jack and the Beanstalk"?



8. **ABBIE: Say, Mary, is it getting hot in here or is your cop brother still sleeping over?**



9. **MARY: Dana left. It's cool. Here, Abbie, I'll turn on the fan....**
ABBIE: *Himmel! Oh, mein Gott!*



2. **TOM:** That doesn't sound so terrible.
MARY: When I woke up, my pillow was gone.



3. **MARY:** I'm leaving you, Tom.
TOM: But, Mary . . . *why?*
MARY: Tom, you couldn't get South American dope if your name was Martin Bormann.



6. *Later still . . .*
MARY: C'mon in, Abbie . . . Tom's out delivering pizzas! He won't be back for hours.
ABBIE: Ah, my little hash pipe . . . how pretty you are . . . The swallows are nesting in Valparaiso . . .



7. **ABBIE:** Mary, leave Tom, come with me, and I'll turn you on to more coke than you can handle with a dump truck . . .

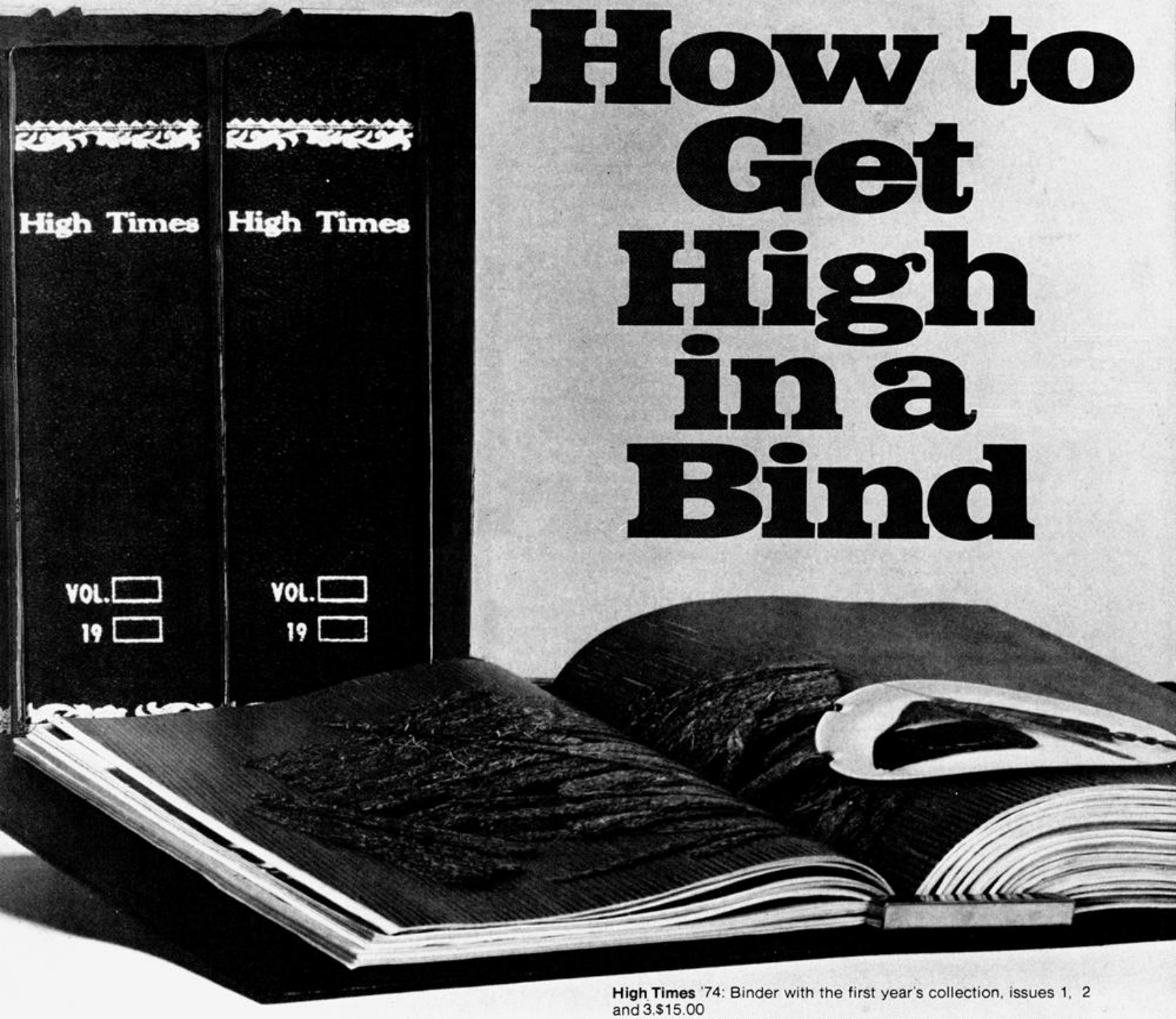


10. **TOM:** Totaled my pizza truck, slugged the boss, lost my job, now I get home and find you *blowing . . .*
ABBIE: Nine grams of primo Peruvian coca flake all over the rug! That'll be one thousand bucks, lady.



11. **MARY:** But it was such an *old* rug . . .

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NATIONAL WEED
AMERICA'S LEADING NEWSMAGAZINE
Nov. '76 No. 15

Narc Mercenaries Prey on Dealers

Five Indicted on Shakedown Raps

By Michael Chance

The New York District Attorney's office is investigating the possibility that members of New York's Police Department may be responsible for a series of armed robberies of dealers. So far five policemen have been indicted on 35 charges ranging from armed robbery to assault on dealers, in a continuing investigation that may result in more indictments. Several other robberies that occurred during the same period, but went unreported by dealers fearing exposure, bear similar earmarks to the reported thefts. Private investigators are seeking to find out if there is any link between the rips.

The officers charged so far are Matthew Smith, John Boos, Anthony Manisera, James Meehan and Joseph Wilczynski, all in their twenties. All are stationed at New York's 9th precinct, on the lower East Side, famed for its reputation as the stationhouse of tough-but-honest Kojak in the very popular TV series. New York District Attorney Robert M. Morgenthau announced their indictments early in July on charges of robbing over $30,000 from New York City drug dealers.

According to the indictments filed by the New York County Grand Jury, the officers stole jewelry and currency from four dealers on the lower East Side on six different occasions between November 11 and April 8. Two of the male dealers were pistol whipped. The other two dealers, who were women, were threatened at gunpoint.

The District Attorney's office and the New York City Police Department have clammed up about the investigation. Assistant District Attorney James Brown told *High Times* that the investigations were continuing. The grand jury is still impaneled, Brown acknowledged, but he refused to say whether any more indictments would follow. "I am not allowed to comment on an on-going investigation," said Brown, who is representing the District Attorney's office in the case.

The key question that official sources have declined to answer is that of who initiated the charges. The indictments do not specify the accuser—a somewhat unusual procedure, considering the nature of the charges. Brown said that "the information is not public." A police department spokesman also refused to divulge the source of the complaints, as did a spokeswoman at the 9th precinct.

An attorney who represents one of the victims of the unreported thefts and who asked to remain anonymous, explained the importance of the complaint source: "If the charges were filed by the victims, the police wouldn't be so circumspect. It suggests that the police department's own Organized Crime Control Bureau got after them. If that's the case, then they probably won't say anything about it until the investigation is over. The agents and the OCCB itself are highly secretive areas that cops are reluctant to discuss."

A check with Sgt. Peter Sweeney of the Manhattan-Bronx central headquarters illuminated the shadowy OCCB to some extent: "The Organized Crime Control Bureau is an in-house unit that searches out corrupt cops. It was instituted after the Knapp Commission findings in 1971. It's a whole new setup. Field associates observe other police and work right with them. Nobody knows who they are. The guy in the seat next to you might be reporting to one of the OCCB administrators, and not many people know who the administrators are, either. It makes the possibility of a conspiracy unlikely; you have to do it by yourself. Something like this 9th precinct thing is a rarity."

When asked if the indictments could have stemmed from an OCCB complaint, thus explaining the secrecy surrounding the origin of the charges, Sweeney said it was "a strong possibility. The men were on duty at the time of the incidents." Although the men were not technically members of the Narcotics Unit, which operates out of NYPD Central in midtown, some of the victims were placed under arrest for narcotics violations. A spokeswoman at the 9th precinct said that all men were in uniform at the time of the incidents; however, one of the indictments, that of John Boos, states that the defendent "displayed what appeared to be a pistol." This suggests the possibility that Boos, at least, was in plainclothes, perhaps as one of New York's countless undercover operatives. It is difficult to imagine that a fully uniformed cop with his large and exposed .38 special could pull out and brandish "what appeared to be a pistol." More likely, he was using the snub-nosed .357 magnum used by plainclothesmen.

The indictments follow a rash of thefts from New York dealers, particularly marijuana merchants. One group of dealers was robbed at gunpoint of $35,000 in a theft that bore a strong similarity to those reported, and another group of dealers narrowly avoided being robbed after a man identifying himself as a New York police officer was denied entrance during consummation of a high stakes deal. Dealers had already alleged cops were behind the schemes, and an article had been written and submitted to a New York media outlet weeks before the indictments.

The dealers' charges that cops are involved stem from a variety of factors. The sophisticated

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HIGH CRIMES

CIA Agent Implicated in Multiton Smuggling Scheme Importer Killed in Gunfight

An attorney for one of 11 defendants standing trial for smuggling in Oklahoma City last July charges that federal narcs set up and ran the entire operation. Bill Ravkind, representing Larry French, 31, of Parthenon, Arkansas, said that DEA agents talked defendants into the operation, describing enormous profits and minimal risks, then procured a DC-6 aircraft, hired the crew—which included an American Airlines flight engineer—renovated an airstrip in the Colombian jungle and arranged for the shipment of 250 sacks of marijuana.

The project was apparently conceived and directed by Joe Haas, a former CIA operative whom Ravkind described as a "professional entrapper." Presenting the government's case, U.S. Attorney Drew Neville described how Haas and other agents infiltrated the entire organization and followed its activities from Colombia to a transshipment point in Fayetteville, Arkansas, to distribution centers in Colorado, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

None of the defendants were aboard the plane on its return flight to the U.S., which was handled entirely by the narcs. There was a prearranged stopover in New Orleans so the DEA could take samples of the shipment and plant electronic monitors to aid in tracking it.

Daniel Paul Cormier, a Massachusetts native who had tried unsuccessfully to import marijuana four times in the last four years, was killed in a gunfight with one of his financial backers in his Fort Lauderdale, Florida, residence. Cormier had been busted in the Bahamas in 1973 with 1,200 pounds of pot. He was released after paying $15,000 in fines. His next two attempts, in Jamaica, were so closely monitored by narcs that he was unable to score a load of grass.

Finally, last June 6, Cormier docked safely in Fort Lauderdale with 181 pounds of Jamaican pot. At his home, however, he was confronted by Dennis Mongan, Sr., who accused him of stealing $15,000 that Mongan had paid up front for a marijuana shipment that never materialized.

Cormier tried to talk his way out, but then both men drew revolvers and started shooting. Cormier died with a bullet in the head; Mongan was seriously wounded with three shots in the abdomen.

• Sixty pounds of hash oil was discovered by Royal Canadian Mounties in a downtown Toronto hotel room last May. Stored in airtight plexiglass containers, the oil had recently arrived from Switzerland. Those arrested were Branislav Fench, 27, of Toronto, and Peter Dvorak, 33, Vladimir Vrany, 31, Joseph Peter Zikan, 36, and Edward Baftl, 38, all of Zurich, Switzerland.

• Thirteen people have been indicted by a federal grand jury in St. Paul, Minnesota, for allegedly conspiring to import seven tons of marijuana from Mexico. According to the grand jury, the pot was smuggled into the Southwest and distributed largely in Minnesota between March 1975 and February 1976. One of the defendants, William Lloyd Cooper, 46, led an unsuccessful snowmobile expedition from Minnesota to Moscow in 1972. Cooper's group reached Devon Island, north of the Arctic Circle, but was forced to turn back by warm weather. The expedition resumed its journey in 1973, but was again halted by thaws off the coast of Greenland.

• Three Californians were arrested in July for alleged possession of four tons of marijuana aboard a rented cabin cruiser moored on the west side of Santa Cruz Island in the Santa Barbara Channel. Two of the those arrested were Allen R. Ketchum, 27, and David Iroff, 30, both of Santa Barbara. The other suspect was not identified. According to Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Lieutenant George Bregant, the pot was Mexican, awaiting distribution into southern California.

• Police in Yokohama are hunting for an American artist in connection with a ring that allegedly smuggled LSD into Japan in pictures painted on paper that had been soaked in an LSD solution. Japanese narcs identified Californian Lamont H. Stuart as the ringleader after learning of the alleged plot from two Japanese accomplices already under arrest. According to the agents, Stuart first soaked five postcard-size pieces of art paper in liquid LSD. Then he dried them, painted a picture on each and framed them to fool customs officials.

The Japanese under arrest include Koji Kawamura, 24, of Tokyo, and Nobuhara Suzuki, 27, of Yokohama. The 27-year-old American painter first met Kawamura and Suzuki in November 1974 while they were working in California as travel guides. The trio allegedly smuggled the acid-laced paintings through Yokohama's Haneda Airport.

• Reports coming out of the Japanese Health and Welfare Ministry claim that 909 persons were arrested in 1975 for possessing or selling marijuana. The same report said that 48 persons were held for selling LSD and that 140 persons were held for cultivating opium poppies.

A total of 1,397 persons were arrested for possessing or selling drugs, a decrease of three persons from 1974. Most of the substances were smuggled into Japan from Thailand, South Korea, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, the Philippines and the United States, according to the report.

• Dr. Arthur Michael Carr pleaded not guilty to charges of smuggling 4,200 pounds of marijuana into Newfoundland aboard his yacht. Dr. Carr testified at his trial that he was forced to do it, that he was approached as he was about to leave on a vacation cruise and offered $30,000 to take a charter



Wide World

Under California's new decrim law, entertainer and Fabergé "tigress" Lola Falana was sentenced to one year's probation and a $100 fine by a Los Angeles court after pleading guilty to a single count of pot possession. Falana was arrested over a year ago after police claimed they spotted the weed growing over the rail of her apartment patio.

group from Antigua to Boston. Later the fee was changed to $100,000, and he was told he would be transporting pot from Colombia to Canada. He claims one of the conspirators warned him that "anyone who got in their way would be dead." Seven others are wanted or awaiting trial in connection with the seizure.

• A Pasadena, California, man was arrested at his home for alleged possession of 19,000 amphetamine tablets and one kilo of high-quality pot. The suspect is Frank Easley, 47; his home was raided as the result of a phone tip.

• The man whose car collided with President Ford's limousine earlier this year has been released on bail on a drug charge. James Salamites, a sheet-metal worker from Meriden, Connecticut, was picked up on a parking violation. While he was looking for a piece of paper in his glove compartment, police spotted a hash pipe, searched the car and allegedly found five grams of hashish. The unfortunate man was also charged with creating a disturbance by "screaming and yelling and jumping up and down."

• Customs agents arrested Joseph Alex Penney, 36, of San Diego, California, and charged him with importing 2,845 pounds of pot underneath the bed of a tractor-trailer. Bail was set at $25,000.

• Coronado, California, police found 4,200 pounds of marijuana in a rubber raft on the Silver Strand beach near San Diego. Officer Paul Crook saw a pickup truck parked on the beach at 2 A.M. and drove up to take a look. The truck drove away, leaving behind one man and the boatload of dope. Two others in the truck were arrested after a chase that led into Imperial Beach. Those arraigned were: Max Denham, 21, an abalone diver; his brother Marcus Denham, 23, and Richard Michael Bates, 22, both students.

• Police in San Dimas, California, near Los Angeles, uncovered 4,400 pounds of marijuana concealed in 400 crates of green onions. Richard Martinez, 32, Louie Morales, 33, and Patrick Kerwin, 36, were booked on charges of possession for sale. Two officers investigating a reported burglary at Kerwin's home found pot under a layer of ice and onions in one crate in the house. The other crates were discovered in a truck parked near the house.

• Eight persons were arrested in Thousand Oaks, Ventura County, California, on suspicion of possessing 1,500 pounds of grass. Those booked were Keith Hickenbottom, 29, Steve Gee, 24, John Russel, 22, Robert Riebe, Jr., 24, Michael Huitron, 27, Vincent Balardo, 32, Alan Bashara, 33, and Howard Gordon, 27. The arrests were the result of a two-month investigation.



Daily Register

How high is your garden? The grass grew eight feet tall at the Exotic Gardens in Holmdel, New Jersey, until local police confiscated 53 marijuana plants grown by three Jones brothers, who operate this botanical haven.

• Calling the bust the end of the "biggest pot-smuggling operation in North America," narcotics agents arraigned Roger Fry of Mill Valley, California, and 22 co-defendants in a Detroit court. Authorities allege that Fry and his associates had set up a nationwide organization to import pot in large quantities and distribute it by the ton. All 23 have pleaded guilty. For the plea, Fry is expected to be rewarded with a ten-year sentence, without parole. Additional arrests are expected in the case in Boston, Minneapolis, Miami, Washington and Seattle.

• Border Patrol and DEA agents arrested five persons on smuggling charges and confiscated 2,419 pounds of marijuana in recent developments along the Mexican border. Anthony Fazzone, 39, of Chula Vista, California, was apprehended after agents allegedly watched his unlighted van leave a nearby mesa and approach a highway. A spokesman said 1,733 pounds of marijuana was found in the van. Four others are being held in federal prison in San Diego for conspiracy to import pot. Mark Algar and Scarlett Cunningham of Chula Vista and Carlos Perez and Larry Estrada of Tijuana were allegedly transporting 576 pounds when they were busted.

• A customs agent on the bridge across the Rio Grande at Hidalgo, Texas, had a hunch that an oil tanker was carrying more than fuel. He called ahead to the Customs Patrol office in McAllen to request an investigation. Agents followed the truck until it turned into an orange grove. They reportedly watched something being unloaded from it into five smaller vehicles. Moving in for a closer look, they allegedly found two and a half tons of pot. Charged with illegal import were Vincente Hernandez, Jr., 20, of McAllen, Texas, and Rene Salinas Salinas, 28, of Edinburg, Texas.

• Narcs bought 250,000 methedrine tablets from two men in a Riverside, California, parking lot, then arrested the pair moments later. Albert Romero, 23, and Danny Trenton, 28, both of San Bernardino, were booked into Riverside County jail. Bail was set at $10,000 each.

• A predawn sweep in Florida's Hillsborough County resulted in the arrest of 27 persons on dope charges last June. The raids culminated a two-month investigation that used four court-ordered wiretaps. County Sheriff Malcolm Beard explained that most of those arrested were thought to be large-scale dealers in marijuana, hashish, cocaine, barbiturates or amphetamines. Beard said that he expected a total of about 50 arrests by the end of the day. Several smaller dealers were also arrested incidentally, he said, and six vehicles belonging to the victims were confiscated.

• Guards at Cameron County (Texas) Jail don't care if female visitors give inmates kisses sweeter than wine, but if the kisses are as sweet as marijuana—well, that's another story. Therefore, when Patricia J. Schultz, 20, obtained a special pass to visit her boyfriend and announced her intention to give him a big kiss, the guards became suspicious. Jail Matron F. Harper unromantically decided to search the woman's mouth. She allegedly found a small balloon with enough pot for two joints.

The guards promptly took away her temporary visitor's pass and gave her a more permanent one. She was arraigned on a weed possession charge before Justice of the Peace Ed Serabia and jailed in lieu of $2,500 bond. Officials said they were watching Ms. Schultz because they suspected she had slipped her beau some pot while kissing him during a previous visit to the jail.

• Contradictory actions by the pilot of a plane carrying 1,800

(continued on page 94)

HIGH CRIMES

(continued from page 93)

pounds of marijuana resulted in his arrest. Customs agents at Teterboro Airport near Hackensack, New Jersey, became suspicious when they saw cartons being hastily unloaded from a twin-engine plane of a type usually used only for passengers. As the cargo was being loaded into a rented van, pilot Errol Jay Mirmelli of Miami told agents the packages contained ceramics. The customs men said they doubted this because of the frenzied way in which they were being thrown into the van.

Mirmelli was reportedly unable to tell the agents the exact address of the ceramics' supposed Manhattan destination. Agents also found in the van a rental contract that specified the transport of musical instruments as the van's use. Still, Mirmelli told the customs officials, "This is domestic cargo—get lost." Instead of taking his advice, they opened a carton and found the dope.

Defense Attorney Matthew Boylan attempted to suppress the evidence, arguing that Customs jurisdiction is limited to flights arriving from foreign countries. U.S. District Court Judge Frederick B. Lacey, however, ruled that in this case the agents' justifiable suspicions gave them the right to open the packages. Boylan, formerly New Jersey's top prosecutor, also moved to question the validity of the state's laws classifying marijuana as a dangerous substance, but this motion was also denied.



Daily Register

Asbury Park New Jersey, police load 53 pot plants onto a truck after a raid at Exotic Gardens, a local wholesale plant company. Also reportedly seized in the raid were an undetermined number of peyote cacti. The owners of Exotic Gardens—Donald, Frederick and Richard Jones—were charged with growing marijuana, possession with intent to distribute and possession of peyote. New Jersey classifies possession of peyote as a high misdemeanor.

• A cracked windshield led to a recent pot bust when David O'Rourke, 23, of San Diego, California, was stopped while traveling on Interstate Route 80 in Warren County, New Jersey. A passing cop noticed that O'Rourke's windshield was cracked. When O'Rourke was unable to produce the car's registration, the auto was searched, and 200 pounds of pot were discovered in the trunk.

• About 100 three-foot marijuana plants were harvested by police in Spokane County, Washington. Walter M. Lowery, 26, was booked for possession; bail was set at $5,000. The plants were visible from a nearby road; someone spotted them and notified the heat.

• Over 650 pounds of Colombian grass were seized by customs agents from a twin-engine Piper Navajo on an airstrip near Lakeland, Florida. Arrested were Joseph Frank Salomone of Miami, and James Bender of Hollywood, Florida. Both are charged with smuggling and possession, third-degree felonies in Florida, which carry a maximum sentence of ten years. The airplane was confiscated by the Customs agents, who used it for flying to the trial.

• At press time, a U.S. District Court jury in Reno, Nevada, was deliberating the fate of George Dipp, an El Paso, Texas, businessman accused of financing a marijuana smuggling operation. Dipp and his associates allegedly flew 14 loads of over 1,500 pounds each into the area of Tonopah, Nevada. He is also accused of providing money for the purchase of a fixed-base operation at the Tonopah Airport from State Senator Richard Blakemore.

• Marijuana rolled out of the cockpit when a plane loaded with more than 1,000 pounds of grass wrapped in paper, plastic and burlap bags made a crash landing on a ranch near Hereford, Texas. Officials believe that the twin-engine plane was headed for either Kentucky or the East Coast and that at least five Kentuckians are involved in what County Sheriff Travis McPherson termed "a highly organized operation."

This was the third plane carrying large amounts of pot to have landed in the area in recent months. The first such recorded landing netted 1,300 pounds of marijuana and two arrests; the second, another twin-engine, involved two tons of weed and resulted in three arrests.

Narcs said the pilot of the plane, believed to be from Murray, Kentucky, must have been searching for a spot to make a drop when the plane crashed. The plane was not badly damaged, and the pilot escaped before anyone arrived on the scene.

• Two Californians were sentenced to a year and a day for conspiracy to distribute over 1,100 pounds of marijuana. Gary Dale Lents, 26, and Craig Waters Bowditch, 29, were arrested in a drug roundup last January in Rancho Santa Fe, near San Diego.



Roger Sandler

Rock/pop musician Neil Diamond was busted for alleged possession of one ounce of marijuana. Sixteen deputies spent three hours searching his Bel Air, California, home for the haul. Diamond reportedly dispensed autographed copies of his latest albums to the officers as they left his home. Police dubbed the singer very "cooperative." Under California law, Diamond faces a maximum penalty fine of $100.

both pleaded guilty to the charges.

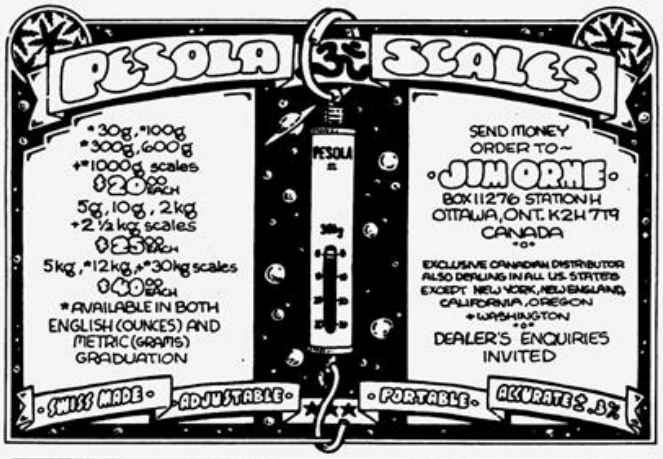
• More than 20,000 pills were confiscated by Tulsa, Oklahoma, police, and five people were busted. Charged with distribution of and conspiracy to distribute a controlled substance were Roy L. Cecil, 28, Randy L. Manzer, 23, George C. Wedel, 23, Michael S. Wedel, 22, and Gary W. Thomas, 28. 10,000 Libriums, 13,000 suspected barbiturates, and nine ounces of methamphetamine were confiscated.

• A hospital pharmacy technician was arrested for possession of marijuana and narcotics. Narcs found 200 tablets of unidentified "dangerous drugs," 90 prescription pills, and a small undisclosed amount of marijuana in the home of James L. Bailey, 24. Sandra K. Frick, 23, was also booked on the same charges. A hospital spokesperson said that the drugs apparently had not been taken from the hospital.

• Two California men were arrested on charges of conspiracy, sale, and transporation of "restricted dangerous drugs." Albert Romero, 23, and Danny Trenton, 28, both of San Bernardino, were arrested after allegedly selling 250,000 methamphetamine to undercover narcs in a Riverside County parking lot. Romero was also jailed for investigation of possession of heroin for sale.

• Kannapolis, North Carolina, police confiscated 118 pounds of homegrown pot—the biggest grass bust ever in Cabarrus County. Gerald Monroe Wellmon, 26, was charged with growing, harvesting and possession of the crop, while Judy Marie Flowers, 21, was arraigned for felonious possession. Police found six burlap bags of evidence in the woods near Boy Scout Camp Road after an anonymous tip; Lieutenant Harley E. Tucker said that some of the plants were over four feet tall, and had to admit that they were "very good quality for this area."

• Calvin Franklin, 52, of Mableton, Georgia, is being held as the alleged pilot of a Lockheed Lodestar carrying 3,800 pounds of Colombian weed. Franklin and his plane were seized at Charlie Brown Airport in Fulton, Georgia. Officers were alerted after Franklin made an unauthorized refueling stop in Anniston, Alabama. The plane hurriedly took off from Anniston as state authorities were approaching to investigate the unscheduled landing. The Federal Aviation Administration tracked down the craft by radar.



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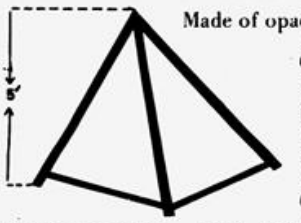
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Narc Mercenaries

(continued from page 91)

knowledge of dope lines into the city by the rips suggests to some that knowledge for the setups is coming from a coordinated effort. Also cited was the frequent use of police credentials to gain entrance. They also point to several recent cases of cops busted for ripping dealers as signs of a pattern.

"It's the cops MO," related one dealer. "Sleazoes, scruffoes, pervoes, and rips don't act the way these guys did. They came in slick as a whistle, pulled guns, tied us up and ran off with two full Grasshoppers *(ed. note:* 'Grasshoppers' are a type of luggage popularly used by dope transporters on Amtrak and Greyhound lines) before we could say a word. I tried to get the gun from one, but he pulled it away. Later, when we were tied up on the floor he came over and stomped on my face. Just like a cop." The stomped dealer and his partners took a dive for 35 logs on the rip.

The incident took place only a few blocks from the scene of the other thefts. The guns used were a sawed-off shotgun and a .38 special. Also, the robbers were Puerto Rican, as were the victims. In fact, all of the victims in the reported thefts were Puerto Rican, as well as two of the cops indicted.

Another group of dealers was luckier. Shortly after receiving a large shipment from the Southern Dealers' Association, the group was breaking the bales into shake and buds for pounding. There was a knock at the door, and when one of the men looked out there was a man in a blue suit with a badge in his hand demanding entrance. "He had gotten past the guard somehow," recalls one of the people present. "At first we figured it was a bust. We were scared shitless. Dick kept asking the guy what he wanted, and he kept saying 'Open up, this is the police,' and flashing his badge at the peephole. There was maybe sixty pounds scattered around on the floor. Obviously we couldn't let him in, though he must have followed us there and knew what we were doing. We just started cleaning the stuff up, waiting for them to break down the door, 'cause we figured he had others with him, even though we couldn't see anybody. After about ten minutes, during which he rang and rang the bell, we looked out again and he was gone. We looked out the window, and there were these two guys, not the guy at the peephole, leaving the building. They had on long coats, the kind you can hide guns under.

"If that guy was really a cop, he would have stated his business. And if he wasn't, he was going to rip us off. I'm sure that's what happened. He followed us from the airport and knew we were holding. And there were probably others. If we would have opened that door, those guys would have rushed in and put guns at our heads and stole our pot."

Fear of cop thefts intensified in May when Brooklyn narco detective Frank King was acquitted by a jury on federal theft charges stemming from a bust in the winter of 1974. King, head of the Special Investigations Unit that serves as home base for narc squads, was charged with pocketing $4,000 of $4,500 seized in a raid on a woman's home. Several pounds of marijuana were confiscated in the bust, along with the money. When the evidence against her was introduced in court, however, some of the pot and four grand were missing. Although witnesses testified to seeing the money in King's possession, and King was admittedly the person who signed the $500 in as taken in the raid, the jury let King off anyway, basing their decision on a "scourge of the earth" philosophy.

Shortly after King's acquittal, the shakedowns accelerated. Two rips, two attempted rips and several other possible attempts occurred in the next few months. All of the incidents involved marijuana. One of the rips required highly synchronized movements by the thieves and information from at least three widely separated cities. The victims also agreed that the police were the only organization capable of gathering intelligence of this sort.

One proposed theory is that cops idled by budget cuts coupled with the no-arrest policy on marijuana in New York have tempted ex-cops to turn to the relatively low-risk area of pot dealing. Since they know the ropes and routes, rips would be easy. Although there is no evidence to support this, it is true, according to Sgt. Sweeney, that "the narc squad was one of the hardest hit by the budget slashes." The seniority system used as a basis for layoffs affects the youngest officers first, and the narco squad is almost all officers in their twenties and early thirties. The average age of New York cops since the layoffs is the oldest in the nation—38.

As for the no-arrest policy on pot dealers, Captain Hennessy of the Manhattan South Narcotics Squad was reported recently as saying, "Marijuana is our lowest priority. Arresting these dealers is costing the city money and is accomplishing very little. The courts are overcrowded now, and the judges and District Attorney don't want to handle marijuana cases."

HYBRID HIGH

Heads in the Midwest report that people's plant pathologists have developed a cannabis strain capable of producing high-potency pot in the short growing season of the nation's fertile breadbasket. The process involves cross-semination between the rugged, fast-growing hemp plants native to the area and the more exotic cannabis imports. The new strains are expected by some observers to revolutionize the commercial marijuana industry.

The wedding of imported smoke to her northern neighbors is the result of several years of experimentation by aficionados of home-grown smoke. The pot that grows in the area—southern Wisconsin, northern Illinois, and parts of Indiana and Iowa—is a hardy, versatile variety bred by the military for hemp fiber during World War II. It has almost no THC content. Potent imported varieties of weed, particularly Colombian, flourish when planted but seldom mature before frost kills them. Pot horticulturists have long sought a consummation between the different strains.

The secret, one grower told *High Times*, is cross-breeding male plants from the Mississippi valley with female plants from high-altitude Colombia. This produces a progeny capable of generational advancement. The flowers from the Andean mountain valleys mate enthusiastically with the male plants from the moist, verdant Mississippi valley. Soil conditions are similar, and temperature variations between the climates are not so diverse as might be expected, owing to the lower temperatures at the 6,000-foot plus elevation where recommended flowers - originate.

High altitude Colombian pot can be determined by its color, *High Times* was told. "Most reds, and all golds," will get into the genes of the female flower. Hybrids of Mexican ancestry seem to be affected by the wide temperature divergence and produce spindly plants that seldom reach the stage where they can be cross-fertilized.

Military planted first pot crops

The area where the new hybrids are being sown has long fascinated home-grown pot fans for the physical size and strength of the plants that grow there. A special strain developed by the military to provide fiber for rope during World War II, the tough plants resist heavy frost, produce hundreds of seedy flowers and spring to maturity in little more than three months. Many reach heights of over 20 feet, and it is now unusual to see insouciant hipsters swaying in hammocks anchored to two towering stalks. But the plants fail to intoxicate.

In 1969 federal officials began an investigation into the fertile corn and dairy belt that had formerly grown rope. The military strain, it turned out, had adapted well, proliferating with astonishing success. By the late Sixties, plants were as common as crab grass in many areas. Fearing wide-spread drug use, the DEA designated the area a "high-risk for crime" area and launched an herbicidal war against the plants. This was coupled with reward incentives for farmers who turned in suspected plants, and there were even seminars conducted in identification and reporting of the illegal vegetable.

The marijuana, which until then had been considered merely a nuisance, soon disappeared from ditches and cornfields and began reappearing in barns and bags. Though it was quickly realized the pot was worthless for smoking—a lesson many of the unaware paid a high price to learn—it was nonetheless evidence that a large and flowery variety of the herb could be grown in the three-month growing season. The search for a potent hybrid has been on ever since.

According to people who have smoked the new weed, which grows to over ten feet, the smoke is thick and oily, not unlike fresh Colombian, with about half the potency of its predecessor, at prices ranging from $75 to $125 a pound. Accordingly, local importers charging up to $550 a pound for imports are feeling the crunch. One underground paper in Wisconsin reported that the "Midwest Dealers' Association" was examining the possibility of purchasing potent homegrown to assure that the bottom is not blown out of their own market. A story reported that the Association is offering $40 a pound for homegrown and is reselling it along with imported lines at $75 to $100 a pound as "day-smoke."

JOHN WILCOCK'S OTHER SCENES

Clinical tests are about to begin in Britain of the contraceptive stamp, a small square of edible paper soaked in the same chemicals that make up birth control pills. The sheets of 21 perforated stamps, a month's supply, are being produced by Schering Chemicals, a British subsidiary of the Berlin pharmaceutical firm that developed the drug from an idea originating in China. The trials will involve 1,000 British women and continue for one year before the stamp is approved for general use.

Since the British equivalent of the ERA went into effect, advertisers have been thinking of ingenious ways to circumvent it. One firm advertised: "What we really wanted was a miniskirted, blue-eyed blonde, but under the Sex Discrimination Act we (have to) say that we require a receptionist." Among the 60 responses—all from women—was 17-year-old Deborah Farden, blue-eyed and wearing a miniskirt. She was hired. Eton College, however, got only male responses to their request for a dining room assistant to "share a room with another lady." The BBC has been airing some of the more ingenious ads, among them this one: "Experienced storekeeper, either sex, provided they have at least five years' experience, are fluent in German and look like Marlene Dietrich in her early twenties."

U.S. patent no. 3,936,384, recently filed, is for a bar of "religious soap" with a crucifixion scene on one side and the words of a prayer on the other.

Snail smuggling has become a problem in the Savoy area of France, where local gourmets are complaining about the growing numbers of Swiss "tourists" who cross the border especially to poach the region's fine-tasting snails. Meanwhile, over in Geneva, a retired French film producer has been taking orders for his new $250 "escape-proof" snailery, in which eating snails are bred and raised surrounded by copper wires through which a 12-volt current circulates to discourage peripatetic snails that might otherwise take a little walk.

Toilet rolls bearing English language lessons—six words to a roll, 13 different rolls—are becoming best sellers in Tokyo, where they are produced by the Kyotomi Shigyo company.

If it's okay to dose the public water supply with fluoride, then why not add LSD? The question comes from 25-year-old Greg Horman, an Australian freak who's legally changed his name to Mr. Everyone and who says he's already tried dosing the Melbourne water by dropping acid into the Upper Yarra Dam and that he plans to try it again next month with a bigger supply. "If I had my way," he says, "LSD would be added to the drinking water in all houses of Parliament so that politicians would start to think."

As part of her postgraduate project, a student at England's York University has been asking fellow students how much they would charge or be willing to pay for fucking a stranger. More than 150 students at the college have been asked to fill out the 22-point questionnaire which asks for age, sex, religion, marital status and whether they are virgins. Economics professor Alan Maynard deadpans, "This young lady is trying to see whether a supply and demand curve in sexual behavior can be measured."

Two years after his death, kung fu star Bruce Lee still tops the popularity poll conducted monthly among readers of Japan's Roadshow magazine. In fact there hasn't been a month since 1973 when Lee didn't get most of the readers' votes, and the magazine has dreamed up a variety of ingenious ways to write about him. Recent issues of Roadshow have included interviews with Van Williams, star of the "Green Hornet" series in which Lee played a valet; with James Franciscus on whose TV series "Longstreet" Lee once appeared, and a blockbuster article entitled "A Tour Through Those Towns Where Bruce Lee Walked" in which Koichi Hino retraces the master's footsteps through Rome, Bombay, Madras and Hong Kong.

Britain's margarine manufacturers have been comparing their product favorably with the higher-priced spread in ads for years, but now they've gone too far, says the Independent Broadcasting Authority. Because recent margarine ads have depicted "worried-looking" cows, the IBA (which dictates what can be seen on British television screens) has ruled that the word *butter* can no longer be used in commercials for margarine because it is misleading.

The Scotch whiskey industry, reeling from declining sales and imitation whiskeys produced in Japan and some African states, is about to face competition from the tiny Isle of Man—a tax haven situated about midway between England and Ireland. At his Kella Mill distillery on the island, Lucien Landau claims to have produced "instant whiskey" that has all the flavor of the real thing, but without the necessary aging period of three years.

So-called "junk food" is clearly not just an American phenomenon according to a survey of British eating habits. In the past four years consumption of potato chips and canned food has increased steadily (as have milk, booze and cheese consumption), with a corresponding drop in the demand for meat, fish, eggs, fresh fruit and tea. Soybean substitutes are coming up strong, with several giant conglomerates battling for supermarket supremacy with a range of soybean meat extenders, or sometimes as a replacement for meat itself.

French Canadians, it appears, haven't been given any choice about how to extend *their* meat. It's been done for them in many cases by unscrupulous food processors adding "la charogne" in huge quantities to sausage, salami, hamburger and hot dogs. All these are products in which impurities are hard to detect and *la charogne* (for which the English word is carrion) is the charitable way of describing meat that has been rejected by abbatoirs—usually because the animal had died before the slaughterhouse could get around to killing it. Since 1967, a Quebec investigation commission has just announced, more than 700,000 pounds of carrion was used by one Montreal firm alone, most of the putrid meat having decorated pepperoni pizzas. If you visited Montreal's Expo '67, maybe you tasted some of it.

General Mills, Nabisco, Kelloggs and other manufacturers of breakfast cereals are charging as much as $75 per bushel for the wheat and corn that they have puffed, sugared and packaged in fancy boxes, charges Farmers' Union Secretary Robert Lewis. Farmers who actually grow the wheat and corn get paid about $2.95 per bushel for it, he says.

Meanwhile the popularity of ginseng—the U.S. *exported* more than 200,000 pounds of the root last year—is stimulating varied uses for the exotic root. One South Korean firm has devised a cigarette holder containing a portion of the root, and smoke drawn through the ginseng—says the sales pitch—will cure a multitude of aches and pains.

Drinking patterns, too, are changing. Not in Russia, however, where nobody was much surprised to learn that 500,000 drunken drivers were charged last year and that more than half the country's crimes are committed under the influence of liquor. Three quarters of Russia's schoolboys, said a recent Soviet report, are regular vodka drinkers by the time they are 12. But Africans and Australians are increasingly sipping cider as Bulmer's, Britain's biggest cider brewer, continues a worldwide expansion. America, where cider is disdained as little more than alcoholic apple juice, is the company's next target.

American drinkers are turning more and more to "light" beers. And up-and-coming Millers, having spent around $10 million—more than six times the industry average—to publicize its low-caloric Lite, is off to a good head start (no pun intended). Top three in the beer business are still Anheuser-Busch, Schlitz and Pabst, but Millers now looks like it is sharing fourth place with Coors, whose sales dropped two percent in the first half of 1975. Coors' sales took off after publicity about it being drunk by hip celebrities and flown to the White House aboard Air Force One, but a decline set in when Adolph Coors' right wing connections began to be bruited about.

Milk may be going off the diet of some Australians whose big cities have been under attack by gangs of milk rustlers who describe themselves as members of the "Dairy Liberation Front." The rustlers steal bottles from people's doorsteps shortly after the milkman makes his early morning rounds. A polite note is left explaining that, "because of your privileged position in society, you have been chosen to contribute your milk to people for whom buying milk is a luxury."

DRUGS FROM A TO Z



Michael Kienitz

Secretary studies comp printout listing some of STASH's 45,000 indexed entries in their library.

By Andrea Schwartz

In a low, white warehouse on an inconspicuous corner in downtown Madison, Wisconsin, stands the best drug information resource center in this country. The Student Association for the Study of Hallucinogens (STASH). It was launched in 1967 by two students at Beloit College in Wisconsin. Leif Zerkin, one of the founders, now 27, said STASH was started "because there wasn't a reliable or accurate source of drug information for students, the only prominent sources being the AMA and the government—both of whom were lying."

"Leif and I were working in a medical library in Chicago during a break from Beloit and began coming across all this information on drugs, which we were interested in for ourselves and others. It was completely different than what Life magazine was saying," Jim Gamage, STASH's other founder, said. So sprang the idea to collect published drug literature and reprint it in newsletter, journal and book form. Zerkin and Gamage recruited some 80 scientists doing research in the drug field to endorse them and lend legitimacy in terms of getting money to fund the project.

"Our major thrust at that time was hallucinogenics and marijuana," said Zerkin. "We concentrated on reprinting material on that until we had enough information to publish our first annotated bibliography on marijuana, called, *A Comprehensive Guide to the English-Language Literature on Cannabis.*

STASH is a nonprofit organization, currently self-sufficient via subscriptions and membership fees. The New World Foundation has donated some $40,000 over the years. STASH has also been funded by Ralph Nader and Voter Registration Drives in the South.

But the Nixon administration's Tax Reform Act of 1969, set up to shut down liberal and radical organizations so that they could no longer fund political activities, put a lid on some of the incoming money. General Mills paid STASH $5,000 in 1969 to collate a directory of treatment organizations in the U.S. Mary Reynolds Babcock in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, "sent us $5,000 or $10,000 a few years ago to further our activities," Gamage said. "We used it to stay alive."

"The only thing we've done for the government (in 1971-72) was to produce drug fact sheets for them to distribute to the public and to professionals," Gamage remarked.

"Now we are funded solely by publication sales and memberships," Gamage said. "Most of our income goes back into researching drug literature and printing promotion catalogues."

The organization is comprised of a core group of 12 persons who handle mailing, promotion, librarian duties, publication and research for drug articles. "These are local people in a hand-to-mouth organization. Everyone gets $3.25 an hour," he said.

The two basic principles which guide the formation of STASH policies, services and materials are as follows:

1. That no drug is intrinsically good or bad; it is only each particular human use that can be viewed as beneficial or detrimental.

2. That drugs and their uses are complicated, and those working with drugs have the responsibility of educating themselves. In learning about drugs, people must not only study what authorities say, but must bring themselves up to a level of competence on drug culture trends, summaries of current drug research findings and critiques of recent developments in strategies to control and prevent drug misuse through education and legislation.

Speed: The Current Index to the Drug Abuse Literature is a biweekly newsletter that lists bibliographic data which permits evaluation of the information that comes into their hands.

STASH stocks a thorough library of over 700 books relating to psychoactive drugs. The files consist of 40,000 reprinted articles of published drug literature, broken down by subject.

"This library gives a well-grounded source of information for us by which we can prepare drug bibliographies," Zerkin said. The library staff compiles bibliographies, which list publications of books and drugs. These can be researched for the specific needs of persons requesting information on any drug-related topic.

STASH *Capsules* is a monthly publication, begun in 1969, which focuses on 150-200 recently published drug abuse and pharmaceutical documents. It is organized under 400 major and 150 minor categories. Annual circulation is about 1,000. Subscriptions are $25 for individuals and $30 for institutions.

"We've had some financial struggles, but most were minor," said Zerkin. "At one point we accepted an offer from the National Coordinating Council on Drug Education to help them put out their publication, *Grassroots.* Our financial situation later improved, and we bought out the publication."

STASH's *Grassroots* is a monthly publication that prints data and synthesized literature from a wide range of professional journals and underground publications. It covers 24 topics of drugs and drug-related themes. Some are the historical aspects of drugs, public policy, law enforcement, street drug analyses, treatment and upcoming conferences.

Subscribers ($115 a year) to *Grassroots* also receive STASH *Capsules,* Directory of Drug Information and Treatment Organization (a binder of profiles of over 2,000 North American agencies, available only to *Grassroots* subscribers) and *Speed.*

In 1970 STASH collaborated with the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic to publish the quarterly *Journal of Psychedelic Drugs.* The *Journal* is a forum for the study of drugs and drug culture, providing continuously updated information. Of all STASH's publications, the *Journal* has the highest circulation—4,000 a year. Subscriptions are $20 a year for individuals and $30 for institutions. STASH prints educational pamphlets for use in classrooms and drug-related programs. The 28 pamphlets include articles from the *Journal of Psychedelic Drugs* and articles researched and written by members of the STASH staff. Like Cliff Notes for a complicated novel, these are much more simplified than STASH's other publications. "They're readable, and that's what counts here," Zerkin explained.

STASH also publishes several book-length informational guides and drug bibliographies. "Women and Drug Use: An Annotated Bibliography" was compiled by STASH librarian Susan J. Christenson and Director Alice Q. Swanson. This catalogues publications of books and articles in six areas: psychotherapeutic drugs, narcotics, cigarettes, alcohol, treatment and drug advertising. Reviews of literature in these areas (from 1937 to 1974) are included.

Membership in STASH costs $150 a year. It entitles one to subscriptions to all publications and copies of new books. Members may have three free library searches on any requested drug or drug-related topic.

The staff of STASH thought once of getting involved in doing street drug analyses, but the money and time it would have exhausted seemed to be too high a stake.

"It would have cost thousands of dollars to bring it through the courts," Gamage said. "Fortunately, there are other places that do analyses."

"We have faith in what we're doing here," Zerkin said. "Truth is always something to believe in."



FEMME FATALE

The Lincoln Center Library in New York was the scene of a recent symposium on women writers. **Elizabeth Janeway** moderated, with speakers **Cynthia Ozick,** poet **Muriel Rukeyser** and novelists **Lois Gould** and **Jill Robinson** rounding out the women-only gathering. One emerging discussion knocked about had to do with whether there are separate male and female psychologies, ideas, or experience by virtue of gender. Ms. Ozick reiterated our favorite noble thoughts on the subject: "Literature universalizes, it does not divide I am unbodied—I cannot say I am a woman writer." **Vivian Gornick** stated the opposing view succinctly: "Supremacy of imagination knows no sex, but the heart of our experience is our sexual being. I do believe there is something known as feminine sensibility." Ms. Rukeyser struck a familiarly poignant chord: "One of the things that had to do with being a girl was, if I went as far as I could go and a little beyond, I disappointed my family; I terrified my family."

New York sociologist Dr. **Florence L. Denmark** said the rate of increase in female arrests between 1960 and 1973 was three times that of males, including violent crimes. She observed, "Kitchen knives have given way to pistols and sawed-off shotguns," for reasons even more fundamental than women's liberation. The female offender "may feel dominated by men or even wish to imitate men or to obtain male approval for her actions."

The Canadian government is demanding an investigation of the execution-style slaying of **Anna Mae Aquash,** an American Indian activist from Nova Scotia. Shot in South Dakota a year ago, Aquash's Rapid City autopsy reported she died of "exposure." But the St. Paul, Minnesota, Deputy Coroner begged to differ: the cause of death there was found to be a pistol bullet in the back of her head at close range. She had been busted June 26, 1975, after the slaying of two FBI men at Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. Warned to "cooperate" by the FBI, she had objected that she'd been in Iowa at the time.

Princess Elizabeth of Toro, the Foreign Minister of Uganda until President Idi Amin fired her in 1974, has recently won libel suits against three British newspapers: The Daily Express, for printing Amin's false accusation that she was involved in a sexual tête-à-tête in a public bathroom at Orly Airport, Paris (low even by current scandal standards); the Sunday Telegraph, for reporting she was pregnant with Amin's baby, and the Sun, for incorrectly affixing her name under a nude photo. Sounds like she should consider writing her memoirs to meet the growing demand for this grass roots Command Performance.

Representative **Pat Schroeder** of Colorado, one of 12 U.S. congresswomen who visited China this spring, learned that the CIA suspects **Chairman** and **Madame Mao** of not having spoken a civil word to one another in more than two years. The agency believes the two had a violent argument several years ago and have never reconciled, though Madame Mao has remained a powerful influence in the middle levels of the government, "which is top-heavy with young and middle-aged women." The congresswomen's visit was filmed for possible TV release.

It appears **Liz Ray** has forced the House to tighten up procedures. Since she blabbed, a new three-man committee has advocated curbing the authority of the House Administrative Committee. Under Wayne Hays, the MAC had had the right to increase congressmen's allowances and sizes of staffs. Now congressmen may finally be held responsible for proper records, vouchers and receipts—if the recommendation actually passes.

A free-lance New York writer who also did household chores for a notorious Soho News managerial type is about to expose the latter's sexist manipulative power games in a major paper.

The eclectic new magazine aimed at the women's market, New Dawn, first appeared in April and is shooting for a rapid magnificent success. President Steve Saunders predicts they will surpass the circulation (2 million) of their chief competition, Cosmopolitan, within 18 months. Editorial Director **Gay Bryant** started out in publishing in England, where she had to deal blackjack and spin roulette wheels to supplement her income. Now, if she could just spin around that tiresome, tired old formula for women's mag—sex, travel, occult, soap opera, lib diary, kids and pets, fashion/hair/food—and get *real.* I mean, they're *still* asking celebrities, "Do you believe in Love?"! We did like a piece called "The Crime Boss" by Sally Helgesen. Hopefully the one on "Julie Eisenhower: the Next Woman President" was a put-on, though we doubt it. Pathetic, really: "She has the crusading spirit of a Geraldo Rivera, knows how to manipulate press exposure," and "All she would have to do is stand there, letting the voters extrapolate a political platform from their memories of her forebears. . . . She defended her father . . . with such honesty and bravery." Nauseating, isn't it? Rotten tomatoes to writer Janie Gaynor.

Hugh Hefner's 23-year-old daughter **Christie** has joined the firm as the new Special Assistant to the president at Playboy Enterprises Inc.

Former actress **Mai Zetterling,** a film director for the BBC and Swedish films for the last ten years, is writing a play based on Strindberg's *Miss Julie* and on Strindberg's own notoriously misogynist life with his three wives. **Simone De Beauvoir** has asked her to co-produce a seven-hour TV documentary based on *The Second Sex,* to be filmed in various countries. The inexhaustible 50-year-old Zetterling has also formed a Women's Film Association to make possible the so far improbable financial backing.

Former aerospace physicist **Janet Guthrie,** 38, hit a top speed of 196 miles an hour on her auto test run in California. This could have made her the first woman entry in the Indianapolis 500, but . . . the race has come and gone and almost counts only a little.

The Common Market's European Court of Justice has finally come to and ruled that the women of their nine natty nations be given equal pay for equal work.

Olympic skier **Suzy Chaffe,** a White House habituée, says competing against men "turns her on," but she's looking for a "sensual sort of relationship that is growth-oriented."

Another athlete, runner and teacher **Lynda Huey,** grew up with the professional onus of a theory taught to her by one of the top American milers, Marty Liquori—the "Survival of the Ugliest": "Take two girls of equal talent and ability, one being great-looking and the other being ugly, and the great-looking one won't stand a chance of making it in athletics. She'll have too many social pressures." Ms. Huey describes her consequent identity crises in her book *A Running Start.*

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING MUSHROOMS

Interstellar Appetizers or the Athlete's Foot of the Gods?

Argentina has long been a hotbed of UFO sightings—so much so that one widely held theory locates a "UFO base" under the south Atlantic off the Argentine coast.

On April 24, 1975, the newspaper La Tribuna **of Rosario, a city 150 miles up the Parana river from Buenos Aires, ran the following item:**

STRANGE CRAFT
LANDS IN SAN JUAN

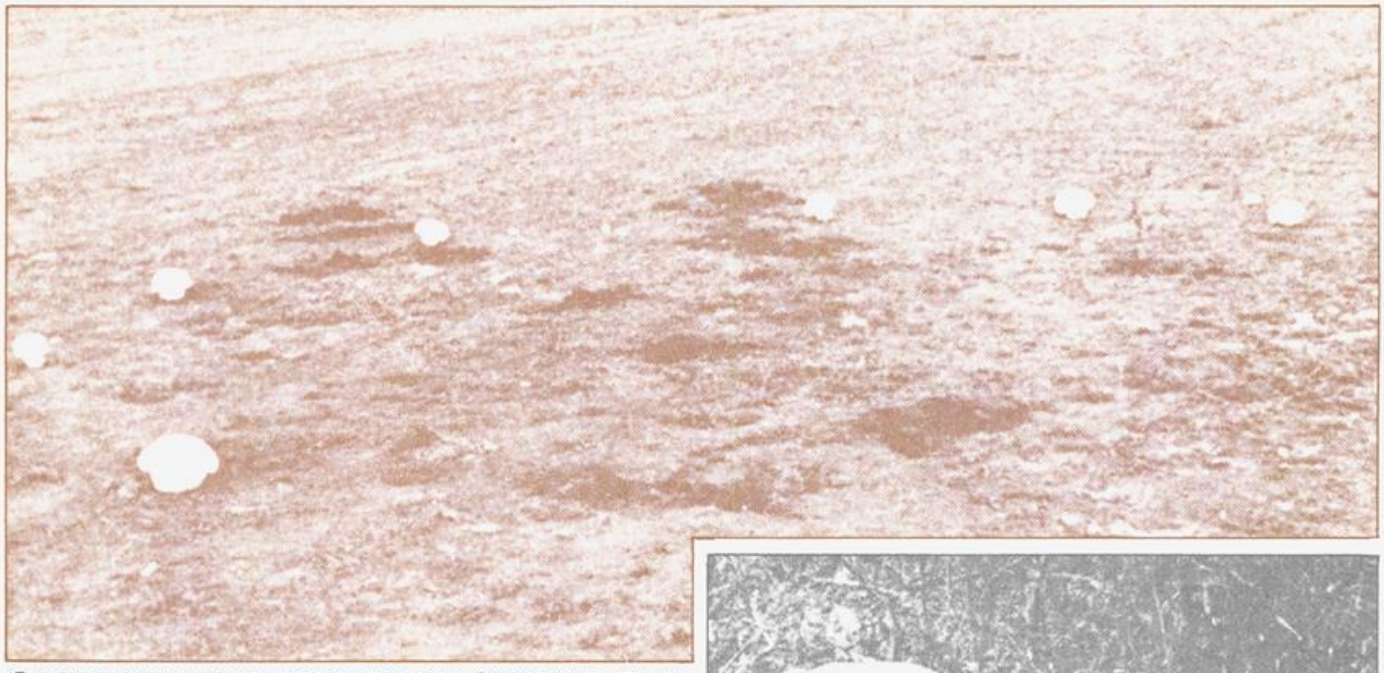
The growth of giant mushrooms, bushes burned in a broad circle, and tracks of three metallic footbeds resting on the ground were the traces left by the supposed landing of a flying saucer in the district of Jachal, about 160 kilometers northwest of here. The UFO was seen by a group of workers who first mistook it for a bulldozer, but afterward, when the strange tracks left behind were discovered, it was supposed that it had been a UFO. The finding is being analyzed by police experts, who promise to make a full report within a few days....

No further reports were made—but ufologists' interest was piqued by the sinister implications of mushrooms growing in the burned rings which are a fairly standard aspect of landing reports. Joseph M. Brill, a writer for Official UFO magazine, tracked down other reports of the mushroom phenomenon—all similar cases involving burned rings and all in Argentina.

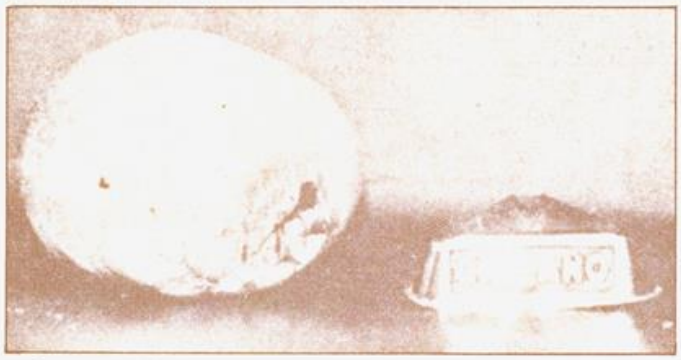
The first mushroom report (August 10, 1968), from an estate caretaker in the Santa Fe province, featured burned rings and ring markings. The caretaker witnessed a brief UFO touchdown by night and the next morning found giant mushrooms growing on the site. According to local authorities, mushrooms never grew in this area. Samples were sent to the government for analysis and the analysis was never released. In November of 1968 a nearly identical report was made in Necochea, Argentina. The eyewitness, again a caretaker, witnessed a luminous object landing and summoned authorities, who found the soil totally burned in a circle six meters in diameter. Within the circle were found eight mushrooms, some as large as 32 inches wide and six inches high. The analysis of these fungi, done by the University of La Plata, was never released.

Two weeks later a similar burned circle and giant mushrooms were found near Tandil, Argentina. It was reported that the mushrooms "sweat" when placed in the sun, and that their growth could be observed within a few hours. The proprietor of the farm stated that in 15 years on the site he had never seen a single mushroom. A similar case occurred in May of 1969 at Azul, Argentina; the investigation was inconclusive.

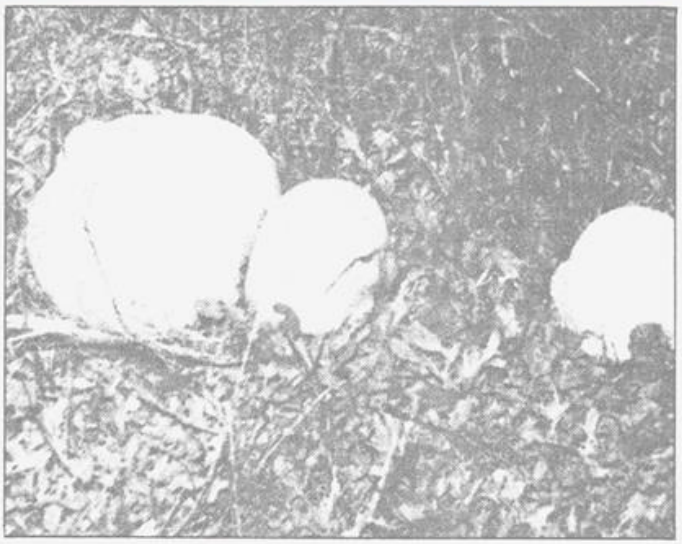
In almost all instances the mushrooms were found growing where mushrooms don't ordinarily grow—on dry ground with



Circular mushroom growth at UFO landing sight, Beritaco farm, Tandil, Argentina. Note alleged "footpad" marks in center of ring.



A Beritaco "UFO" mushroom next to an ordinary ashstray measuring about six inches on each side.



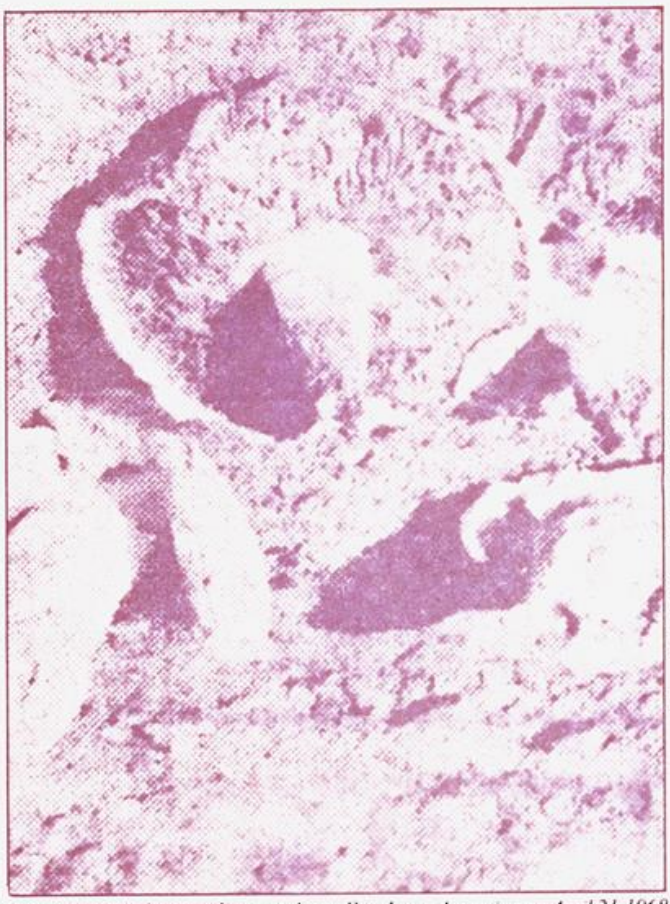
The "sweating" mushrooms of the Beritaco farm. Their growth was visible within one hour.

little potential fungi food but the odd ash material found in the scorched rings.

A cosmic practical joke? Mushrooms for the omelets of Mars? The invasion of the body snatchers? If we aren't the only ones entering and leaving this planet, could it be that extraterrestial tourists aren't scrubbing up as clean as NASA? Or, given the peculiar psycho-symbiotic relationship of mushrooms and humans—with such scholars as R. Gordon Wasson and Mircea Eliade explaining much of our development of alternate consciousness through the "divine mushroom"—could these space spores be food for the thoughts we haven't thought yet? If Argentine intelligence people know, they aren't telling. If anyone has made a pizza with these babies, they are either blown away or keeping it under their serape. Meanwhile the mushroom saucer watch continues. The aliens should check out California. Some people will try anything once.



One of the San Juan mushrooms next to a "pad" print.



Some of the mushrooms discovered near San Juan, Argentina on April 21, 1968.

All photos courtesy of Joseph M. Brill and Official UFO Magazine.

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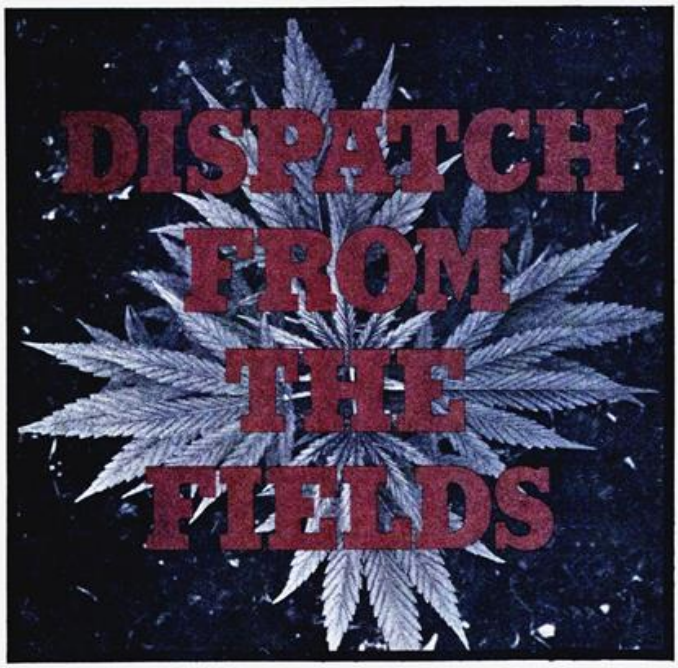


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DEALERS IN EUPHORIC DEVICES SINCE 1967



I have been growing marijuana commercially for 15 years. For the past five, I have been planting only strains that I have developed myself. The best so far has been a cross between Thai and Colombian Red; both the parent strains were polyploid varieties produced by colchicine. The buds are tinged with crimson, and they produce a smoke that can only be described as devastating.

Since we share similar interests, I thought I would expound a bit on what I have learned in my decade and a half of cannabis cultivation. I make no claims to being a botanist or horticulturalist; I'm simply a farmer. I grow everything I eat or smoke. Dope happens to be my best cash crop, though by no means my only one. Everything I will relate is supported by empirical fact as I have witnessed it. I offer no biochemical explanations or exotic hypotheses. I only offer one farmer's point of view. But as anyone knows who has ever toked on weed raised by the *granjeros* in the Panamanian foothills or the peasants of the Mekong Delta, a farmer's point of view can sometimes be illuminating.

The first point I would like to stress is already well known: your weed will only be as good as your seed. If you plant ragweed seeds, believe me, you will harvest same. It will be better if you cultivate it as sinsemilla, but it will still be rag sinsemilla. Be sure of your seed source. Secure them only from a dealer who handles high-quality wares, or from a friend who has expensive tastes.

Everything I grow for personal use is sinsemilla. It requires planting a smaller patch *upwind* from my major field, so the females won't get tagged by stray pollen. I pull all the males from this patch and harvest the females at five months. If I wait any longer than that, many will show signs of hermaphrodism. This method results in huge, resinous, seedless buds the color of limeade. They're identical in appearance, taste and effect to the finest Maui tops. I currently have 15 pounds of these foot-long lovelies on ice in the family deep freeze. Winter, do your worst.

While sinsemilla is the ultimate, the point is moot when you consider the potency of some of the strains around today. Half-seeded Thai still takes the top of your skull off like an oyster shell—it just takes two tokes instead of one. I don't grow sinsemilla for sale, because I'd lose money. The extra labor is enormous, and seeds *are* weight. I pull most of the males in my commercial patch during three different sessions, spaced seven days apart. I hang them in the drying shed with baggies tied around the bud clusters (they are picked fully budded, but before they drop their pollen). As the males dry, the flowers dessicate and shrivel, releasing the pollen into the baggies. I usually get about a quarter pound each season for home use. It is satisfying to roll large numbers of third generation Zacatecas sinsemilla or Jamaican/Colombian, then liberally sprinkle those Lucky Strike-sized hooters with raw pollen.

Anyway, don't let anyone tell you that males are bad smoke. They'll be excellent if the strain you're working with is worthwhile and if you pick them at the peak of their sexual maturity, just before they pop their rocks. Dealers who buy from me look forward eagerly to my male plants, because they know the smoke will be righteous, the price reasonable and the crop a forecast of better things to come.

My commercial females are harvested when they are roughly one-quarter to one-half seeded. This gives me some extra weight, but still allows me to pick at optimum resin flow. A fully seeded bud will not be as potent as a partially seeded one, for when full fertilization occurs, a much larger percentage of the plant's energy goes into feeding the seed than into producing the resin.

The males that I leave in my commerical field are the last ones to mature. This allows the females to pile on more and more flower clusters as they are being denied fertilization. When the few remaining males do drop their pollen, the female flowers are fat, sticky and hot for it. I allow around three dozen of my finest females to become fully seeded, so I'll have enough high quality seed for next year.

I cultivate over an acre of pot each year. My main plot is on a slight slope with a south-southeastern exposure. During the growing season, it receives a 12-hour photoperiod per day, which seems to be ideal for cannabis. I prepare the soil annually by seeding after each crop with red clover, which fixes nitrogen from the air. Just before the first frost, when the clover is three to five inches high, I plow it under, thus inoculating the soil with a good dose of organic nitrogen. I also spread about a ton of my special compost in the winter and disc it under just before planting. The compost is rich in phosphorus and potassium, as well as nitrogen. Phosphorus and potassium are primarily responsible for vigorous flower growth, so their importance cannot be overemphasized.

The plants are irrigated about eight times a year. Cannabis requires a tremendous amount of water, yet your soil must be well drained. Water standing on the roots will kill the plants in short order. If you water them infrequently but deeply, the crop will send roots down as far as ten feet, making the plants virtually invulnerable to drought.

I pinch the plants once at around the sixth week, destroying the apical meristem with tweezers. This practice gives me between three and six large, primary branchings. The hemp grows into dense bushes seven to ten feet high.

Harvest time is a busy time around our homestead. I never pick until the air temperature is at least 80° F. Since we plant so that our harvest falls in the first part of September, it is usually at least 11 A.M. before we get around to pulling weed. From then until about 3:30, my wife and I harvest plants that seem at the peak of resin production and are nicely sprinkled with both mature and immature seeds. We hang the entire plant for one day from the rafters of the drying barn. Next day we cut the branches from the main stem, tie them in loose bunches and hang them up once again for about a week to complete the curing process. This method allows any resin in the stems to migrate to the buds and top leaves.

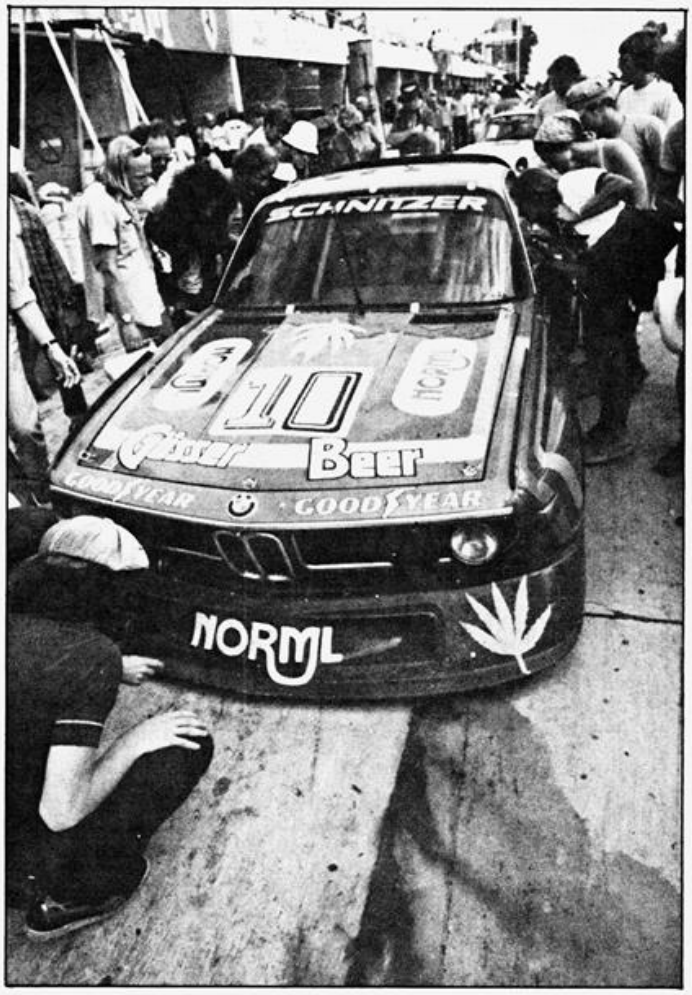
I divide the hemp into two grades when preparing it for market: the large tops are completely stripped of leaves and placed in one pile, and all the small flowers and leaves go into another pile. My prices are slightly below the market price for seed of similar quality. My Thai/Colombian cross, for instance, is closer in potency to Thai weed than to Colombian Gold, yet I could not, in good conscience, sell it for a Thai weed price. I am proud of my product, and I want my customers to feel they are getting a better deal than they could with anybody else. So I sell the primo tops for around $475 to $500 a pound. This way, everybody's happy. I've found that honesty and a little openhandedness go a long way in this business.

I learned my profession from my father, who was a wetback from Colima. He settled in California's Imperial Valley, where he became a caretaker for a vegetable baron. All through the massive spread of melons, sweet corn and alfalfa were vigorous stands of hemp, which my father cared for with great diligence. As we walked the fields together, he would stop by a particularly arresting stand of weed and stroke the leaves gently. "Tus ojos" [your eyes], he would say emphatically. Local farmers express the same concept a little differently: "The eye of the master conditions the cattle." What all these men of the soil mean is this: You can't grow good weed—or cattle, sugar beets or sorghum—unless you *live* with your crop. I am out in my hemp every day, checking out virtually all the plants for signs of disease, drought or animal damage. Eternal vigilance is the price of quality.

I could go on and on, but I don't want to take up all your time. My main concern is spreading the gospel of quality domestic. The more people who grow good herb stateside, the better will be both prices and karma all around.

—Pues, adios, S. R. Gomez

NORML Racer: *Pot to Trot*



"The marijuana culture is invading the car racing field," exclaimed Larry Schott of NORML. Certainly the use of the pot leaf motif and the NORML logo are a major breakthrough in car decoration. And two paraphernalia companies, Rizla and Robert Burton Associates, are enthusiastic about the response they've received as a result of sponsoring racing cars.

"People at the races are accustomed to seeing cars advertise gas and oil. So far as we know this is the first time for marijuana leaves in a race decoration," said Larry Schott, referring to the German-owned BMW, which placed fifth out of 34 qualifiers at the track at Watkins Glen on July 10. Although the car is owned by a private group, it races, one source told us, "with factory support."

Driver Steve "Yogi" Behr also used the NORML and marjuana motif on his Oldsmobile Starfire at the Pocono International Speedway on August 15 for the International Motor Sports Association RS Series race. Unfortunately, the car broke down prior to race time. So Behr used his time to distribute "I support NORML" buttons. "The crowd was very supportive. Not a single person was up in arms about it." Behr had contacted NORML, who supplied him with decals and the buttons, because "I believe people should have freedom of choice. The laws against marijuana are too harsh, and it's not right that someone in one state should go to jail for years, when someone doing the same thing won't be arrested in another state."

Schott describes this publicity as "serendipity." There is no official relationship between NORML and the racing teams. "The first we heard of it was a few months ago when, out of the blue, we were asked if we would supply the artwork to decorate a racing car. They wanted to help us out." NORML Director Keith Stroup explained the value of the cars this way: "There are thousands of people at the races who might otherwise never think about decriminalizing marijuana. They'll see these cars go by, and it will help to raise their consciousness. The racing crowd is likely to be in favor of decriminalization once the issue is brought to their attention."

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RUBBERS ON THE REBOUND

By Jerry Hopkins

"In days of old when knights were bold
and rubbers weren't invented,
Men tied socks around their cocks
and children were prevented."
—old English folk rhyme

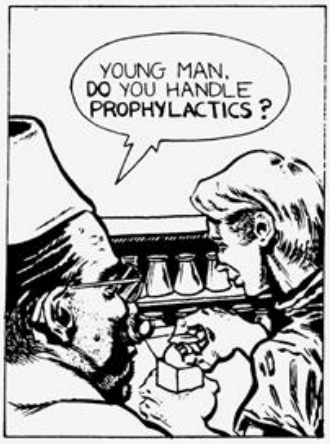
The rubber is making a rebound. Well, maybe that's stretching it a little, but there is no doubt the old standbys of back seats and drive-ins of the pre-pill days are growing in popularity.

When Enovid hit the marketplace in 1961, the effect on condom sales was immediate. G. D. Searle Company sold $12 million worth of the pills the first year, went to $18 million the second, when it was joined by Ortho Pharmaceuticals' Ortho Novum. By



1965 in the U.S., only 18 percent of contraceptive users were employing rubbers and skins, as compared to 27 percent before the pill; meanwhile use of the pill went from zero to 27 percent in just four years—skyrocketing into the No. 1 place on the birth control list.

Although Youngs (makers of Trojans) would insist later that with the exception of one year, condom sales increased at least 15 percent per year after the pill, other manufacturers and packagers admit experiencing a serious



decline. Americo Bonora, owner of a San Francisco skin manufacturing plant—one of only three in the world—says his orders slid as much as 50 percent. Schmid Laboratories (Ramses) says its loss was 20 percent. "It hurt," says Irv Fishvein, sales manager of Akwell Industries, the world's largest producer. "If anyone denies it, he's being silly."

A few other manufacturers and packagers were even gloomier. Hy Pitsky of Goodwear in New York and Wilbur Dean in Kansas City agree that after the pill it was all downhill. For them, the pill made manufacture of condoms—both used the same phrase—"a dying business."

It's difficult to say who started the stampede. Probably Barbara Seaman. She wrote *The Doctor's Case Against The Pill* in 1969, and it became a bestseller, presenting

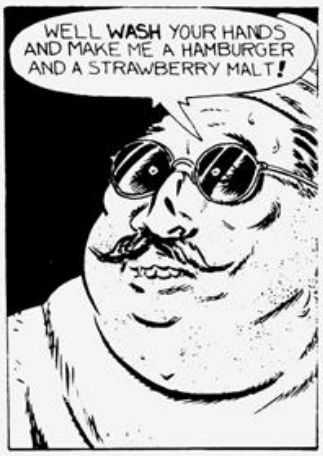


medical concern over blood clotting and other complications attributed to use of the pill.

Then in January of 1970, Senator Gaylord Nelson, a Wisconsin Democrat in the rebellious LaFollette tradition, and his U.S. Senate subcommittee on monopoly, began public hearings on the pill. First came the critics, and in February the manufacturers and their experts testified.

Although no one could categorically prove the pill was harmful to women, there was no halting public opinion. Within a few months, a Gallup poll said more than one and a half million women had told their doctors, "Take me off the pill." That represented nearly one of every five who had been taking it before all the criticism began.

Just as there'd been a movement away from other contraceptives in 1961 when the pill was



introduced, now there was a movement back. All the alternatives reported an immediate jump in sales. The condom was on the comeback trail.

There were other factors. It was generally believed, for instance, that most of the condom market then (and now) was in the 25-35 age group: the young marrieds. During the years of World War II, fewer children were born. Then came the "war babies," who by 1970 were 25 to 35. So the market itself was statistically larger.

Another factor was the women's movement, which ironically could be linked to the pill and to the freedom the pill provided women. But there was a backlash as many of these women began to accuse the pill makers—men!—of "using women's bodies for a dangerous experiment." Similar argument would be made a few years later as various coils and IUDs also came under attack for health reasons. The women began to ask men: Why should it be *my* responsibility—why not *yours?* Some liberationists urged women to buy the condoms and insist their men use them—and reimburse them for the purchase cost.

Whatever the case, there are now women as well as men who carry condoms, and it appears the rubber is back to stay.

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COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

340 Pounds of Coke Seized in Guatemala –DEA Clamps Lid on Case

Aided by special agents from the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), Guatemalan police seized 340 pounds of cocaine in one of the largest recorded busts in the history of the western hemisphere. A twin-engine airplane, three cars, a ground-air communications center and a clandestine laboratory were discovered along with the coke cache 35 miles north of Guatemala City last June. No details of the bust or the number of persons arrested were available from the DEA. The agency is keeping a tight lid on the case, in pursuit of further arrests in the U.S. and South America.

• Seven members of what has been described as "the largest Colombian drug ring ever uncovered" were convicted in Manhattan Federal Court of distributing large amounts of cocaine. The members, whose identities were not disclosed except for one man who claimed to be a Catholic priest, allegedly sold more than 40 pounds of coke a week in New York City between the years 1972-1974. Their ploys used to smuggle coke into the country included stuffing it into hollow wooden coat hangers, speedboats and clothing, and concealing it in a cage with a live dog.

• Two ounces of pure cocaine were seized along with the arrest of three Florida men by Volusia County Narcotics Task Force (NTF) agents. The bust was one of a hundred made recently by the county's special dope drive dubbed "Operation Romeo." A shotgun, an automatic pistol and a zip gun were confiscated with the coke. Those arrested were Muncie Lee Ivory, 43, Virgil Bethel, 46, and Joseph Linder, 45. Ivory was charged with sale and possession of cocaine and possession of a firearm by a convicted felon. Bethel and Linder were charged with possession of heroin.

• A shipment of two pounds of pure cocaine was allegedly found hidden in a commercial shipment of Equadorian leather goods aboard a ship headed for Portland, Oregon. Gary Allen Field, 29, of Eugene, Oregon, was charged with illegally importing cocaine.

• Harry L. Mundy III, 32, and Margaret Cash Mundy, 31, of Chunchula, Alabama, were arrested for alleged possession of cocaine, marijuana and paraphernalia. The investigation that led to the arrest began when specially trained dogs sniffed out a letter addressed to the Mundys from Medellin, Colombia. Postal authorities were notified and opened the letter, which reportedly contained 12 grams of pure coke.

• The former director of a federal social-services agency pleaded guilty in Manhattan Federal Court to charges of conspiring to import cocaine from Peru. Dr. Peter Scarth, former director of ACTION, was charged with financing the coke deal, which aimed distribution to New York City. He faces a maximum sentence of 15 years in jail and a $25,000 fine.

• Two Canadians, David Norman Redler, 24, and Eugene Leonard Borren, 30, were charged by U.S. Customs officials with allegedly bringing four pounds of coke into Puerto Rico. The pair arrived in Puerto Rico from Lima, Peru, and Customs agents found the alleged cocaine in a false bottom of one of the men's suitcase. They were arraigned before U.S. magistrate Juan Perez Jimenes and were unable to post bail.

• A schoolteacher from Newburgh, New York, was arrested upon arrival at Kennedy International Airport for allegedly smuggling two pounds of cocaine into the U.S. from the Caribbean Dutch island of Aruba. U.S. Customs officials said that Thomas Costa, 25, was apprehended after the coke was found in two coffee cans concealed in his luggage.

• The son of the Speaker of the Arizona House of Representatives was arrested, along with a companion, for alleged possession of six pounds of cocaine behind a Scotsdale, Arizona, restaurant. Stan Allers, Jr., the 26-year-old son of Rep. Stan Allers of Phoenix, and a roommate, Paul Zisser, 30, were arrested by Arizona Department of Public Safety agents. Narc Alan Schmidt said that the pair had been under "intensive surveillance" for about two months before the arrest; he claims that the coke seized was part of a 15 pound shipment from Bolivia to the southwest.

• Nine pounds of cocaine were confiscated by Florida Metro narcs and DEA agents in Miami. Charged with alleged possession of cocaine was John Hangers, 25, of Montclair, New Jersey. No other information on the bust was available.

• A 35-year-old man was taken into custody in connection with an alleged attempt to sell two pounds of cocaine in San Diego, California. The San Diego County Narcotics Task Force, which works in cooperation with the DEA, said that Alfonso Martinez-Ochoa of Tijuana, Mexico, was taken into custody after he attempted to sell the cocaine to an undercover agent in a local parking lot.

• Peter Mario Palmere, 31, and Alberto Correa-Montoya, 33, both of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, were arrested for allegedly smuggling 2.4 pounds of cocaine into the U.S. from Colombia. The stash was discovered sewn into the bottom of a leather tennis bag while Correa-Montoya was allegedly found with just a hair more than one pound sewn into the bottom of a tote bag. Both men had just stepped off a flight from Bogotá, Colombia.

• An anonymous telephone call led Los Angeles narcs to an apartment where they seized 11 pounds of cocaine and arrested four persons. The narcs, however, failed to obtain a search warrant, and Municipal Judge Michael Burke was forced to dismiss the charges against Debra Harth, 23, Jane Cornelius, 20, John Bligh, 22, and Luis Mussenden, 19.

• Two DEA narcs have testified in Hawaii that David Bergan, 28, was in communication with an undercover agent before their alleged confiscation of a pound of cocaine in the Honolulu Airport. Telephone conversations between Bergan, a law clerk for Circuit Judge Norito Kawakami, and the informer were tape recorded.

The DEA narc who was with the informer when most of the calls took place alleged that coke prices were discussed and that a meeting place at the Honolulu Airport was agreed upon.

Bergan reportedly brought a black briefcase to the rendezvous in the airport men's room. The undercover narc said the cocaine was wrapped in 14 individual packets and placed inside a paper bag. Bergan was apprehended after boarding a plane bound for Los Angeles.

• José Raul Botero, a native of Colombia, was arrested by U.S. Customs agents at the San Juan International Airport after allegedly smuggling what was described as "no more than one-eighth of an inch of cocaine" in the false bottom of a suitcase. The arrest was made by officials following a baggage check. The luggage was on an Avianca flight from Barranquilla, Colombia, to San Juan, Puerto Rico.

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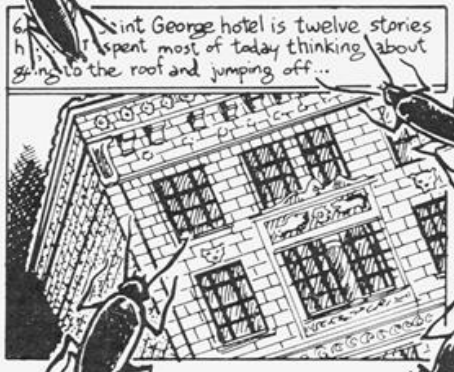














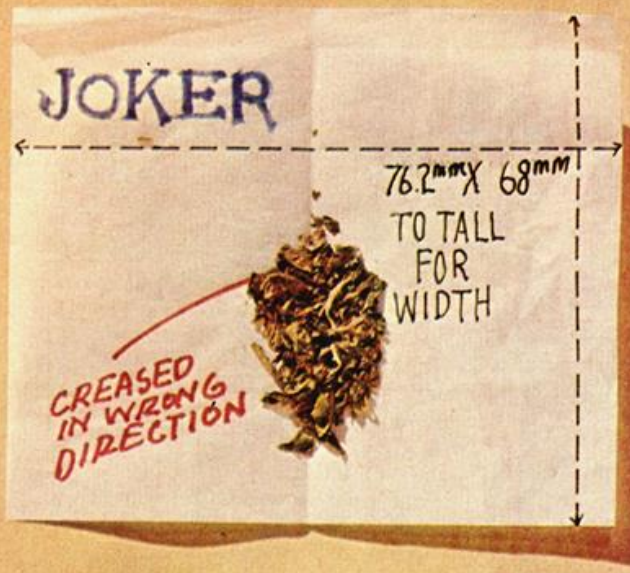
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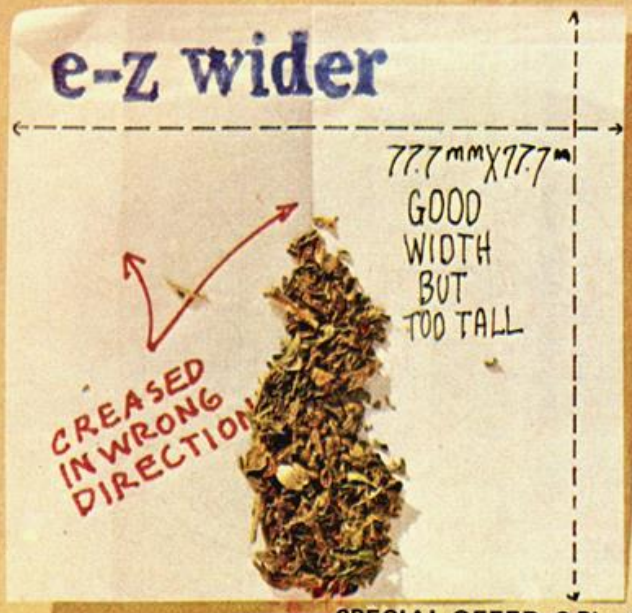




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The Garden

(continued from page 63)

The Ole Miss project is necessarily pragmatic, practical. Note the interest in the present from the USSR. "What we're doing with the Russian plants is this. You hear all the time about Russian marijuana being a different species. *Cannabis ruderalis*. Some people say that there are three species of cannabis, *Cannabis sativa, Cannabis ruderalis*, and"—he gesticulates toward the dope-packed Little India patch—"*Cannabis indica*.

"Botanists mostly agree that there's only one species. But it just hasn't ... settled down. Dick Schultes from Harvard says there are three species, and we've got all three here. The law only reads *Cannabis sativa*. Schultes appeared in some cases and won a few. Dick's a nice fellow; I enjoy talking to him. But I don't agree with him. He appeared against a guy in New Jersey called Billy Braniff, and Braniff tacked Dick's hide to the wall."

Which is to state the obvious. That the government is not funding the Mississippi project in the interests of pure botanical science. As we walked back toward the gate, we passed a bare unplanted half-acre of terrain.

"This is reserved for the Hawaiian," Carlton Turner said. "Who knows what's going to happen? Suppose next year the Mexican connection is replaced by the Colombian connection? Or the Jamaican? Then, under the auspices of the national program, we would want to be ready to run it through for the basic chemical profile.

"And we'd say, 'Gentlemen, this is what we've done.' We have to have something that is *relevant*.'"

He paused. Urbanek walked toward us from the potting shed and handed Turner a small polyethylene bag filled with dried weed. Turner examined it in the sun briefly before turning back.

"Also," he added, "we want to be certain that we're ready, should the occasion arise that we get involved in patent infringements."

Patent infringements? I was a bit baffled.

"Some people have patented some basic processes for making THC." No, he couldn't say who. "If we were to get into a situation wherein synthesizing THC for the program became a hassle and a political football, then we just go to the marijuana variant that has the best THC content and extract it naturally. That's the best defense against a patent situation. You see," explained Turner, "it's not an illegal process to *make* THC. It's illegal to handle it."

We bundled back into the pickup and drove toward the labs; passing another garden enclosed in a wire grille fence. A marijuana annex?

"No. That was Doorenbos's last project. Now it's used for growing potatoes."

The Mississippi project has been budgeted at something between $250,000 and $300,000 a year. The annual harvest has been between three and five tons, and some 500 separate projects in the United States and Europe have submitted form 222C, a white form with elegant brown scrollwork, to the Drug Enforcement Administration, been checked out and duly profited from Turner's carefully standardized crop.

"I know just how much we have here," said Glendell, Turner's secretary. "I have to account for it. Down to two decimal places." The marijuana seeds arrive by mail, but duly registered, and the dried, processed weed is shipped to its legal recipients by air freight clearly labeled "*Agricultural Plant Material.*"

Ninety percent of this is disposed of to duly deserving projects. "Sixty percent goes on animal studies," says Bob Willette at the NIDA in Washington, "and about twenty percent on human." Ten percent, however, remains in Ole Miss in a capacious storeroom on an upper floor, so that Carlton Turner and his team may perform experiments of their own. The team is a small one, just half a dozen right now. It includes Dr. Steven Bilitz, who specializes in gas chromatographic mass spectrometric analysis, the same finely tuned instrumentation that recently was questing for life in the red dust of Mars.

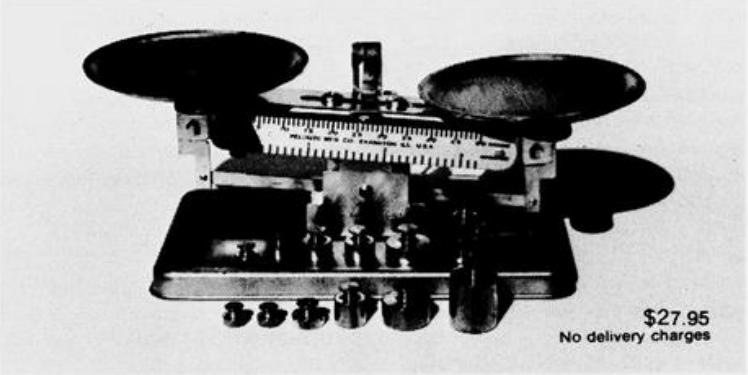
Bilitz, incidentally, is filled with admiration for the *technik* of the dope culture: "Many of the people on the street who use and abuse drugs are really very capable chemists. They *know*. They know how to get morphine out of paregoric. Magazines like *High Times* tell them how to do it.

"One of the street legends was that you could enhance the potency of marijuana by burying it and allowing it to be attacked by a fungus. Moldy marijuana, the legends say, creates a better high than fresh. Well, we had a research program here that *proved* that certain microorganisms improved the psychomimetic activity of marijuana *five times*."

Research right now is being focused on the cannabinoids and, increasingly, the alkaloids: the active, multifarious ingredients of this most mysterious plant. In one lab, for instance, the grass is being processed through translucent intestinal sections of glassy tubing and bulbs, silver-paper-covered globes. The powdered marijuana is dunked into solvent under the directions of Mahmoud El Sohly, a Cairo B.A. with a Ph.D from Pittsburgh, and converted to hash oil.

"All these five gallons," he noted, tapping a glassy orb like a gargantuan Mr.

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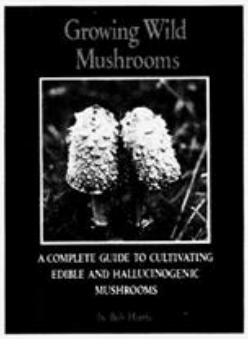
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Coffee, "come down to two pints." He picks up a container full of brown, viscous goo, which exudes an odd greenish afterlight.

Upstairs are other projects. Bilitz is working on his analyses and Farouk El Feraly (coincidentally another Egyptian) is working on the alkaloids.

"I'll sort it out on the chromatograph," Bilitz was saying. "Use only one crystal," said El Feraly.

"Wow! You've given me the *world supply* here," Bilitz said, gingerly handling a small glass container and removing himself to his own quarters.

The crystal was a newly sorted-out cannabis constituent, entitled *cannabispiran*. "It looks like this," said El Feraly, handing me a model that resembled a knight on horseback, cunningly constructed from matchsticks.

"Every black dot is a carbon," El Feraly said. "Every red is an oxygen. And the bits sticking out are hydrogen atoms. We isolated it, and determined the structure by x-ray crystallography."

Okay. But what does it *do*?

"A medical chemist synthesized it recently and proved it has estrogenic activities. After a certain amount, some men may develop breasts. Or it will inhibit spermatogenesis."

In plainer language? "It seems that, one way or another, marijuana is going to affect your sex life." A comparison, for instance: "A birth control pill contains a hundred micrograms of an estrogen. And a single marijuana cigarette . . . Okay, let me estimate that for you . . . a cigarette could have something like 50 micrograms. "Maybe," he stressed, "maybe." In a word, *maybe*.

There was a girl crying bitterly in Turner's office on my last day. She worked, it turned out, for the student newspaper, and she had written an article dealing with the marijuana garden. He had flatly refused to let her publish it.

"I'm closing the garden up," he told me, "tight as a tick. No more visitations."

The odd DEA or government man will be allowed in from now on, just to see what the weed actually looks like. And there is a long-planned visit from the United Nations, which has been demonstrating interest, not to say a certain amount of anxiety—in the absorbing problem of whether marijuana is one plant or a hundred, and what to do about it in any case.

There are also private projects of Turner's. A marijuana bibliography that he has been working on and a book of photographs with correct botanical indexation. To be followed, perhaps, by an opus on cocaine.

As to the future—After Decrim—his vision is both broad and surprisingly detailed. "I hear there are now over 200 brand names of heroin," he said, "and that

the pushers not only guarantee the effectiveness of their brand but will give a refund, or another package, to a dissatisfied customer.

"I think you're seeing the same thing happen in the cannabis trade. You are seeing a connoisseur cult develop in marijuana, the same as you have in wines. Different marijuanas *do* have different tastes, too, according to the way they're harvested. Just as if it's not a French wine of a good year, known to have excellent grapes. That is happening with marijuana.

"I can take the same marijuana plant and harvest it four to five different ways, all products that we call marijuana. If I wanted to hawk them, I would call one Acapulco Gold, one Panama Red, one Mississippi Green—as I notice some people referring to it, as a U.S. government grade—and I would get different prices for each of them.

"I don't think the potency makes a dime's worth of difference. I think it's the smoothness of it and the taste. Even the fragrance is different. I may be a hundred percent wrong, but I think this is what it all boils down to."

So those tobacco companies with their farmlands allegedly waiting in the Deep South may, one supposes, be a hundred percent right. Quality control will—Turner cautions—be something of a problem. Unlike nicotine or alcohol, the dope content of marijuana is highly volatile. Prepare and package your cigarettes precisely right, but moistness and age will wreak their will. "Some people will leave it in a storeroom perhaps, and what was two percent THC when they got it will be one percent."

We enter here a vague and unpredictable landscape, a topography of problems. It is, of course, for the purpose of dealing with problems that research programs are created, and the Mississippi marijuana garden has obviously played its part. But its future, after the visit of the United Nations *gruppe* this fall, seems, at time of this writing, hazy.

There may well be no harvest in 1977, Carlton Turner theorizes. "It may not be necessary," he explains. "We may have enough material for our needs."

Harvest problems continue to occupy the mind of the man who created the project, Dr. Coy Waller. "You see, we can't use insecticides," he explained to me. "We don't know what effect they would have on human subjects. If we had an outbreak of insects we'd be licked."

Other imponderables lap 'round him. The project is useful, but not, he says delicately, indispensable. "Other agencies can work out the protocols, the standards. And other nations."

"Everything comes to an end," he said, with a falling cadence. "All projects end." He sounded not dissatisfied at all.

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A Smuggling Ace

(continued from page 40)

High Times: How about the possibility of disguising a blimp as a cloud?

Smuggler: But you still have to work out a way to fake the rain, and what happens when a plane tries to fly through the "cloud?" [Laughter] These are the kind of conversations smugglers get into. They're rarely productive. The best ways are the straightforward ways.

High Times: What kind of scenes might there be on the Colombian docks now?

Smuggler: Colombian-wise, there are people who are happy smuggling 500 pounds, hidden inside the hull of a sailboat. Other people will load a sailboat down with five tons, and other people don't really think it's worth doing unless they bring in 25 tons on a freighter. And I think 25 tons is a bit much to on-load from small boats. At that point it becomes worthwhile and more practical to pay off someone at the dock.

But if you don't know a place where you can pay off a dock, you do it at night. At this end, when it gets up to 25 tons or so, you get to the point where you have fork-lift trucks and trucks with hydraulic tailgates and conveyor belts, and so on—this is what many people have now.

High Times: What's the best fork-lift truck?

Smuggler: Hyster.

High Times: When you actually make a run, is there any effort at quality control—making sure that the weed stays fresh, doesn't get mildewed with salt water?

Smuggler: It's very difficult to control the quality of 25 tons of marijuana. The way you control it is by knowing where you get it from and who you get it from. They'll be connected to farmers who are geographically located in the right place, producing better marijuana. I've dealt in high-quality runs where we were going down to specifically get like the very best gold or wacky weed. But very high-quality dope is perishable; it may be garbage by the time it gets up here.

High Times: Do you think there's any truth in the rumors that smugglers warehouse huge quantities of weed in order to create shortages and to drive prices up?

Smuggler: This is an old story, and I can understand how the average American consumer with quite legitimate paranoia about big business would be concerned about this. But the reality is that big quantities of dope have a tendency to get busted—and if there's one thing a smuggler or a ton dealer wants to do it's get rid of the stuff and convert it to cash as quickly as possible. Marijuana smugglers and dealers will stay up a week straight just to get rid of it—and ton dealers and smugglers are subject to a lot of nervous breakdowns just because of worrying about having a million dollars' worth of marijuana sitting in a garage or warehouse or a house somewhere. A curious mailman, a guy coming in to check the water, an accidental fire, even a nosy neighbor can blow a million dollars. I'd say generally from the time of entry into this country to the time of sale to the consumer is almost always less than a month. There is no stockpiling or hoarding on the mass level.

You've got to realize that there are easily a couple of thousand serious groups of importers of Colombian marijuana alone, and there are, you know, a couple of thousand more Mexican importers, so any one group or any one organization or even a group of organizations withholding pot to drive up the prices would have no effect on the overall market. It's not to say that some individual dealers don't jack up their customers, but overall you're talking about a wide-open market where it's not possible to manipulate the price by manipulating the supply. Weed is very expensive to begin with and I personally think the limit of the price elasticity that the customers are willing to bear has been reached. On the other hand, that top price creates the economic suction to get it in despite any obstacles the government throws in its way, and the obstacles are considerable. If it weren't for that high price, there would be far less dope around.

High Times: But once you've converted this dangerously detectable substance into money, you find that that's dangerously detectable also, so you experiment with the exotic forms of banking.

Smuggler: Well, smugglers always talk about retiring, but somehow they never do. They're unstable individuals by nature, and it doesn't attract your best type of citizen. And they have trouble holding onto money. A smuggler can go through a hundred thousand dollars in a month and have nothing to show for it except maybe a quad stereo and a Kawasaki Z-1. The ones who hold onto it long enough to have to worry about what to do with it, like all the other illicit millionaires in the country, tend to put it in foreign banks, under phony bank account names.

High Times: Speaking of money, do you find yourself subsidizing many federal officials?

Smuggler: Oftentimes we've had somebody in the Coast Guard paid off, to tip us that we were hot; somebody in the sheriff's office paid off; somebody in Customs paid off and so on. It's very common. There are so many young people getting high in the Coast Guard that there are many good opportunities to buy somebody off. Sometimes they'll even do it for free. The Coast Guard is so heavily infiltrated at this point by heads that their chances of stopping payoffs are fairly bad. Of course, the DEA is also quite corruptible. On the other hand, some people that will tip you on a marijuana thing can't be bought on a coke thing. The DEA's well aware of this.

High Times: Do you get high while you're actually making a run?

Smuggler: You get very high. One thing about marijuana is that it's calming, and tension on a run is very high. There's nothing more satisfying than smoking dope that you smuggled in yourself—*nothing gets you higher.* Another thing is that in the middle of a smuggling run, you can smoke a lot of marijuana and not feel much at all. The tension is incredibly intense, but it's also subtle. It's like war. So you have to smoke a lot.

High Times: Do you have much trouble with organized marijuana smuggling syndicates that make huge payoffs at high levels in order to bring in huge amounts of mediocre dope?

Smuggler: I've encountered these people's representatives down in Colombia, making buys, and I've been aware of their operations up here, but one would no more cross these people than one would cross the police. It's sort of like the same thing. They don't like what we're doing because our dope is better and usually cheaper for its quality, so we tend to undermine the market a bit, but it's such a wide-open market that it's not that much a factor.

High Times: Do you think the high profits are justified?

Smuggler: Definitely. I've been marooned, had planes crash in the ocean, lost propellers, been helped up by bandits, thrown into jail, lost sails, had fights break out among the perpetrators; we've had every kind of mishap possible. I've earned every penny.

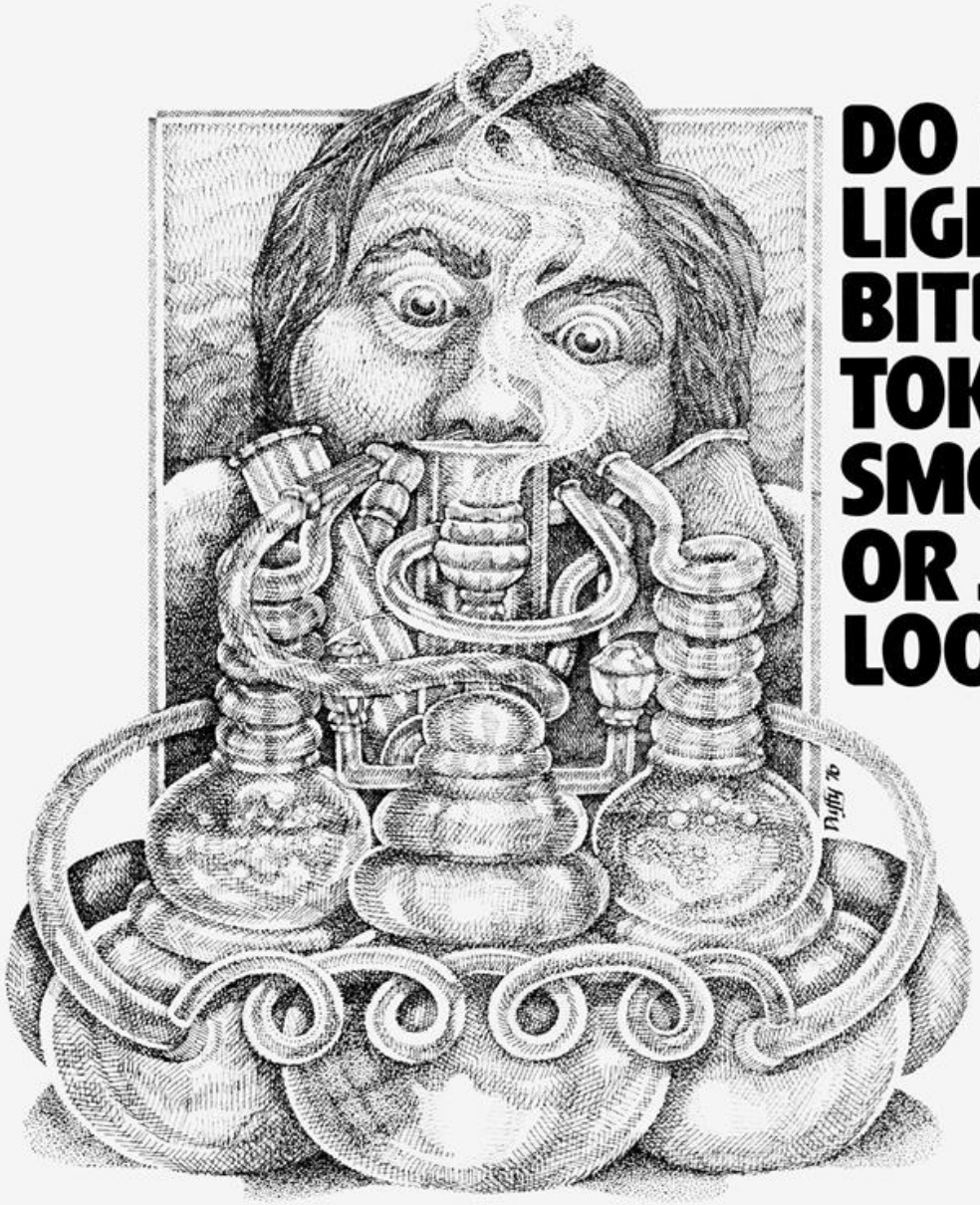
High Times: Is it possible to net a million dollars on a single run now?

Smuggler: Oh, sure.

High Times: Is it common?

Smuggler: It's common,but it's no more common than getting busted. The two things tend to follow each other. Sometimes people make a million dollars and later they get busted. Sometimes they get busted and later they make a million dollars. It takes a lot out of you psychologically. Psychologically you feel utterly and completely drained after a run. Someone who's done five or six big runs, they're like a 70-year-old person. You're coping under combat conditions, it's all battlefield psychology. You can end up with shell shock; you can end up punchy from it, you're twisted and bent so many different ways from it all. Anybody can fuck you over and anybody can mess you up. Any little accident can wipe out months of work and millions of dollars.

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really good at it, you make far more money than Mick Jagger can make.

To carry the Rolling Stones analogy further, mounting a smuggling operation involves so much equipment, as many people, more money and as many logistical problems as putting the Rolling Stones out on tour. The difference is that instead of being done amidst a barrage of publicity, it's done in total secrecy in the middle of the night, as it were.

It's far more interesting and you're affecting far more people in a much stronger way. The strange thing is that the bigger you are, the less known you are. It's sort of like you're the mirror image of a successful public figure, like a novelist, a rock star, sports figure, or whatever. But the better you are at smuggling the less known you are. You get addicted to the idea of having that much control over . . . control and effect over people, just like a rock star who gets a kick out of turning on the radio in his car and hearing his own songs being played. A smuggler gets a kick out of going over to his friend's house and lighting up some dope that he smuggled in two months ago. And you do know your dope, you recognize your own dope.

But these people are like meteors, skyrockets, they come fast and they go fast . . . they have short happy lives. Cocaine is a real occupational hazard of smugglers because they have access to large amounts of very pure cocaine.

High Times: This is because they're down south, South American circles.

Smuggler: Some of them are very flamboyant, they have a sense of it's all one big party, and it isn't going to be lasting much longer. Successful smugglers and dealers lean toward jets, private planes, Jaguars, Maseratis, Rolls Royces, toys like that. I've seen plenty of it, huge banquets, very high living, big mansions, incredible coke parties, harems of women. These are the things you see. I mean, there was one guy who had a castle with a moat around it, machine-gun guards. There are guys who buy islands, live on them.

High Times: Do you have any dealings with dope tasters? Have you ever used a dope taster to go out and taste dope before you smuggle it?

Smuggler: I think that very few syndicates would have the sophistication to do that. They generally tend to take the dope that they get. For the money that's being laid out, it would be a good idea to have one. But I think that such a person would be very hard to find—not impossible but very hard—because very few people have a sense of mass taste.

High Times: Have you ever met anyone who presented himself as a professional dope taster?

Smuggler: No, not as such, but there are people who have, in fact, performed this function . . . well, not doing it as a professional career. I mean, I read the interview in *High Times* about the dope taster, and it was obvious that the person was knowledgeable and authentic.

High Times: What is the farthest you've ever traveled to cop dope?

Smuggler: Well, I never traveled any farther than Colombia or Hawaii, but I have financed expeditions to Thailand.

High Times: Do your parents turn on, and do they know now that you are a smuggler?

Smuggler: My parents don't turn on, and they have no idea that I'm a smuggler. I know people who have used their parents and grandparents in smuggling operations, particularly in runnning vehicles across the border, like Mexico. It's an old scam; the DEA is on to it. First you turn your parents on to getting high, then you turn them on to smuggling. You know, the family that smuggles together, snuggles together.

High Times: Who is the toughest lawman you ever met?

Smuggler: The toughest lawman that I ever heard of, I never met, because I was always a little tougher and I managed to evade him, but I was once involved in a manhunt wherein the police were quite persistent. We had a plane that was spotted making a landing, and the police moved into the area and surrounded the plane while we hid out in the desert for about a week.

High Times: Where was this?

Smuggler: New Mexico. And these people never gave up. You would have thought that, all things considered, what were we? Insignificant hippies smuggling some flowers and the desert is very big and, we had to hide out for about a week without any water or food.

High Times: What did you survive on if you had no water or food?

Smuggler: We were hacking open cactuses and sucking out the juices, you know, and drinking water from stagnant pools that we found that were all covered with green scum. They used planes, they used helicopters, they used jeeps, they had patrols on foot, they had dogs. Fortunately I never met the man who was directing the operation. He has to be the toughest lawman ever.

High Times: What was the most time you ever spent in a motel room?

Smuggler: A week is not uncommon. But I think the most time was two and a half weeks. I was waiting for a very important phone call. A great deal of money had been spent, and I wasn't about to be out of the room when this phone call came. It was in Miami, and they had nothing on TV but cop shows, showing people getting busted for dope. At that particular time they were showing *S.W.A.T.* twice a day! People wonder how I spend so much time in Florida and don't have a tan.

High Times: What's the highest bail you ever put up?

Smuggler: Well, per person, $100,000.



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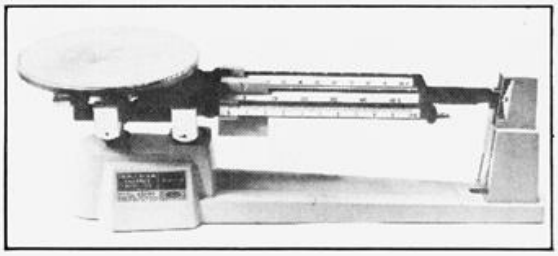
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High Times: Total?
Smuggler: No, $100,000 per person, for five people.
High Times: That's $500,000.
Smuggler: Yeah.
High Times: Did any of them jump bond?
Smuggler: All of them jumped bond.
High Times: Did you regret losing the money?
Smuggler: No, I was delighted to lose the money. That's why there's so much profit in the business, because occasionally that's what you have to do. I've never let anybody rot in jail. Nobody's ever been abandoned in anything I've been involved with.
High Times: Did you ever jump bond?
Smuggler: Yeah. I've broken out of jail, I've broken other people out of jail.
High Times: What was your most dramatic jailbreak?
Smuggler: A friend of mine got put in jail. They were transporting some dope in the Southwest and they got nabbed in a small town in Texas. This was like years ago before they said you had to have bail, so they wouldn't post a bail for these people. Finally, they bailed this one guy out because he didn't have any previous arrest. But the other person had some previous warrants, and they held him.

So this person pretended to get sick, and they put him in the county hospital and chained him to the bed with handcuffs, we went in pretending to be visitors. Because it was a county hospital and sort of semiloose, they really weren't expecting us. We went in with hacksaws and sawed the chains and handcuffs loose and brought in clothes, and that person walked out with us. It wasn't like we dynamited the place.
High Times: Did you ever have to mark a passage by the stars?
Smuggler: I can look up at the stars, but they all look like the Big Dipper to me. I was never quite sure.
High Times: You're not the Ancient Mariner.
Smuggler: I was never that good. I've run aground quite a few times, and I've gotten lost a lot. That's one of the reasons I found it expedient to hire other people for this sort of thing. I don't have a natural sense of direction.
High Times: Do you actually have a pilot's license?
Smuggler: Not only do I have a pilot's license, but I have dozens of pilot's licenses, all phony.
High Times: You must have hundreds of adventure tales to tell, right?
Smuggler: I suppose I do.
High Times: Do you feel like talking anymore right now?
Smuggler: Not really.
High Times: Do you believe in an afterlife?
Smuggler: I hope to come back as a marijuana plant—over and over and over again. ◘

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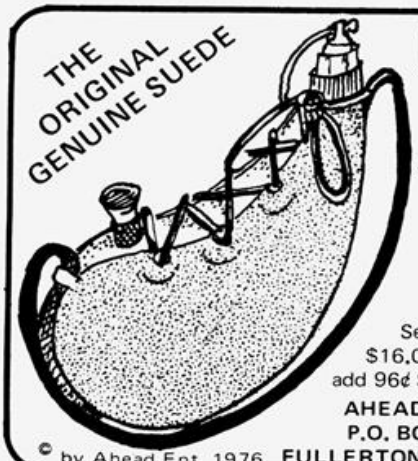
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PSYCHOCOFFEES

(continued from page 69)

after eight months.

"The man who lived on coffee lasted two years.

"The man who lived on tea succumbed after three years.

"I suspect that the East India Company solicited this experiment in the interests of its own commerce.

"The man of chocolate died in a horrible state of putrescence, devoured by lice. His limbs fell off one by one, like those of the Spanish monarchy.

"The man of coffee died burnt out, as if the fires of Gomorrah had roasted him to a crisp. You could have made lime out of him. In fact, somebody proposed that—but the experiment seemed contrary to the immortality of his soul.

"The man of tea became emaciated and almost transparent, and died of consumption in the condition of a lantern; you could see right through his body: a philanthropist could have read the Times by putting a light behind his corpse.

"The proper English couldn't have permitted a more original experiment."

After dinner we settle in for a game of Dealer McDope. Linda sips Antigua from her grandmother's cup, a dainty bit of gold-rimmed china made a hundred years ago in imperial Austria. "Wow!" she says, rolling her dice. "It spells C-O-F-F-E-E in big letters in your mouth!" Taking it as an omen of good luck, Linda charges into Guatemala City on the game board and proceeds to corner the dope market.

Two hours later the rest of us are lamenting the deplorable commercialization weed will probably undergo once it's legalized. "Look what happened with coffee," Jim says. "With all the incredible kinds of coffee in the world, people still drink instant. Brim was the official drink of the Olympics. Have you seen those new 'European' mixes? They're all powdered nondairy creamer and sugar and chemicals. Balzac was right—what's going to happen to our destiny with Americans glugging down gallons of this kind of shit?"

Jim is an architect and sometime NASA consultant who specializes in spacecraft interiors and other mini-environments, so I ask if he knows what kind of coffee the astronauts took to the moon.

"Probably freeze-dried," he replies. "All their food was freeze-dried, because you can boil water on a spaceship without too much trouble. But can you imagine it? We spend billions of dollars so some astronaut can sip a cup through a straw while he's dangling out there, and that's the best we can do. America's legacy to outer space—freeze-dried coffee. Sooner or later they'll be growing it hydroponically on Mars."

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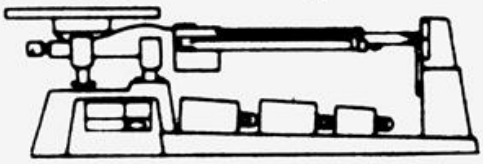
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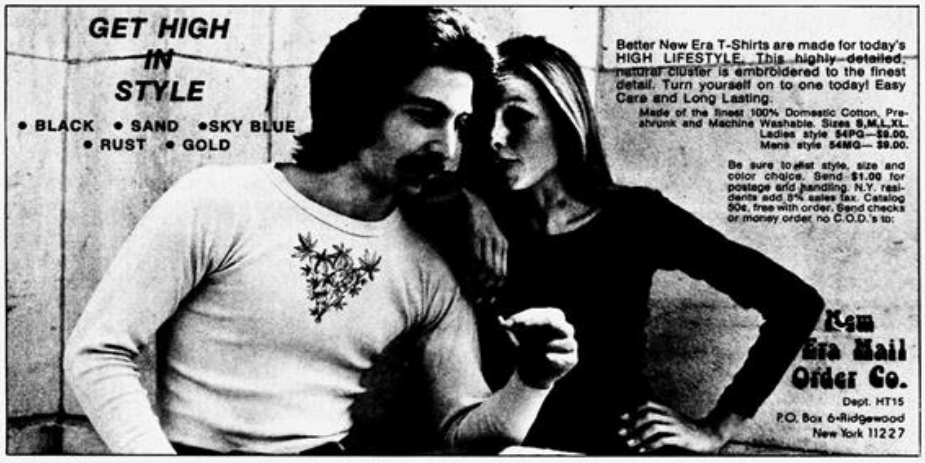


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The Sensuous Mango

(continued from page 85)

far from wonderful, for it contains a powerful concentration of acid and an oil that tastes like turpentine. Persons who think they do not like mangoes may never have tasted one in the right stage for eating. To do that, one must really go to the tropics. For the mango is a tree of the torrid zone, and even in southern Florida it is not quite as happy as it should be.

The Asian tropics are the native home of the mango, and in Asia no country is more closely associated with the fruit than India, where the mango tree is regarded as sacred. The best mangoes in the world are said to come from Bombay. I was in Bombay once, but unluckily it was January, several months too early. An Indian I met there told me that at the height of the season, people lie on the sidewalks with glazed looks of ecstasy as they let ripe mangoes drip into their mouths. In his *Autobiography of a Yogi*, the late Paramahansa Yogananda wrote that it is impossible for a Hindu to conceive of a heaven without mangoes. And a friend sent me the following note about mangoes and the great Hindu saint Ramakrishna.

> Ramakrishna (1836-1886) was so holy that, in the model manner of a Hindu saint, he spent most of his last years in *samadhi* and had to be carried about and fed by his disciples. In support of your point about the mango is the following exchange between Sri Ramakrishna and his chief disciple:
>
> Nanda: Is there no afterlife? What about punishment for our sins?
>
> Master: Why not enjoy your mangoes? What need have you to calculate about the afterlife and what happens then and things like that? Eat your mangoes. You need mangoes. —*from* The Wheel of Death *by Philip Kapeau*

This reverence for mangoes is visible wherever they are grown. One day in San José, I bought a bag of them and went back to my hotel to eat them.The elevator boy asked me what I had bought.

"Mangoes," I said.

"Oh," he said, and we looked at each other and grinned—He knew.

Mango venders grin at you the same way. They know. They all know the capacity of this fruit to give pleasure, extraordinary pleasure. A tugboat captain with whom I once shared some mangoes in Miami at the tail-end of the season said, as he slurped a juicy slice, "Next best thing to sex" (he used a more vivid word).

The flavor of the mango is neither subtle nor simple. It is complex and rich

the way Indian music is complex. And it is so luscious that it commands one's whole attention. I have seen people eat ordinary fruit—apples, oranges, bananas—casually, nibbling at them while reading, writing, carrying on conversations. I have never seen anyone eat a perfect mango and be able to do anything but concentrate on the pure pleasure of the experience. I indulged in that experience quite frequently during the week I spent in San José.

Now, although I could not do anything while I was actually experiencing these mango highs, I could not help thinking afterward how analogous they are to other sorts of highs. In fact, the image of Indians in Bombay stretched out with glazed expressions dripping mangoes into their mouths (something I have never seen, mind you, only heard about) has always stuck with me because it sounds so much like an altered state of consciousness.

The knowing grins of mango devotees, the comparison of the pleasure of eating the fruit to sexual pleasure, the sacred status of the tree in India, all point to an ability to transport people to a realm of experience out of the ordinary. And the essence of that experience is concentration, in this case on an intensely pleasureful sensation in the mouth. When I indulge in serious mango-eating, I become oblivious to things around me, even to things inside me, such as my thoughts. For a brief time, there is nothing but the pleasure, and the pleasure is a high.

Or perhaps it would be better to say that the pleasure triggers a high, because it seems to me that it is the concentration that is the high, the pleasure being merely the stimulus for concentration. Anything that can bring about this focusing of attention can get us high, even if it is something normally perceived as painful. In fact, pain, itself, if a person is set to perceive it differently—that is, to accept it, not to resist it—can bring about a state of intense concentration and a resultant high. The highs of altered states of consciousness, such as those of trance and meditation, are similarly related to focusing of awareness. When we learn to bring about this kind of concentration at will, we can be independent of external triggers, whether drugs, sex or mangoes.

Yoga philosophy says that one step in this process is constant self-reminding that the high comes from within, not from without; from the nervous system, not from the mango. Being at an early stage of this practice, I am furious to be in Panama and find only a few scrawny mangoes for sale. "It's too early," people tell me, not at all impressed when I wave my arms and shout that it was not too early in Costa Rica. If I arrive in Colombia and am told it's too late, there will be trouble. I have no intention of breaking the mango habit by going cold turkey.

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Records

SINCERELY, by the Dwight Twilley Band (Shelter SRL-52001). 

One thing about rock in '76—most of the best of it is straight from the past, and from bands that most people never even heard of. Does this mean that many of the bands people *have* heard of are unbearably lame? That's exactly what it means. And not only lame, but pretentious, boring, lazy and ready for the glue factory. But you know that already. So now listen to the good stuff.

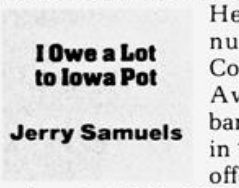
Dwight Twilley is a skinny young man from Tulsa with a shell-shock face and a delivery that can match it. He avoids any pretense of mid-Seventies hip in favor of a posture that's honest and straightforward. He has wit, intelligence, versatility and taste. He's a rock historicist who pulls influences forward (Elvis, the Everly Brothers, Del Shannon, the Beatles, the Zombies—you get the idea) and fits them into a sound that nods at the past but doesn't dwell there. *Sincerely* is his first album, and it's a knockout.

The Dwight Twilley Band began as a Tulsa folk duo called Oister (two halves of the pearl, or something like that) whose fascination with Presley led them into rock. Twilley and his partner, Phil Seymour, spent years recording demo tapes and mowing lawns before they walked into the Los Angeles offices of Shelter Records. Their debut release, a Shelter single called "I'm on Fire," hit the top 20 in the summer of 1975, and an album was supposed to follow that October. But the quarrel that erupted between Shelter and Leon Russell made that impossible, so Twilley kept working on the album until June. By then Russell was on Warner Bros., the Shelter ownership dispute had been settled and the label was back in action.

The primary characteristic of *Sincerely* is crispness. There is precision in every lick, and excitement and enthusiasm as well; much of the record's tension comes from this interplay between discipline and naiveté. The sound is heavy on rhythm—Seymour plays both bass and drums—but lightened by guitars and keyboards that are punchy on the rockers and graceful and sweet on the ballads. The overall effect is complex but airy; the production has more in common with George Martin than with Phil Spector. The songs, 12 originals, are all about true love and rock dreams—the classic stuff. In fact, everything about this record is classic except the names of the people on it. You're wondering if I'm actually trying to tell you that the new repositories of rock's traditions are named Seymour and Twilley? Right. So what kind of name is Elvis?

—Frank Rose

I OWE A LOT TO IOWA POT, by Jerry Samuels (J.E.P. Records IP1175 A) and FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD NARCO AGENT, by Jef Jaisun (Warners WBS 8142). Remember Napoleon XIV?



He was the lovable nut whose "They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha-Ha," was banned from airplay in 1966 because it was offensive to the mentally ill. Well, Napoleon XIV was in reality none other than Jerry Samuels, a nice chap who lives in Philadelphia where he owns a paraphernalia company that manufactures roach clip jewelry. He has invented a dope scale that can be made in one's spare time at home by anybody with two hangers, a pliers, a cardboard roll from Viva paper towels (to carry the assembly when not in use), a rubber band and $1.31 in mint-condition U.S. coins. Samuels has worked out several thousand intricate equations by which the user can utilize the coins to strike equivalent weights in grams or ounces. He could have been rich, Samuels told me, but instead he devoted his energies to inventing this foolproof, low-cost scale that can be a time- and labor-saving device for doper and dealer alike. Something tells me that Samuels will never be rich anyway, but then along comes this single, which is getting no little radio play on the West Coast, and who can say but that Jerry may soon be the Cole Porter of the Age of Aquarius?

"I Owe a Lot to Iowa Pot" is Tin Pan Alley's answer to reggae. Samuels sounds like a man with a bad hangover trying to write a cornflake jingle: "I never cared much for do*mestic*," he croons, "I always was turning it down, but I just smoke a joint so ma*jestic*, so fan*testic*, it's the *best stick* in town." The flip side, "Who Are You to Tell Me Not to Smoke Marijuana," is a whining, insipid wishy-washy liberal lament about being busted that sounds like Mahatma Gandhi's last groan. It is unworthy of the man who was kicked off the air for slandering nuts. But "I Owe a Lot to Iowa Pot" is a goofy, off-the-wall masterpiece of some kind, and you will enjoy it a lot, once.

The record is only available through the mail. Record companies will not touch it because of the nature of the subject. To get a copy write to Print Music Co., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.



"Friendly Neighborhood Narco Agent" sounds like the cornflake jingle Samuels was trying to write. As Brendan Behan might have said, it is a judgment upon us. Both these records are singles and will pass into oblivion like hypodermic needles, so fine they bend in the wind. But "I Owe a Lot to Iowa Pot" is well worth your time and attention.

—Philip Moody

DISCOVER AMERICA, by Van Dyke Parks (Warner Bros. BS2589). Furniture that goes best with *Discover America* is wicker, rattan, bamboo. Big comfy pillows, hammocks, lots of plants. Fern, ivy, coleus, geraniums, asparagus, aspergum and sage grow best to *Discover America*. The best place to *Discover America* is in the sun with the air conditioner on, or on a porch in Trinidad, with a sea breeze and palm trees. Champagne goes best with *Discover America*.



It's hard to say which drugs go best with *Discover America;* different drugs for different songs. "Jack Palance," "Bing Crosby" and "The Four Mills Brothers" go well with Hawaiian shirts, beach umbrellas and halter tops. "Sailin' Shoes" goes with cocaine and beer.

Bartenders, cocktail waitresses, hosts, hostesses, loan sharks, pool hustlers, gamblers, dealers, rumrunners and filmmakers love *Discover America*.

Discover America makes you want to buy a Panama hat, straighten up a room, get yourself together, take a cold shower, wash the dishes (no, not the dishes), fuck off. The best time to listen to *Discover America* is breakfast time.

Mr. Van Dyke Parks sits down to a breakfast of champagne and orange juice, ham, eggs over easy, hash browns and coffee. To his right is a toaster. To his credit are collaborations with the Beach Boys—"Heroes and Villians," "Cabinessence," "Vegetables," "Surf's Up" and "Sail on Sailor." While eating breakfast, Mr. Parks enjoys the morning paper.

Van Dyke Parks's music makes you feel well-adjusted, well-read, mild-man-

nered, flip, chipper, tipsy, ticklish, mellow, horny (under the right circumstances), relaxed, lazy, self-indulgent. *Discover America* makes you feel like a cigar, Havana before the revolution, coconuts, Calypso, a second cup of coffee. —*Scott Cohen, Glenn O'Brien*

THE REAL MEXICO IN MUSIC AND SONG, recorded by Henrietta Yurchenco (Nonesuch H 72009). Michoacán—



the very name rings a bell. This bell-toned, bright-sounding music is made by solo guitarists and harpists, a women's vocal trio, mandolin "orchestras" and the duet of harp and *vihuela*, a local guitarlike stringed instrument. It was recorded back in the Golden Sixties by City College of New York folk music professor Henrietta Yurchenco in the central Mexican state of Michoacán.

The folk music from this area is a mixture of Indian, African and the dominant, old-timey Spanish influences. There are no brass bands or electricity, and the largest ensembles—the mandolin orchestras—sound like quaint Neopolitan café bands.

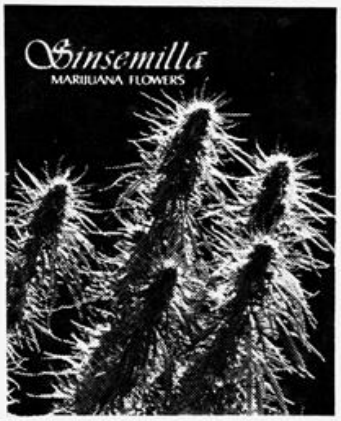
On this album, the perkiest sounds are made by the harp-*vihuela* duet of Epigmenio Ramos and Rogelio Acuña, who also sing speed-rap lyrics about "Big Shots," "El Perro" (the dog who runs out to greet the hero on his way home) and a nasty "Wild Boar." Then there is the lively and excellent solo harp work of Blind Teodulo Naranjo, whose two-hand technique produces what sounds like a duet between the harp's higher register and its guitar's lower notes.

Another master solo instrumentalist is Joaquin Bautista, who plays beautiful Spanish guitar; he segues like Segovia through some nice changes, runs and slides in show tempi.

Either cute or oppressive, depending on one's listening mood, are the Three Pulido Sisters, the shrill Shirelles of Uruapan. Their unaccompanied harmonies on three selections left my ears ringing, but were better when listened to from the next room. Two selections with accompaniment by a strumming mandolin orchestra were a bit mellower. The lyrics typically compare the beloved's beauty to a wildflower: dahlia, purple toronjil, white carnation, rosy malva.

The Pulido Sisters are the only artists with as many as two tracks back to back. I assume the album was programmed for "variety," in the slow-song, fast-song show biz method. But I found the pleasant mood of gentle string instrumentals—a cascade of notes like music boxes, dulcimers, rain on the roof or steel drum bands in the open-air distance—broken by the alternation of the women's five

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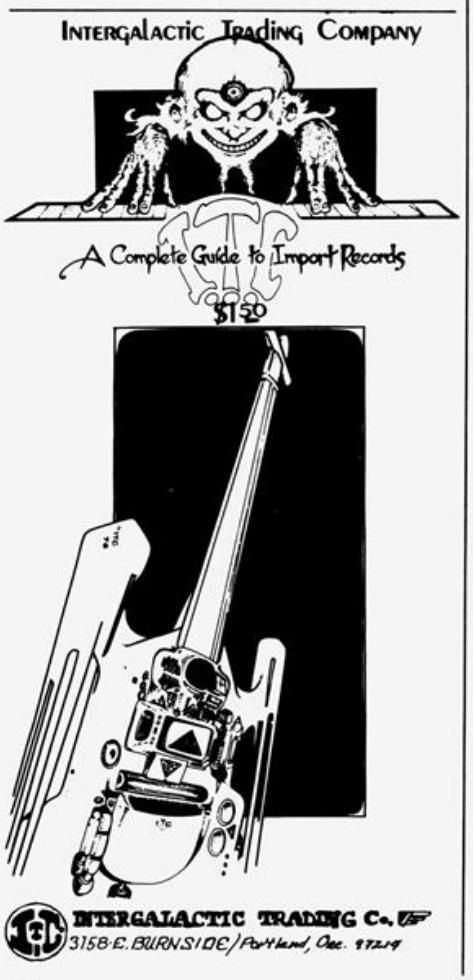
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tracks. Perhaps their tracks could have been grouped on one side. Actually, a common fault of anthologies of all kinds is scattering an artist's two or three tracks, making it more difficult to appreciate the separate styles. A bigger but hidden problem with this album is its brevity, barely half an hour and a sin in a "budget" label. This is especially disappointing from the Nonesuch Explorer series, which has brought us the Pennywhistlers and field recordings from India, Indonesia, Japan, Africa, Turkey, Persia, Kashmir, the Balkans and the high-Himalaya Vales of Kulu and Chamba—usually exceeding 40 minutes' playing time. Check 'em out.

—Anton J. Mikofsky

NEW RIDERS, by the New Riders of the Purple Sage (MCA 2196). Born from the Grateful Dead, the New Riders of the Purple Sage spawned a new generation of uncompromising country musicians. Combining the flashy playing that Dead heads demanded with a raunchy bar band sensibility, the Riders became a prototype American group.



The group's classics include "Henry," a song about smuggling Acapulco Gold, and "Panama Red," the adventures of an intrepid dealer. However, in their most recent albums the Riders' colors have phase-shifted to rednecks, blue collars and white line fever. There's only a certain amount of playing good ol' boy that anyone can do without becoming "a cracker asshole," as Jack Nicholson so pointedly said in *Five Easy Pieces*. With *New Riders*, their debut album on MCA, the Zane Grey namesakes journey perilously close to that gully.

New Riders is a cars, bars and broads eye view of life in these here United States. Given these themes, the album neatly divides itself into a party on side one and the party's over on side two. The boozy goodtime feeling is reinforced by the loose vocals of John Dawson, Skip Battin and David Nelson. The album opens with a celebration of the garage called "Fifteen Days Under the Hood" and downshifts to a hard-times-can-be-the-best-times tune called "Annie May." Seems old Annie wasn't raised right and grew up in the truckstops and well, can you pour another one . . . ? There's two R & B numbers, Chuck Berry's "You Never Can Tell" and Otis Redding's "Hard to Handle." On the former, Buddy Cage's pedal steel, tastefully intertwined with Nelson's lead guitar, creates a breezy open road atmosphere that sounds authentic, but Nelson is not convincing as the hardnosed lover in the Redding tune. The side ends with "Dead Flowers" which the Riders previously recorded on a live Columbia album.

Side two opens with another truckstop tribute. "Don't Put Her Down," which emphasizes the boozer's essential straightness. In an ode to responsibility the chorus goes, "Don't put her down, you helped put her there." The drinker believes the piper must be paid, even if there're 100 of them. In the same vein there're a couple of end-of-the-night songs and Loudon Wainwright's satirical "Swimming Song." "Swimming Song" adds a comic twist to the "self-destructive fool" theme—even though the only liquid the Riders seem to get close enough to drown in is beer.

The most interesting song on *New Riders* is the only original, John Dawson's "Can't Get over You." Propelled by Spencer Dryden's drumming, the band reaches a higher energy level than on any other cut. Unfortunately, it's over before the song gets a chance to develop into the kind of concert piece the Riders are best known for. There's too much know-how in this band for the party to be really over, but *New Riders* makes it apparent the party can't go on forever.

—Howard Newman

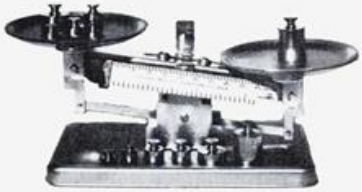
LADY'S CHOICE, by Bonnie Bramlett (Warner Bros. CP0169) and HASTEN DOWN THE WIND by Linda Ronstadt (Asylum Records 7E-1072). Just as women's tennis is finally coming close to equalizing the financial discrepancies in that sport, female singers in the music world are becoming recognized as big bucks. Some impressively high sales figures totaled in last year on albums by Diana Ross, Joan Baez, Melissa Manchester, Gladys Knight and Judy Collins, just to start. And record biz titans were startled to find that, by god, the public *buys* female voices—enough to make gold albums, even.



Ten years ago, this wasn't true. Women were either folk or a fluke. The Virginia Slims' tennis/cigarette slogan remembers that "You've come a long way, baby." And two protagonists of the recording sphere who know that all too well are Bonnie Bramlett and Linda Ronstadt.

A trouper since the age of 13, it wasn't until 1967 that blonde Bonnie finally hit the rock and roll big time. That year she met up with Delaney Bramlett, and the two formed a musical and marital team, touring extensively and recording the now classic *The Original Delaney and Bonnie and Friends*. Five years on, the partnership ended, and the St. Louis native went solo, hacking through two largely undistinguished LPs, *Sweet Bonnie Bramlett* and *It's Time*. So when this

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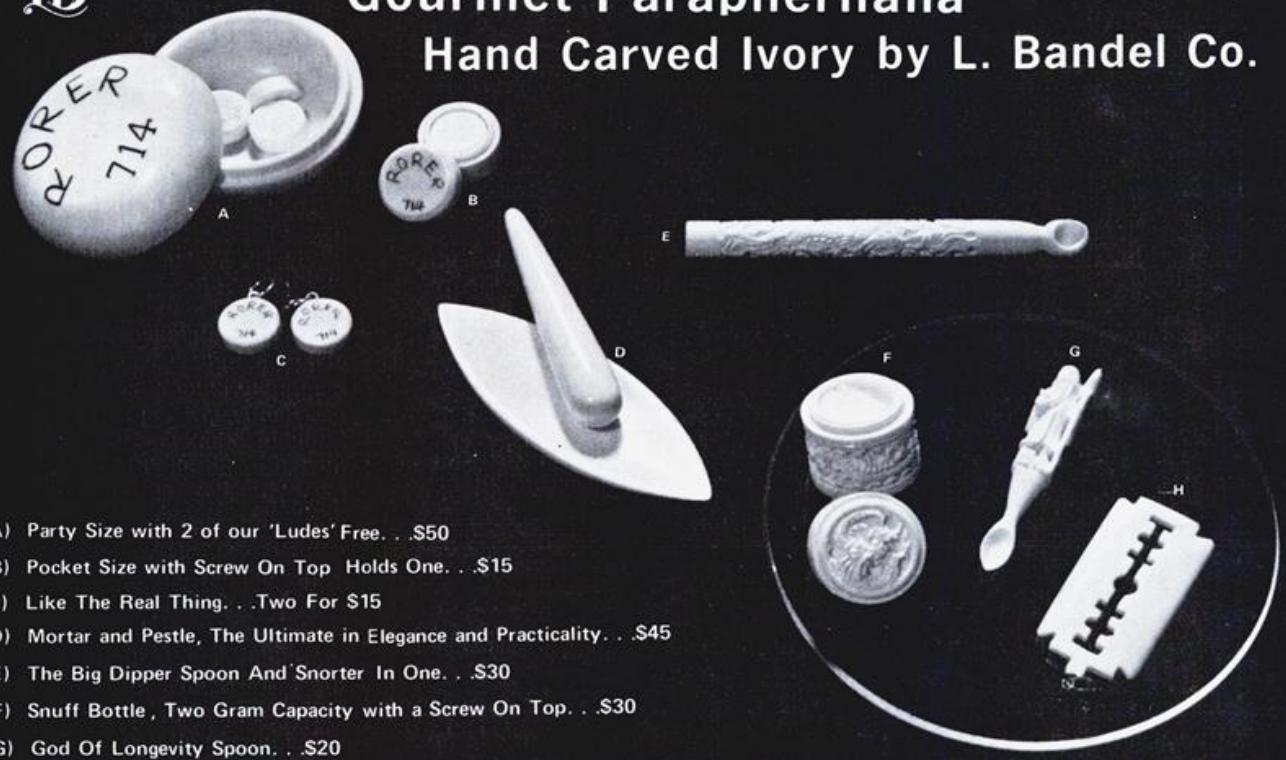
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current affair. *Lady's Choice*, hit the streets, it capsized the cynical observer's preconceived notions of mediocrity.

Lady's Choice is a knockout for three reasons, all untried in Bramlett's individual career. First, the LP tracks are all true classics of R&B from the past 20 years or so. With material like that, it's hard to go wrong, although the impossible *has* been done.

Second, producer Johnny Sandlin hasn't stickily swathed her pungent funk in a veil of instrumentation. The guitar, bass, horn, keyboard and drum performances are all tastefully sparse so that the songs, as well as Bonnie's voice, have room to breathe.

And finally, for the first time since Delaney and Bonnie went their separate ways, Bonnie is singing duets again. Although she manipulates her black-rooted vocal vigor forcefully on her own ("If I Were Your Woman" or "Let's Go Get Stoned" will convince doubting listeners.), Bonnie sounds best when she's in harmony with well-voiced but not overimposing male vocalists. Hence, the duet with Mickey Thomas (lead singer for Elvin Bishop) on "Hold On, I'm Coming" and the Bramlett/Thomas/Jimmy Hall trio evidenced on "You Really Got a Hold on Me" are the brightest jewels on this shining crown. *Lady's Choice* is a welcome surprise from a lady whose time is long overdue.



Another veteran, who hit the road out of Tucson at age 18, Linda Ronstadt has been saddled for ages with the ghosts of her earlier hits, "Different Drum" and "Long, Long Time." It's only been recently that she's struck the popular heart with her own, uncompromised juxtaposition of rock, country and tear-streaming ballads. On *Hasten Down the Wind*, which should be owned just for Ethan A. Russell's beautiful cover photography, Linda tosses out "That'll Be the Day," an old rock and roll jammer worthy of "You're No Good" or "When Will I Be Loved."

She also evinces a considerable new talent as a songwriter, brazening in the mighty, full-throated Ronstadt style through "Try Me Again" (penned in conjunction with her guitarist, Andrew Gold) and a three-way collaboration with her father and bassist Kenny Edwards, *"Lo Siento Mi Vida."* The latter is possibly the most poignantly haunting song ever from this emotion-eliciting songstress. Long after the basic Spanish lyrics are loosely translated, the dark melody will come creeping back.

Though both ladies have spent a goodly part of their lives soliciting the international notice their talents deserve, that notice has just lately been granted. For Bonnie, *Lady's Choice* marks the end of a long fight back to the top, while on *Hasten Down the Wind*, Linda has conquered some new heights in her ever-rising career. That "long way, baby" has been the road to success for both.

—Barbara Pepe

SING ME A LOVE SONG, by Sandy Theoret (Boot BOS-7164). If you're into



the stillness of those gentle hours between midnight and dawn, here is a rare treasure of an album. *Sing Me a Love Song* is fresh, sensual and unique—something to be shared with the special people in your life. I've yet to play it for anyone who wasn't moved by it.

In the cutthroat, big-business reality of the record industry, this is a record made not for money but for love—the love of making an unashamedly romantic statement, hoping to touch others with that feeling. There aren't enough times in life when you get to experience such deeply emotional music. This album packs the same kind of impact and potential as the first Phoebe Snow album—which also started as a word-of-mouth album.

Sandy Theoret is a rarity today, a singer who isn't afraid to sound pretty. The texture of her voice is warm and childlike. She's not an innocent child but a woman-child, saying, "I haven't done this before, but I know I can." Her melodic structures are haunting and beautiful, outstanding because of the soft, understated acoustic arrangements featuring guitar, keyboards and strings, with light percussion rather than standard drumming. Overall this provides the material with a soothing flow that captures her emotions perfectly.

Within her songs, she almost appears to be taking you aside to share her secret thoughts and desires. She delights in capturing the listener's curiosity about her myriad views of love, as in "Mama Don't You Worry"—"But the fact is, dear, I'm going where I'm comin' "—then answering that with "Love that's a lie never has a good direction, dreams when they die, no longer need protection." The title song sets the tone for the album's direction: "Sing me a love song, wherever you are," a fascinating love song to an ideal.

So here is an album made by artists, not heavy-handed music men grabbing for your wallet. *Sing Me a Love Song* is a wonderful little package of dreams that is perfectly suited for mellowing out on a quiet night. The people who are responsible for this obviously took pride in making it—it could be the sleeper of the year. If interested, write Boot Records, 1343 Matheson Blvd. West, Mississauga, Ont. Canada. *—Bob Anderson*

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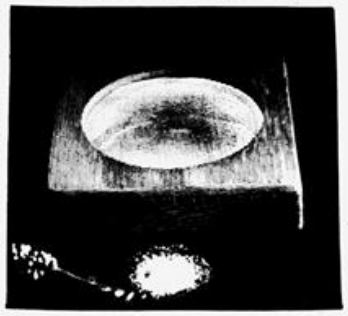
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Big Mother

(continued from page 83)

official police in illegal wiretapping: that the company had used deceptive accounting practices to seek inflated telephone rates. and that the company had improperly influenced Texas public officials through a program of political contributions and other favors. In its report. the subcommittee wrote: "The company has squandered time. energy. and brainpower on a continual quest for political influence. when it might have better employed such energies in economizing its own operations."

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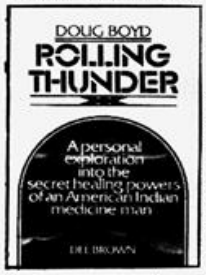
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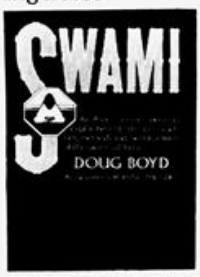
Books

ROLLING THUNDER, by Doug Boyd (New York: Dell Publishing Co. Inc., $3.45), and SWAMI, by Doug Boyd (New York: Random House, $10.00).



As described in the subtitle, *Rolling Thunder* is a "personal inquiry into the secret healing powers of the American Indian." Author Boyd dogs medicine man Rolling Thunder through cure and conflict as the supernatural surgeon struggles against less well-intentioned medicine men on behalf of his people. For Rolling Thunder is not solely concerned with ministering to man. He also ministers to the land of his people, which is being destroyed by the capitalists. Rolling Thunder's efforts to do well by his people are opposed by an "evil woman" and her tame medicine man in San Francisco. Evil thugs are sent out to harass Rolling Thunder, but in an exciting climax, he finally gains a victory over the bad medicine men.

Rolling Thunder is an interesting account of Boyd's experiences with the man who was to become the figurehead of a group of artists and musicians that included Bob Dylan. The book contains many informative speeches by Rolling Thunder on the virtues of traditional Indian social systems and wonder-working herbs.



In *Swami*, Doug Boyd's most recent work, the subject is Swami Rama, whom he credits several times in *Rolling Thunder* as having been a powerful force for enlightenment in his life. Again a first-person account of life with a mystic, Boyd's lively investigation gives us a glimpse at the personal behavior and manners of an enlightened human being. We see that a man who can control the rate of his heartbeat need not have mastery over shower faucets. It is somewhat pleasing to think that someone who claims to be able to leave a corporeal body at will and zoom around unexplored regions of consciousness can still flood a bathroom.

The Swami is an interesting tale-teller—after all, that is how he earns his chappatis and chutney—and treats us to some amusing accounts of life and death in the alleys and ashrams of his native India. If you believe that the people who charm the snakes may have something to teach the people that shoot them, this book may interest you. —*Ted Mann*

THE FLEISCHER STORY, by Leslie Cabarga (New York: Crown, $12.50).



An acidhead staring at a blank wall gets a good idea of what Max Fleischer's best cartoons were like: paint coming alive in whorls, plaster rising off the surface to take on a thousand shapes as if it were being molded by invisible hands, weird music coming from nowhere. A Betty Boop cartoon, with Louis Armstrong singing reefer songs on the soundtrack and trees, cars and kitchen appliances getting down to boogie with Betty and her friends, has the same stoned ambience.

In *The Fleischer Story*, Leslie Cabarga recounts the sad story of the Jewish immigrants' son who made it to the *top* of the animation heap while Walt Disney was still beating his wife in Kansas. He brought to kids' cartoons a sophistication, drug- and sex-awareness and graphic quality that was a joy to behold.

Among Fleischer's accomplishments were the best Popeye cartoons, the "follow the bouncing ball" sing-a-longs, the amazing *Out of the Inkwell* series, starring Betty Boop and Koko the Clown, a 1925 feature-length cartoon—never released and now presumed lost—explaining Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

His cartoons at their best were so cinematic that it is difficult to describe them verbally. But Fleischer's humor was too gentle, whimsical and personal to sustain major efforts: even if he'd maintained complete artistic control, which in fact he compromised from the start, he could never have mustered the emotional frenzy of *Pinocchio*.

If Disney was the archetypally autocratic artist-entrepreneur who firmly ruled the world he created, Max Fleischer was the all-American loser and *schlemiel*.

The Fleischer Story is lavishly illustrated with rare Fleischerana and memorabilia. The text is succinct, the facts have never been printed before and Cabarga mercifully spares us the boring explanations of animation work that cartoonists love to inflict ("Yep, it took 3,572 drawings to make Bugs eat that carrot!")

Rumor has it that Cabarga, a talented young man about San Francisco's underground comix scene, drew one or two of the Popeyes and Kokos in the book just to show he could do it. And apparently he could, for every picture in the book is a gem. Anyone who's ever seen Ms. Boop bump and grind to the tune of Cab Calloway's cocaine-inspired "Minnie The Moocher" will want to own *The Fleischer Story*. —*Eric Kibble*

THE OBLIVION SEEKERS, by Isabelle Eberhardt (San Francisco: City Lights, $2.00). Isabelle Eberhardt is con-



cerned with the "penniless and proud" who seldom own more than the rags they wear but somehow also "own the whole vast earth." "Vagrancy is deliverance," she writes, "and life on the open road is the essence of freedom.

Her stories are filled with amorous descriptions of the Algerian countryside and as she puts it, "its native life, about which so little is known, and which is so disfigured by the descriptions of those who, not knowing it, insist on describing it anyway."

The flavor of the lives Eberhardt recorded has the sweet taste of kif. In the title story of this collection, she writes of "worshippers of the hallucinating smoke" whose paths cross in a kif den in a half-ruined house "that seems to belong to no one.... Chance brought them here.... Soon they will set out again, in different directions, and on different trails moving unconcernedly toward the fulfillment of their separate destinies. But it was a community of taste that gathered them together in this smoky refuge, where they pass the slow hours of life without cares."

The loner, the wanderer, these are the heroes in all of Eberhardt's writings. One old tramp, refusing the confining charities of more solid citizens, rests beneath a shady old tree at the end of his path where "softly, in the solitude of the open spaces, the uncomplicated and yet mysterious force that had animated for so many years fell asleep inside him."

Isabelle Eberhardt was raised in Switzerland by a Russian nihilist father who taught her to read and write classic Arabic, ride a horse and dress in men's

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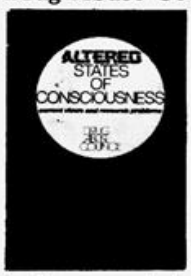
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clothing. She embraced Islam and visited corners of Algeria, Tunisia and the Sahara where few of the Frenchmen who owned the territory at the time would have dared to venture. She kept up her writing through constant sickness, political intrigue, pressure of extradition (the French thought her a spy) and even an assassination attempt. The stories in *The Oblivion Seekers* were written in Algeria, where she lived from 1897 until her death at 27 years of age in 1904, surrounded by her manuscripts in a mud hut by a river that suddenly overran its banks. Fortunately, most of her work was recovered, and this rich sampling of it is now available in Paul Bowles's superb translation.

—*Lynda Crawford*

ALTERED STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS: CURRENT VIEWS AND RESEARCH PROBLEMS (Washington: Drug Abuse Council, Inc., $5.00). Despite their name, the Drug Abuse Council's directors speak in terms of use as well as abuse, and they are some of the saner voices in the Washington dope establishment. The papers collected here were originally presented at an interdisciplinary conference on altered consciousness cosponsored by the Smithsonian Institution, a public conference held before a large audience.



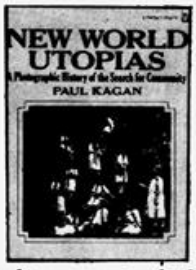
The essay by Jean Houston, coauthor of *Varieties of Psychedelic Experience*, is heated by her fervent desire for a revolution in consciousness. She envisions the full range of mental capabilities that could be our species' only hope of solving its basic problems. For example, she argues that the child's natural ability to think in images as well as words need not be lost in the school mill. Since the mid-1960s, when LSD research was shut down, Dr. Houston's Foundation for Mind Research has developed other ways to reactivate this ability, like a pendulum swing in which the subject stands strapped in, gently swaying, blindfolded. Movement and sight deprivation disrupt space-time orientation, often releasing floods of interior imagery in theatrical or dreamlike sequences. The most potent techniques, she claims, are interpersonal and hypnotic, but most people at first will react only to the machine. It would seem our religion of science has put the *deus* in *machina*.

Richard Evans Schultes concludes the selection with a concise survey of the fascinating array of psychoactive plants used by the Indians of North and South America. "Perhaps mind-altering drugs were nowhere more thoroughly incorporated into the life of a people than in ancient Mexico," he writes, going on to demonstrate the unique harmony the advanced civilizations of medieval Meso america maintained with their environment.

The six thoughtful essays here, including Roland Fisher's ambitious "Cartography of Inner Space" and Allan Rechtschaffen's application of dream research techniques to transcendent states are slow but often interesting reading.

—*Gary Stimeling*

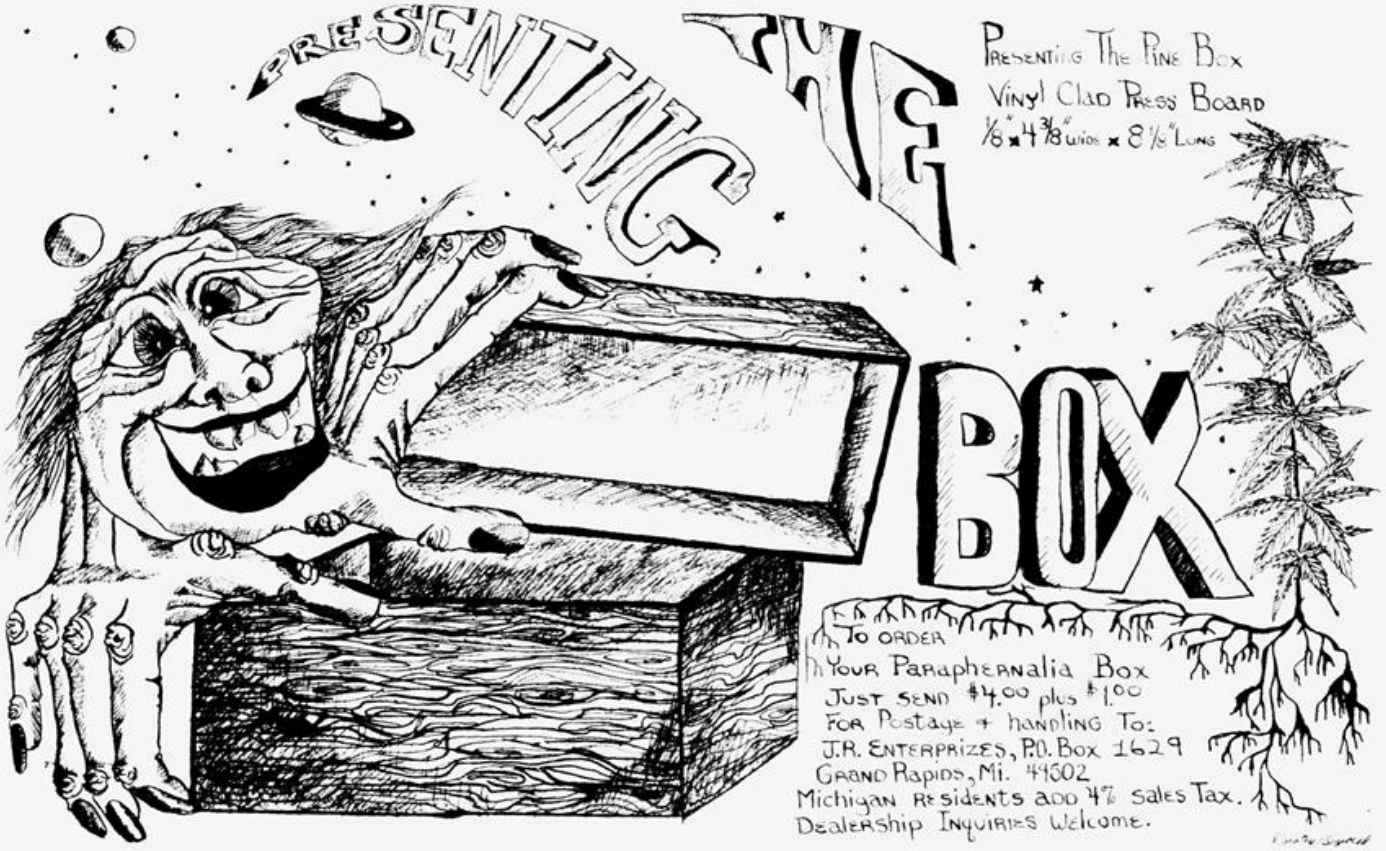
NEW WORLD UTOPIAS: A Photographic History of the Search for Community, by Paul Kagan (Penguin Books, $5.95). This interesting book would've been a great deal more fascinating if the development of photography had only occurred about 75 years earlier. The visuals here are necessarily restricted to communes that flourished after 1875, when most of the original, authentic American communal societies—Oneida, New Harmony, Brook Farm—were already defunct. What's left, then, are various modern California cult outfits, which decidedly diverts the concern of the book: from a study of American communal societies, it necessarily becomes a study of bizarre California cult societies.



What Kagan is left with, then, is a multitude of nutbar, pseudoreligious communities that make for just *dynamite* reading. Southern California, blessed with both awe-inspiring scenery and a uniquely bland climate, was the obvious place for the likes of Madame Blavatsky and Annie Besant to work out their millenial brainstorms. Theosophist communes accordingly became the most lucrative alternate societies America has ever seen.

Probably the most successful twentieth-century American commune, though, was Holy City, founded in 1919 by Father William E. Riker near San Jose. Riker's people flourished into the mid-Forties, primarily on the tourist trade: Holy City offered Biblical peep shows and illuminated Santa Clauses all year round and peddled Golden Glow Beer straight through Prohibition. Riker thrilled millions with his evangelistic appeals to send the niggers back to Africa to resume "their former head-hunting, low-grade, human wild man rhinoceros-eating tactics." This was finally eradicated when the main highway was rerouted around Holy City specifically to cut off the tourist trade.

The best feature of *New World Utopias* is, of course, the abundant period photos. The Hollywood spiritualist communes, with their bastardized classical and Indian architecture, growing out of rocky



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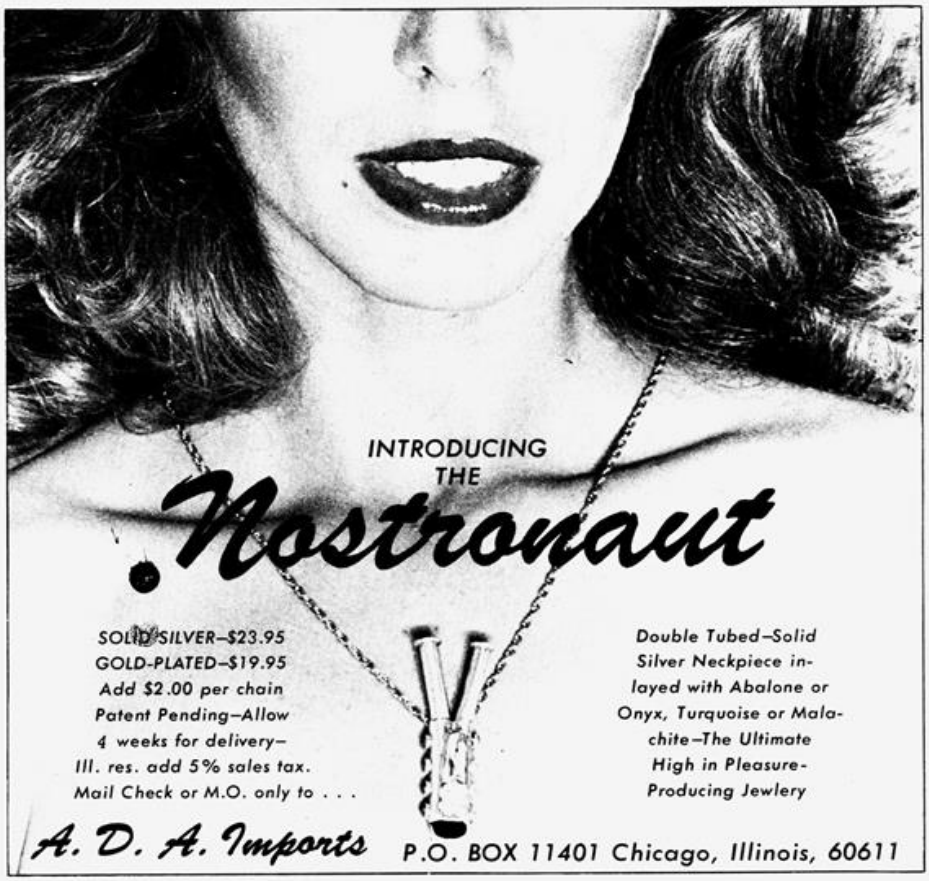
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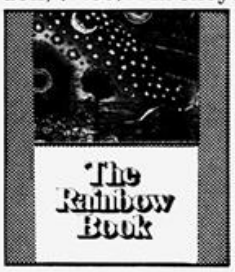
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western landscapes embellished with sprinkler-fed Pacific palmettos, will fairly turn your stomach, unless that happens to be your sort of thing. Then, by contrast, there are the simple, hard-working folk of Icaria and Kawaeah: grim-faced, dedicated Protestant zealots posing fixedly with their trapped, hopeless children, knee-deep in snow or barefoot among the rocks. This book makes you sincerely grateful you were never there. —*Dean Latimer*

THE RAINBOW BOOK (The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco in association with Shambala, Berkeley & London, $7.95). An encyclopedia of rainbow



fact, myth and lore, *The Rainbow Book* contains a proverbial pot of gold. Hundreds of reproductions, quotations and diagrams from all over the world, from pre-Biblical times to the present, gild its pages. There is deep value in its exploration of the external universe and the universe of the human mind.

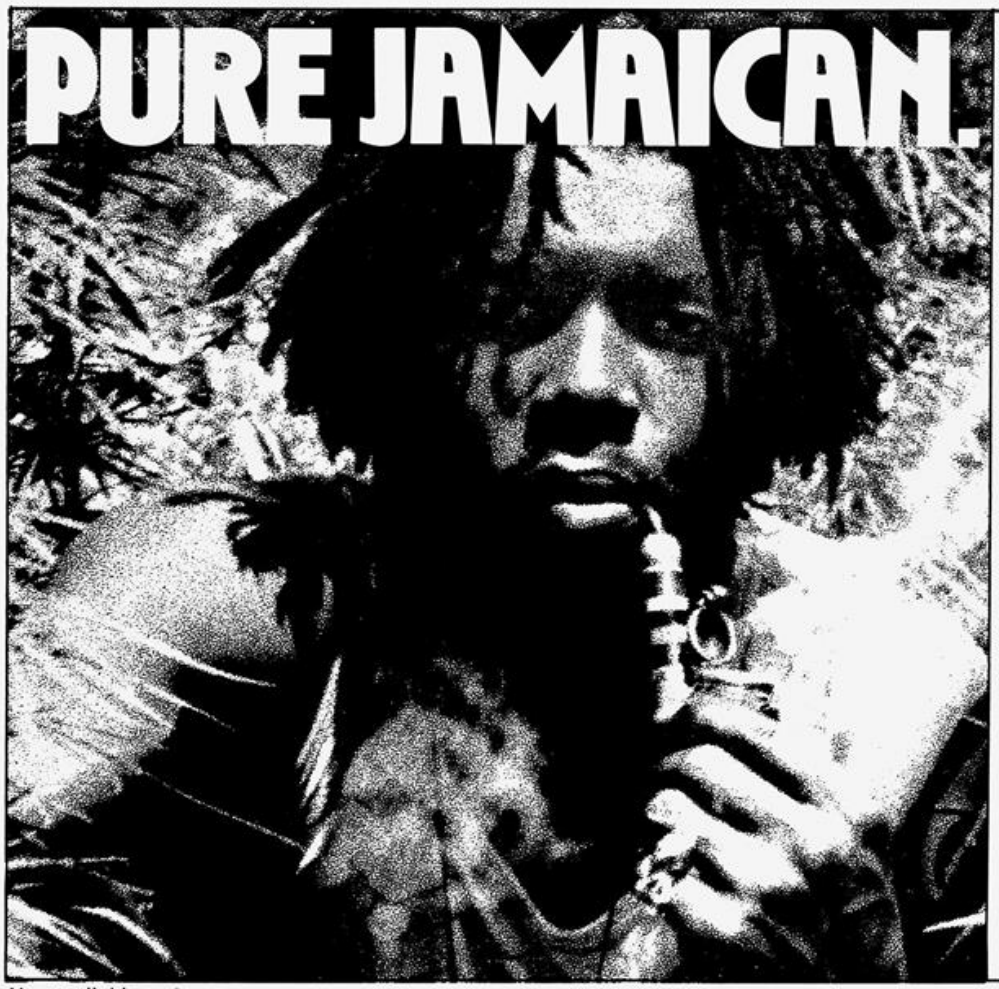
The myths, paintings, essays and poems in the first section are wonderfully rich: for example: rainbows described as bridges between earth and heaven in Greek and Judeo-Christian mythology; E.Y. ("Yip") Harburg lyrics for Judy Garland; a Navajo mandala; an essay by Carl Jung that relates rainbows to the tower of Babel and the origins of the names of the days of the week; poems by Blake and Kerouac.

What is a rainbow? The answer creates more questions: what are light, color, sound? Revelations are found in treatises that span history from Aristotle to Leonardo da Vinci, in charts on the anatomy of the eye and in the work of Newton, who discovered the spectrum. All this leads to a discussion of the music of the spheres, which is the relationship of color to sound. The *I Ching* and Edgar Cayce present jewels of information.

Finally, the reader is offered the metaphysics of color—lore about colors and what they symbolize, and studies of auras and Kirlian photography by luminaries like Dante, S. J. G. Ouseley and Lama Govinda. Perhaps most interesting is the discussion, pursued by several unnamed writers, of "spectral song"—the train of Greek, Hebrew and Buddhist mystic approaches to the origin and unity of all creation in sound and light that yogis and kabalists have pursued for centuries, only to have it realized by the gimmickry of the color organ.

The difficulty of reading *The Rainbow Book*'s tinted pages is far outweighed by the polychromatic pleasures of this eclectic text. —*Carol Ardman*

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Frank Costello, Father of Modern Smuggling

(continued from page 76)

Guard captains found the enforcement of this law repugnant to the code of the sailor, not to mention the risk of upsetting the generous Mr. Costello and Mr. Dwyer. But late in 1923, Coast Guard sources informed Costello that the agency was finally getting serious about Rum Row. They had borrowed 25 destroyers from the Navy, with batteries of 4" 50 and 3" 50 caliber guns, quick-firing one-pounders, and crews armed to the gizzard with machine guns, pistols and grenades. Their top speed was thirty knots, as fast as any rumrunner on the seas; faster than most, in fact. And while they launched the Navy destroyers, the Coast Guard was building its own fleet of cutters to do battle with the bootleggers.

In the years that followed, rumrunning became serious business. There were no more parties on Rum Row. Skippers armed their men with heavy artillery and prepared to fight pitched battles with the Coast Guard. Costello hauled his fleet into dry dock to mount armor plating, cannon and machine guns. His captains had already seen action in battle with hijackers; now, often disguised as Coast Guard cutters themselves, they prepared to fight a war. Costello also made a heavy investment in aircraft to provide cover for his vessels while scanning the horizons for hijackers, government gunboats and other untoward obstacles. Ironically, Washington had virtually disbanded the U.S. Air Force after World War I and was not to revive it until World War II, so Frank's supremacy in this field went pretty much unchallenged.

Soon, federal cutters were firing on rumrunners in full view of terrified bathers at Coney Island. The rummies fought to the death, setting their cargoes ablaze and going down with their ships when they were too drunk to do otherwise (this bug was never entirely ironed out). One of the strangest naval encounters ever fought took place between the speedboat *Elise* and Commander Backer, at the helm of one of the borrowed Navy destroyers in the mid-Twenties.

Backer's desk officer, Lieutenant O'Dow, spotted the *Elise* within U.S. coastal waters at dawn. Taking O'Dow's binoculars, Backer's eyes told him the whole story at once: the cargo in plain view on the open deck, and a deckhand thumbing his nose at Backer. The commander, a temperance man, saw red. "All forward guns, commence firing!" he barked. "Aim for the bow."

As the *Elise* began to take evasive action—zigzagging out of the direct line of fire—Commander Backer was startled to hear the throbbing engines of a seaplane. Circling over his head, the seaplane dropped to the waterline and laid down a heavy smoke screen. As the ship's guns began firing upon the *Elise*, heavy, greasy black effluviants polluted the poopdeck and all hands. "Steady as she goes!" roared Backer.

The *Elise* was now circling toward the destroyer's stern. Backer ordered the guns retrained to starboard. Suddenly, a submarine surfaced 50 yards to starboard.

"Engines stopped, sir," came a voice from the wheelhouse.

"Who stopped them?" yelled Backer. "Full speed ahead!"

The voice replied, "The screws have been hit, sir."

A portly German officer emerged from the hatch of the U-boat. Lifting a megaphone, he shouted to the destroyer.

"What did he say?" Backer asked.

"He said 'OK,' sir," a deckhand replied.

"Ask him what the hell he means by OK," Becker told O'Dow.

"Yesssir," snapped O'Dow. "What the hell do you mean by OK?" he shouted back at the German.

"Friends, indeed, need help, SOS," shouted the German.

By this time Backer had received a radio message from base headquarters in New London, Connecticut: "Sending aircraft to assist you. Commandant asks to pass personal message to Commander Backer. This is the message: Pull yourself together. Positively no submarines in your vicinity. Positively no aircraft your area. What's the commotion? Full report required when you return to base."

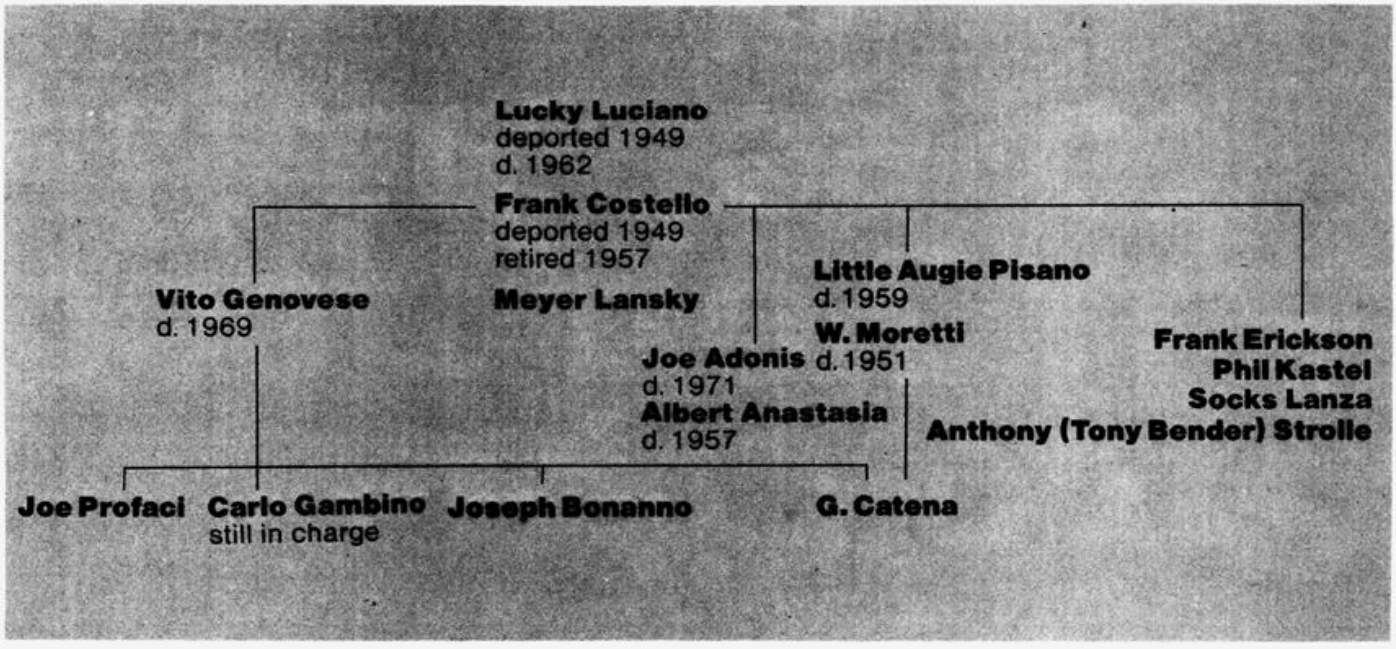
By this time the submarine was within hailing distance without megaphones. "Greetings to Americans from Oberlieutenant Hochman, commander of French submarine."

"French!?"

"Versailles Treaty. We train French crew on our boat. French crew *verdammt!* Engine broken."

Costello heard the whole story from the radio operator, who was on his payroll. He was delighted by it no less than he was by the total escape of the *Elise*, one of his own ships.

If speedboats, air cover and acts of God like U-boats helped keep Frank's fleet afloat, it was wholesale bribery of the Coast Guard that made it profitable for so many years. By 1925, someone in Washington figured this out and sent out orders for a total housekeeping. As a result, Costello and Big Bill Dwyer came to trial in 1926. Dwyer took most of the





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rap, while Frank posed as a minor figure. Although Dwyer served several years in prison, Costello obtained a hung jury by demonstrating that all the government witnesses were paid informers, and also by bribing a juror. He continued to run rum until the Repeal of Prohibition in 1932. If private individuals pestered him about his bootlegging interests, he merely allowed them to marvel as he did at the wonders of the untamed sea that caused so many of his Caribbean-bound ships to wash ashore in Rum Row.

At the peak of his strength, Costello's fleet brought him an income of millions of dollars every year and permitted him such luxuries as an onshore radio station that broadcast information about the weather to his ships. However, his frequency was open to many listeners, and his accurate weather reports probably saved millions of lives. Had Prohibition been in effect at the time of the *Titanic* and *Luisitania* disasters, Costello would probably have prevented their sinkings and the onset of World War I out of sheer public-spiritedness.

During the Prohibition era, illegal liquor trafficking gave spaghetti-loving entrepreneurs the money and power they would continue to wield in American life until this day. At the outset, the syndicate was ruled from New York by Joe Masseria, a local Black-Hander who thrived on extortion, blackmail and speakeasies. Under Joe the Boss, Costello and Dwyer controlled rumrunning. Charles "Lucky" Luciano and Vito Genovese controlled prositution and narcotics. Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, Joe Adonis and Albert Anastasia ran Murder, Inc., and outside of New York various clans acknowledged Joe the Boss's supremacy in settling intramural affairs. Sam Lazar in Philadephia, John Lazia from Kansas City, Moe Dalitz and Lou Rothkopf of Cleveland, King Solomon in Boston and even Al Capone in Chicago loosely paid tribute to Joe the Boss. In Masseria's name, Luciano and Costello invited all of mobland to Atlantic City in 1929. It was decided there that rackets would henceforth be run on a cooperative basis, with each mob acknowledging the other's supremacy in its geographical area, and that Alphonse Capone would take a year's vacation in prison to relieve the criminal commonwealth of the federal heat that Capone's noisy Chicago mayhem had generated.

It was at this meeting that Luciano and Costello established the "corporate" syndicate that would replace the old-fashioned, free-lance *laissez-faire* gangsterism of the Twenties and the immigrant gang-rule era. Unfortunately, that era was epitomized by their beloved Joe the Boss.

Joe the Boss was the archetypal glamorous gangster with a handlebar moustache, garter belts on his biceps and glittering rings on his pinkies. Instead of elegantly twirling his spaghetti on a fork, he noisily sucked up each individual strand. To teach Joe some table manners, Lucky Luciano took him to lunch in Coney Island in 1931. When Lucky excused himself, the other irate diners displayed their disapproval of Joe's habits by firing 20 slugs into his brain.

Lucky Luciano was now the Boss of Bosses. With Costello acting as his peacemaker, he made peace with "mad dogs" like Dutch Schultz by having them killed. Luciano's vision of a modern organization of spaghetti fanciers tolerated no upstarts like Schultz and Capone, whose noisy belligerence only drew attention to criminal enterprise. With Costello and Meyer Lansky, he redirected rackets profits into ligitimate business concerns. But of course, Luciano and Costello continued to expand syndicate control of slot machines, bookmaking, narcotics, prostitution and other lucrative sidelines. Their wealth brought them into influential circles where they were enthusiastically received by native American pasta enthusiasts.

Alas, Lucky Luciano was finally brought to heel in 1936 by New York special rackets prosecutor Thomas Dewey. Luciano collected a 30-to-50-year sentence in maximum security for "pimping." His mother was heartbroken, and Frank Costello was sincerely grieved. Most painful of all was the fact that Dewey went to so much trouble to nail Lucky: after all, it was Lucky who ordered Dutch Schultz's execution when the Dutchman insisted on putting Dewey away. And now this! As Costello was later to remark, "There's no justice in this world."

As if this were not enough, Dewey continued to persecute citizens who shared an admiration for spaghetti. Albert Anastasia, Joe Adonis and Louis "Lepke" Buchalter all fell under Dewey eyes when the plucky prosecutor unveiled the Murder, Incorporated, scandal by persuading a former contract killer named Abe Reles to tell America how this corporation of hired killers had executed over 1,000 citizens in cold blood. However, despite these cruel attacks on his friends, Costello continued to serve as a peacemaker, persuading Lepke to surrender himself in 1939. To Dewey's chagrin, however, Lepke surrendered not to him but to J. Edgar Hoover and Walter Winchell! To Lepke's chagrin, Dewey retaliated by having him electrocuted. By this time, Frank Costello had emerged as the "Prime Minister of the Underworld"—with Tom Dewey hot in pursuit! By 1943, however, Dewey was compelled to make a deal. As governor of New York, he was responsible for the security of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, which had become a happy hunting ground for German saboteurs. Dewey was at first hostile to a Navy proposal that Luciano give his blessing to a scheme for syndicate thugs to protect the yards. Frank stepped in and arranged for Lucky's transfer to a "gentlemen's club" prison. Finally, Luciano agreed to sell Uncle Sam protection, and there was no further Nazi sabotage in the Brooklyn Navy yard, where, by the way, I went on a submarine in dry dock in 1963. Lucky and Frank did not stop there; they arranged to have General Patton's Sicilian invasion force met by Don Calogero Vizzini and other members of the local spaghetti appreciation society eager to fight the retreating Germans. They were given the most up-to-date U.S. weapons with which to do so. After the war, the Sicilian government was simply handed over to Don Vizzini.

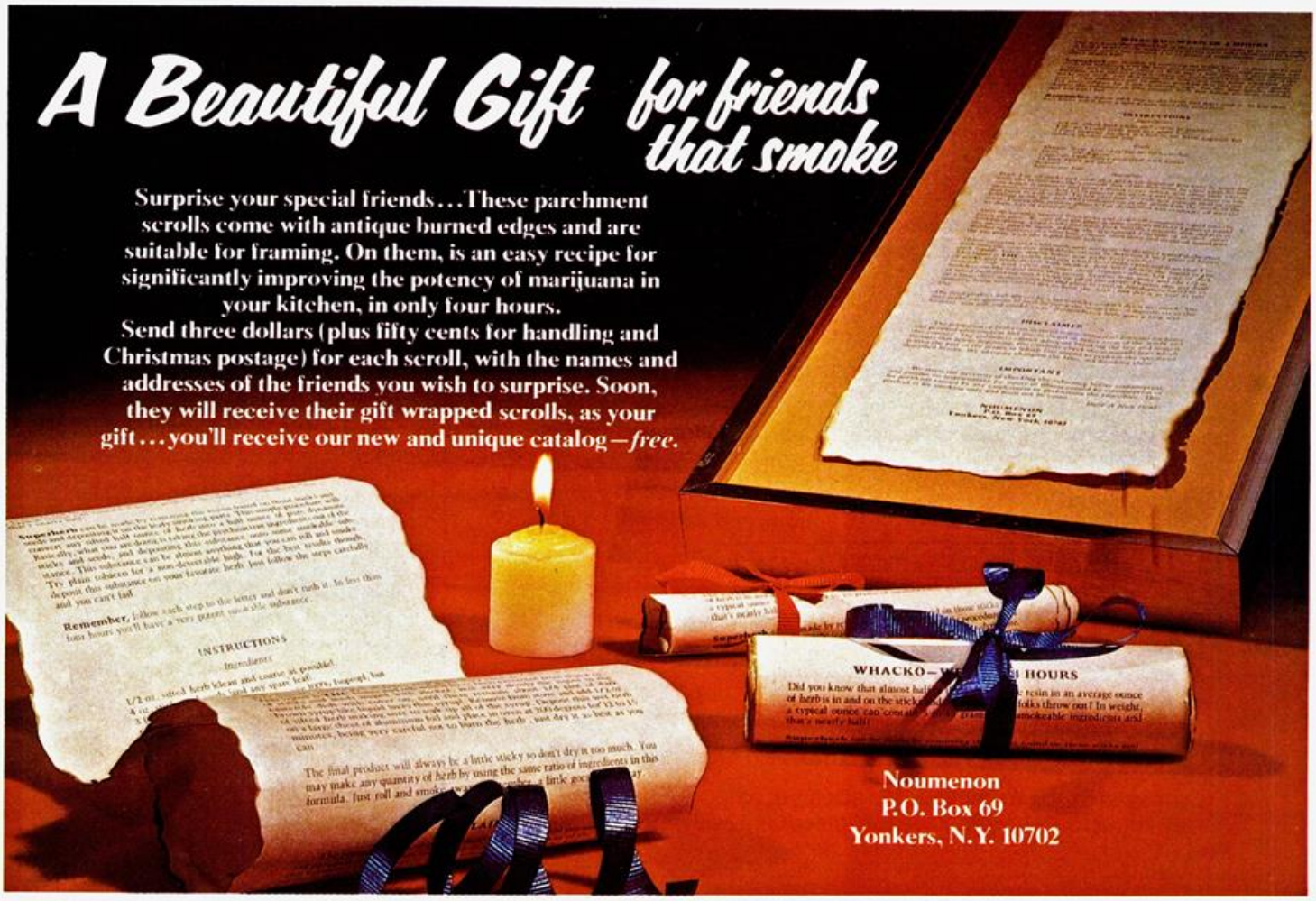
With Lucky taken care of, Frank reluctantly assumed the post of Boss of Bosses. George Wolf later allegedly stated that he would have preferred to remain a racketeer and gambler submissive to the will of Luciano, who in turn would continue to receive the adulation of the public. In fact, Luciano in exile continued to be the supreme arbiter of taste when Costello could not make a peace. But thanks to the efforts of Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan, Costello was soon receiving the credit due him as Prime Minister of the Underworld. Hogan, who later achieved notoriety for his single-minded persecution of the Panther 21 in the 1960s, brought a case against Costello for peddling his Tammany influence to name a judge to a Democratic ballot in New York. Costello beat the rap and the judge, Thomas Aurelio, later turned out to be blameless: Costello even said, "I can't even get a parking ticket fixed with him." But Hogan made sure that Frank's friendships with Luciano, Joe the Boss, Al Capone, Dutch Schultz, Bugsy Siegel and all the rest were front-page news for weeks. When it was over, Frank Costello was *il capo di tutti capi* to John Doe.

To defuse these attacks, George Wolf and Meyer Lansky encouraged Costello to invest as heavily and ostentatiously as possible in legitimate concerns. Nonetheless, he continued to dispense his largesse to the Democratic Party, and by 1949, according to Wolf, his control of New York State politics was complete—though not complete enough to prevent Republican Governor Dewey from deporting Lucky Luciano to Italy. And not complete enough, either, to prevent another powerful *capo*, Vito Genovese, from making his bid for the title of Boss of all Bosses.

Between his appearances on the televised Kefauver Commission hearings on crime in 1951, his conviction for tax fraud in 1954, an attemped execution by a Genovese gunman in 1957—the first personal attack on Costello since Ciro "The Artichoke King" Terranova had beaten him up for withholding $37 in rent col-

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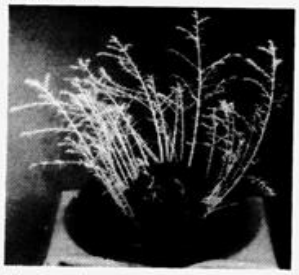
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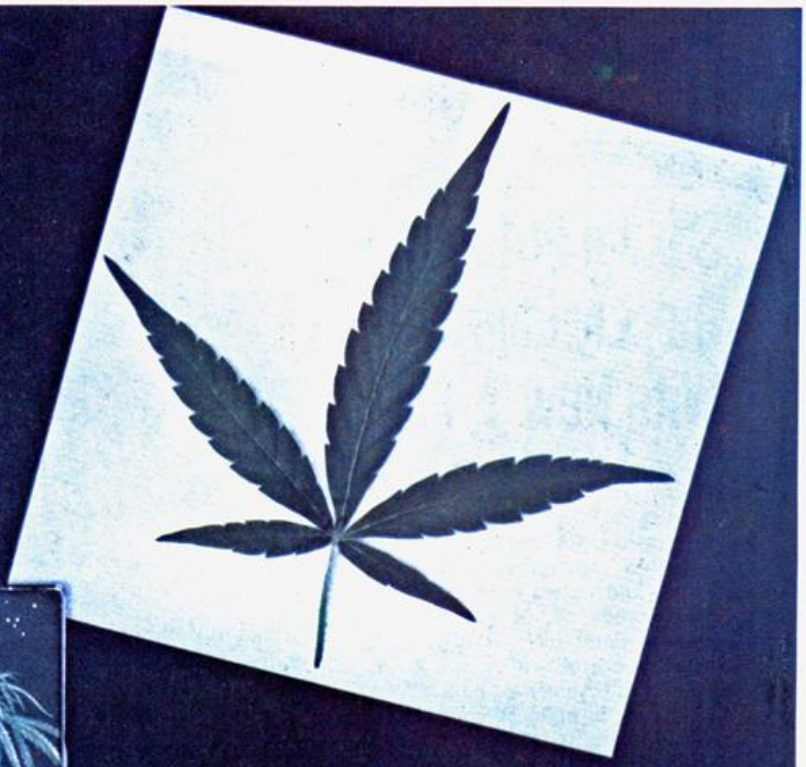
lections (before World War I) and his final remandment to the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, where he finally made peace with cellmate Genovese. Costello did not seem to have much time to function as Boss of Bosses. Yet he remained influential in U.S. politics and crime, and after his release from Atlanta, he was left in peace by Genovese, to live his remaining years in peaceful retirement. In the years of his reign, he had had a fix in at FDR's White House, owned New York Mayor William O'Dwyer (no relation), bankrolled Bugsy Siegel's contribution to the ecology of Nevada, the city of Las Vegas, controlled an army and a navy that rivaled any post-World War I power and sunk roots into the Democratic Party national machine that persist to this day. And as he entered his eighth decade, Costello could watch with pleasure the rise of a new generation of smuggler, the hippie marijuana importers who were discovering for themselves the glorious *contrabandista* science that Francesco Castiglia had perfected, much as a Renaissance painter or Baroque composer perfected each masterpiece in minutest detail.

Is there a moral to the Frank Costello saga? George Wolf stresses that the Boss of Bosses was not an executioner but a peacemaker, who once told Lucky Luciano "Violence is ignorance." In his own way, minority-group member Frank Costello was an apostle of nonviolence like Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King. Nor was his "evil" of his own making: when the Senator Estes Kefauver tried to deport Costello in the 1950s, Italy protested that he was a product of American society and had not been a criminal when he left Calabria at the age of four.

What of his crimes? Costello eschewed extortion, blackmail, contract murders, hard narcotics and many other unsavory rackets. From 1932 on, he earned his living as a gambler, taking a percentage of a network of bookies, slot machines, casinos, policy banks and numbers runners—innocent pastimes endorsed by every state in the union in the form of parimutuel and offtrack betting, lotteries, bingo parlors and other innocent forms of merriment the whole family can enjoy while supporting good causes like education, the arts and highway construction. Before 1932, Frank made a few dollars smuggling liquor that the country greatly needed. In some ways, Frank was deeply hurt by Keith Stroup's failure to invite him to join the board of directors of NORML when it was chartered in 1972. He always craved acceptance by the "best" people.

If Frank Costello were around to put the cannabis importing racket on a businesslike basis, there wouldn't be dope shortages. *Arrividerci, Francesco.* We shall not see your kind again. ◘

One good leaf... deserves another





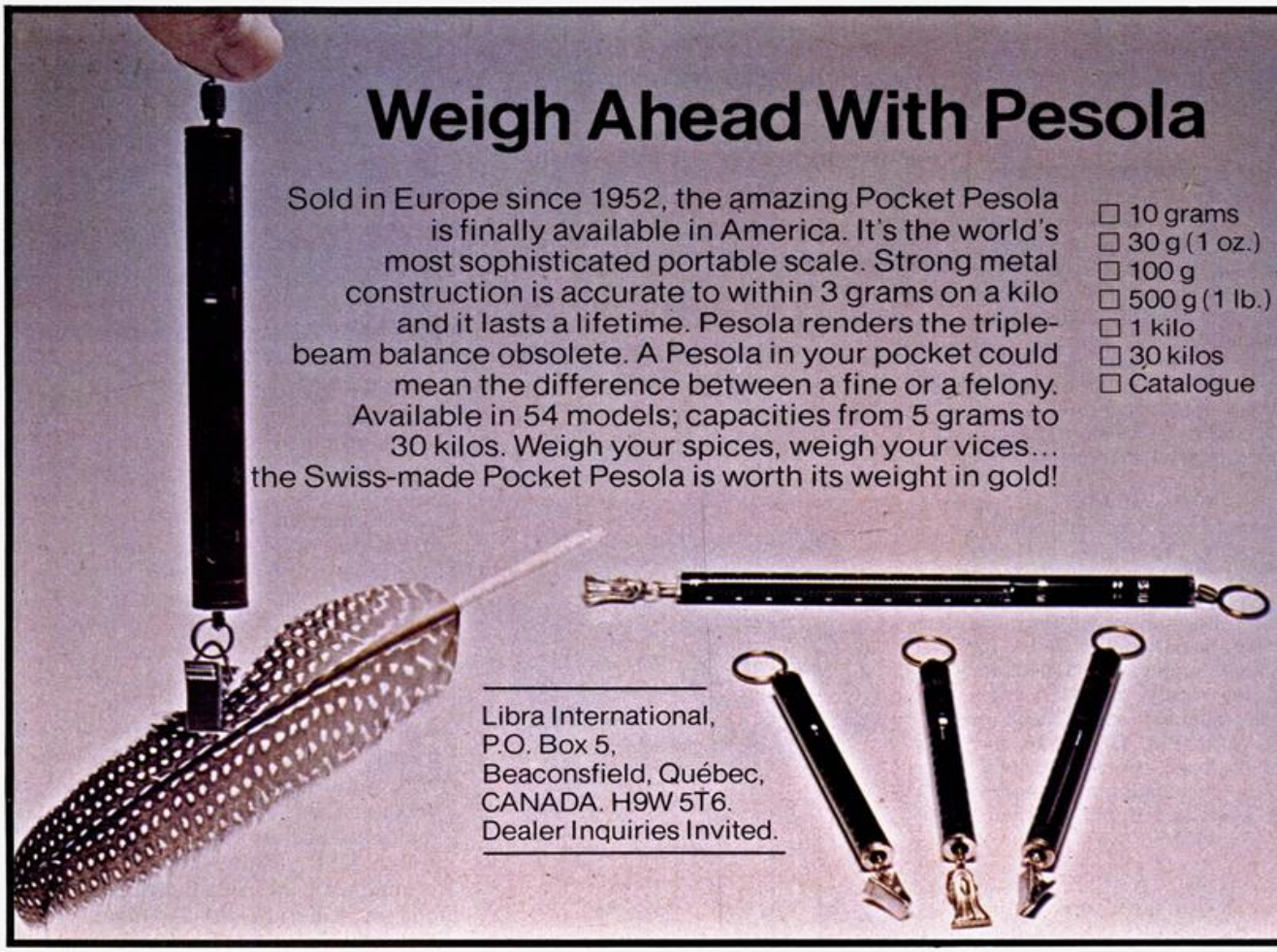
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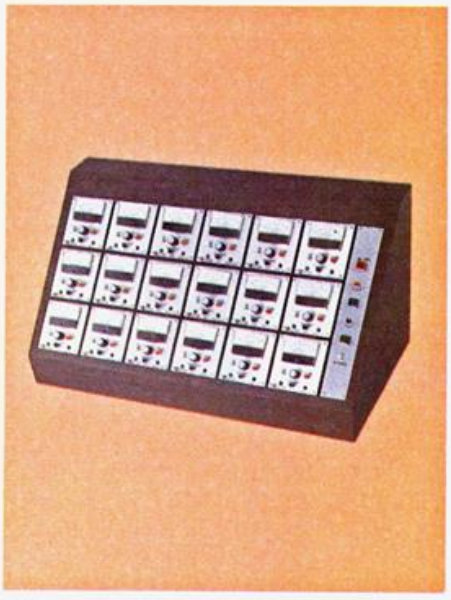
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		lb	250-400
Commercial Colombian	generally worthwhile	oz	30-50
		lb	300-500
Connoisseur Colombian	rare	oz	50-100
		lb	500-700
Hawaiian	excellent when found	oz	200-250
		lb	2000-2500
Thai sticks	San Luis stickless; good	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
	small green; tasty	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
Moroccan hash	thin green slabs, poor	oz	75-125
		lb	900-1200
Lebanese hash	short supply	oz	125-175
		lb	1200-1700
Afghani hash	thick black slabs	oz	120-190
		lb	1500-2100
Nepalese hash	some temple balls and fingers	oz	120-180
		lb	1400-1900
Paki hash	not up to par	oz	115-165
		lb	1300-1700
Lebanese hash oil	unavailable	gm	25-35
		oz	400-500
Afghani hash oil	potent	gm	25-40
		oz	400-500
Honey oil	scarce	gm	25-40
		oz	400-550
LSD	various types; mostly blotter	hit	1-3
		100	75-150
Psilocybin mushrooms	available in certain areas	oz	20-40
		lb	150-200
Cocaine	fair to good quality and quantity	gm	75-125
		oz	1100-1900
Quaaludes	scarce	one	2-5
		100	200-375
Ups	black beauty bootlegs, good	one	1.25-2.25
		100	80-165

ALASKA

Domestic	various types	oz	35-65
		lb	450-600
Regular Mexican	decent supply and quality	oz	20-35
		lb	250-375
Connoisseur Colombian	rare	oz	50-80
		lb	500-650
Cocaine	good to excellent	gm	75-125
		oz	1600-2200

HAWAII

Kona gold	tasty	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1600
Maui	wonderful smoke	oz	100-150
		lb	1100-2000

AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS

Domestic hash	good expectations	oz	15-35
		lb	250-350
Senegalese & Congolese	fair supply	oz	50-75
		lb	400-550
Moroccan hash	good quantity and quality	oz	50-70
		lb	400-500
Lebanese hash	little flow	oz	50-80;
		lb	500-600
Pakistani hash	fair to good	oz	50-75
		lb	400-600
Kashmiri hash	scarce	oz	60-90
		lb	600-700
Hash oil	various types	liter	1800-2100
LSD	blotter	hit	2-4
		100	150-200
Cocaine	fair	gm	75-125
		oz	1200-2000
Burmese opium	dreamy	gm	3-5
		oz	60-75

AZORE ISLANDS

Angolan grass	excellent	oz	35-50
		lb	450-700
Mozambique grass	wonderful	oz	60-90
		lb	550-800
Quaaludes	rare	one	2-3
		100	75-150
Dormadinos	available	one	1-2
		100	75-150
Morphine	great	oz	5-10
		lb	75-150

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	most mature	oz	5-10
		lb	40-60
Machu Picchu	still to be harvested	oz	8-10
		lb	45-65
Punta Roja	tremendous stash	oz	8-10
		lb	45-65
Colombian hash	surprisingly poor	lb	30-50
		100 lbs	2000-3000
Colombian hash oil	fair to good	oz	175-225
		lb	2000-2500
LSD	fair	hit	3-5
		100	250-400
Mushrooms	best trip in town	oz	3-5
		lb	30-45
Cocaine	amazing quality available	oz	250-350
		lb	4000-6000

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

Chitral hash	tasty	gm	2-3
		oz	45-60
Lebanese hash	supply declining	oz	35-50
		lb	400-450
Nepalese hash	very good	oz	45-75
		lb	450-575
Nigerian grass	fair to good	oz	25-35
		lb	400-500
LSD	some dots	hit	2-5
		100	225-325
Cocaine	heavy cut	gm	50-100
		oz	1050-1500

CANADA

Domestic	some okay	oz	15-25
		lb	150-250
Regular Mexican	the same	oz	15-30
		lb	150-250
Top-grade Mexican	Guerreran tops; fair amount	oz	35-60
		lb	475-600
Commercial Colombian	usually shaky	oz	35-45
		lb	450-550
Connoisseur Colombian	scarce	oz	50-75
		lb	550-700
Hawaiian	scarce	oz	200-250
		lb	2500-3000
Afghani hash	thick black slabs; good	oz	150-200
		lb	1400-2100
Indian hash	poorly made	oz	100-140
		lb	1100-1450
LSD	blotter	hit	2-5
		100	150-200
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	75-125
		oz	1400-1900

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

Lebanese hash	the darker the better	gm	2-3
		lb	625-850
Moroccan hash	mostly poor	gm	1.50-2.50
		lb	600-750
Magic Moroccan	everyday stash	gm	2.50-4.50
		lb	700-950
LSD	scarce	hit	2-4
		100	125-200

FRANKFURT, GERMANY

Lebanese hash	steady red	gm	2-3
		kilo	1100-1200
Afghani hash	the greatest	oz	40-60
		lb	500-700
Moroccan hash	decent	oz	35-50
		lb	450-550
Thai sticks	various quality	one	10-12
		100	800-900
LSD	good domestic	hit	3-4
		100	350-375
Cocaine	scarce rock, more flake	gm	60-100
		oz	400-650
Speed	amphetamine crystals	gm	20-35
		oz	400-450
Heroin	common market Turkish product	gm	40-75
		oz	1000

GUADALAJARA, MEXICO

Torreon violet	most tasty, sweet	oz	5-10
		lb	80-125
Guadalajara green	good crop	oz	5-10
		lb	80-125
Oaxacan tops	off season	oz	3-4
		lb	50-65
Guerrero gold	a grower's pride	oz	4-7
		lb	65-115
Pueblo	sweet as honey	oz	4-6
		lb	65-100
Magic mushrooms	beautiful trip	oz	5-8
		lb	80-115
Cocaine	fly-me quality	gm	4-5
		oz	55-70
Opium	siesta time	oz	400-500
		lb	5000

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	worthless	oz	10-15
		lb	140-200
Thai grass	explosive	oz	50-100
		lb	650-1200
Thai sticks	best of the crop	one	8-12
		oz	75-150
Hashish	Afghani and Nepalese	gm	8-15
		oz	75-150
Heroin	mostly Chinese, brown rocks	oz	90-125
		lb	1000

ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Turkish hash	domestic pride	oz	5-8
		lb	70
Antonia hash	excellent	oz	8-10
		lb	100-150
LSD	some good imports	hit	5-12
		100	500-600
Opium	red—the finest	oz	3-6
		lb	60-80

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

Local hash	decent	oz	1-2
		lb	50-100
Water-pressed hash	low grade	oz	1-1.50
		kilo	30-50
Shirac hash	the greatest	oz	3-5
		kilo	100-200
Mazar-i-sharif	excellent, one toke	oz	5-8
		kilo	1.25-2.50

LONDON, ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	poor product	oz	50-70
		lb	600-750
Lebanese hash	various qualities	oz	70-80
		lb	800-900
Afghani hash	potent	oz	80-110
		lb	800-1000
Colombian hash	worthless	oz	55-70
		lb	600-800
Hash oil	thick black	gm	25-35
		oz	400-500
LSD	extremely scarce	hit	1-2
		100	75-175
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	50-100
		oz	1200-1800
Mandrax	usual	one	1-2
		100	75-150

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	fair to good	oz	20-30
		lb	160-300
Nepalese hash	temple balls	oz	80-125
		lb	900-1000
Indian hash	garbage	oz	70-80
		lb	875-975
Afghani hash	excellent	oz	100-125
		lb	1100-1500
LSD	speedy, red tabs	hit	2-5
		100	80-125
Cocaine	30-1 cut	gm	80-125
		oz	1750-2500

PARIS, FRANCE

Yamba	Africa's best	oz	40-60
		lb	300-600
Colombian	scarce	oz	30-60
		lb	425-725
Moroccan	good black poor green	oz	30-50
		lb	350-500
Afghani hash	very potent	oz	5-7
		lb	900-1100
Chitral hash	some excellent	oz	50-70
		lb	500-700
LSD	locally produced	hit	2.50-5
		100	200-325
Opium	dreamy	gm	12-15
Morphine	obtainable opiate	gm	50-100

QUITO, ECUADOR

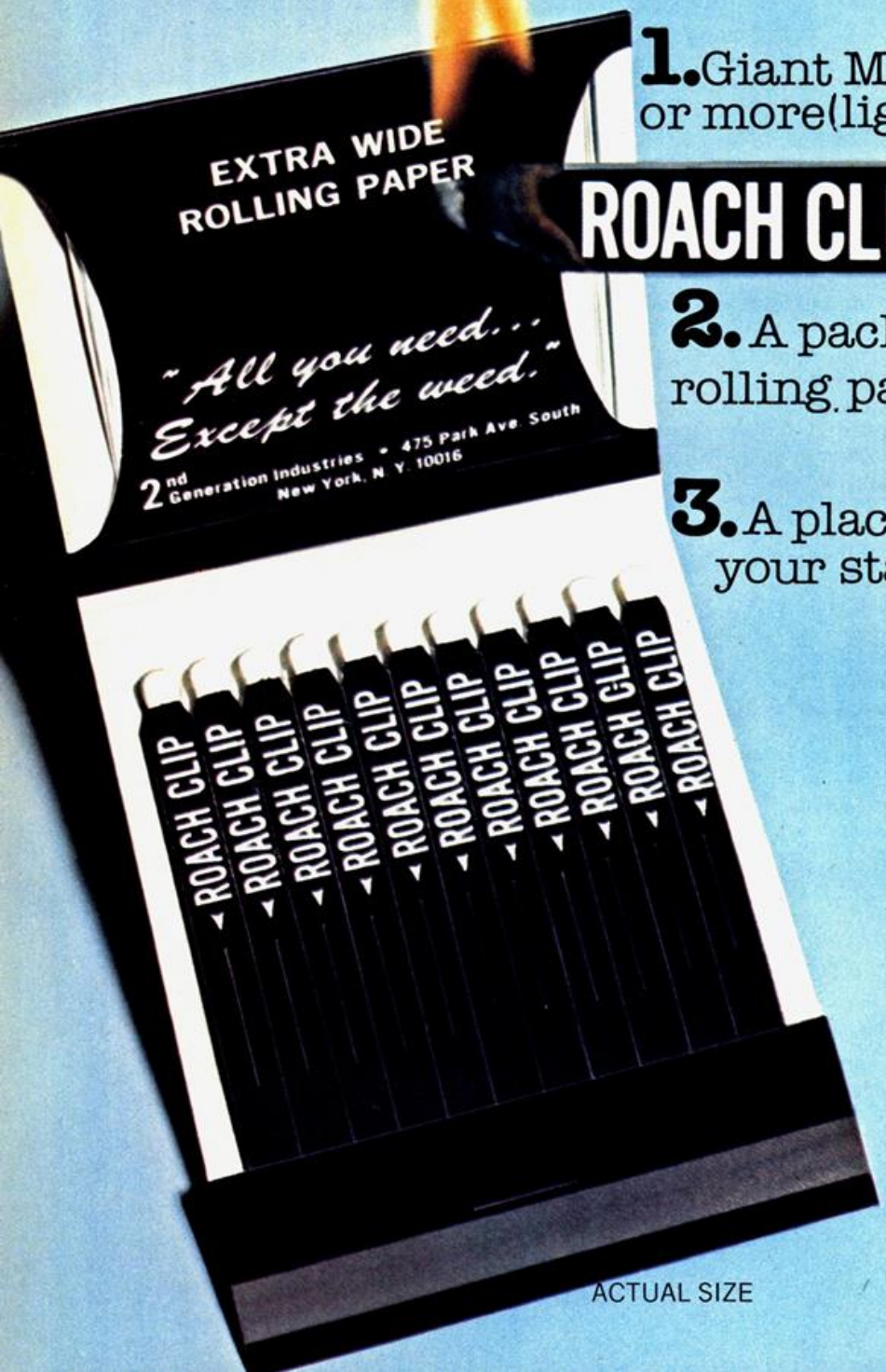
Colombian grass	still premature	oz	8-10
		lb	80-150
Ecuadorian red	needs help	oz	4-5
		lb	60-100
Cocaine	pure excitement	gm	20-30
		oz	450-600
San Pedro cactus	trips		free

ROME, ITALY

Colombian grass	a rare find	oz	80-100
		lb	600-850
Lebanese hash	unsacked	oz	100
		100 gm	300
Afghani hash	potent	oz	100-110
		100 gm	270-300
Moroccan hash	fair to good	oz	85-115
		100 gm	270-285
LSD	scarce	hit	4-5
		100	300-350
Cocaine	steady imports	gm	40-60
		oz	900-1100
Speed	good when found	gm	50
		oz	1000
Heroin	Turkish	gm	100
		oz	2000

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

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Closers

Soap Dopers
Mary Wanna. Mary Wanna was written by Harry Wasserman and photographed by Howard Berman. They met in Madison, Wisconsin, where they worked on the notorious subversive underground. Takeover. Since moving to New York City, they have worked together on the Yipster Times, the Y.I.P. paper, and National Weed. Gabrielle Schang, who plays Mary. Mary (Harry plays Tom. Tom) is editor of the Alternative Media mag published by APS (Alternative Press Syndicate). She was formerly with the Berkeley Barb. Although this is their first appearance opposite Johnny Carson, if we get enough cards and letters, there may be future episodes.



Schang *Berman* *Wasserman*

Guests of the Government
Thank the Lord for our coverage of the U.S. government's plot to grow marijuana in the heart of Dixie. The Lord in question, of course, is Lord Anthony Haden-Guest, noted journalist, U.S. correspondent for the London Telegraph, and author of *The Paradise Program: Travels Through Muzak, Hilton, Coca-Cola, Walt Disney and Other World Empires.*



Duffy Raeanne Rubenstein

Haden-Guest *Wolman*

The accompanying shots of Uncle Sam's stash were taken by Baron Wolman, a media freak who has made publishing history on several occasions: first as a founder and original house photographer of *Rolling Stone*; then as publisher of *Rags*, a valiant attempt at fusing fashion and hip that was ahead of its time and launched the careers of many of today's fashion writing stars, and lately as the publisher of Squarebooks, a small book company with big ideas. Wolman has also produced a definitive study of the latest craze, *Vans. A Book of Rolling Rooms*, for Doubleday. Next time, bring it to High Times Press, Baron.

Heralding Farrell
Our October centerfold photographer John Farrell, who also shot this month's "Psycocoffees," describes himself as "first of all a Christian, and then a delightfully corrupt hedonist." Farrell, whose family hails from the Dutch-Irish stock that settled in the hills of West Virginia two centuries ago, "trains horses, motorcycles and women" from his infamous "Black Studio of Christopher Street" in the heart of New York's Greenwich Village. Known to friends as "Photon" Farrell, he began photography at age 13 when he shot his cousin Jazelle at a tent revival in Wheeling. Since Wheeling, Farrell has photographed for the likes of Tiffany's catalogue, Rosenthal China, Georg Jensen, ITT, and, of course, *High Times.*



Robyn Scott

Farrell

Bio Degradable
With this issue *High Times* inaugurates a new format addition. National Weed, which started as a yellow journalism dope tabloid. Unfortunately, America was not ready for it (nor was any other country), and NatWeed went broke. Now it's been ecologically recycled as a section in *High Times*. Tell us how you like it.

Lizard Prince
Leslie Morrison, who conducted the interview with "A Smuggling Kingpin," is an old *High Times* hand. He appeared in *High Times* #2 with his interview with President Kennedy's dope dealer; in *HT* #3 with "The Night They Raided Crosby's," a smokeeasy tale; in *HT* #4 with "The High and the Mighty," a Caribbean smuggling epic. Since then, Leslie has been hard to find, especially by those who were looking for him. Anyway, Leslie is our resident smuggling expert and will hopefully be appearing more often in the future, especially if you want him. Write.

The Spy Who Came in from on Hold
CIA alumnus George O'Toole, author of "The Phone Company's Private CIA," made big news when he established at least the partial innocence of Lee Harvey Oswald, through the use of an electronic voice pattern analyzer. The results of his experiments were published in his book, *The Assassination*



Mary Ann Wernitz

O'Toole

Tapes: An Electronic Probe into the Murder of President Kennedy and the Dallas Coverup (Penthouse Press). O'Toole writes for many magazines and his next book, *The Private Sector: Hired Police in America*, blows the whistle on Ma Bell and other multinational conglomerates that act more like dictatorships than the public service corporations they claim to be.



Ted Einhouse

Aldrich

Café, Olé!
Michael Aldrich, Ph.D., is the executive curator of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library in San Francisco. The Fitz Hugh is the world's finest private collection of rare drug books, manuscripts and archives. Naturally, the curator is a dope expert, but Aldrich also has the distinction of holding the nation's first Ph.D. in marijuana history and folklore, a milestone in sheepskin granted in 1970 by the State University of New York at Buffalo. Aldrich was a Fulbright scholar and started the first campus chapter of LEMAR, (Legalize Marijuana) an early organization to free the weed. He also taught drug history at the California Institute of the Arts (a college principally endowed by Walt Disney's will). Aldrich was co-founder of AMORPHIA, which marketed the old "Acapulco Gold" rolling papers with proceeds going toward marijuana law reform. He helped organize the California referendum for decriminalization of marijuana, and has written many articles on drug history.

The secret of Aldrich's enormous accomplishment is not, however, marijuana. Aldrich keeps up his incredible pace by using the well-known stimulant, coffee. The Doctor denies that he abuses java, but those who have seen Aldrich's paraphernalia, including a Braun coffee grinder, say he's a bean mainliner.



Kim Gottlieb

Real Chalice
Some of our readers suspected that the picture of Bob Marley and marijuana was some kind of tricky artwork. As you can clearly see here, Bob Marley really *has* been in the same room as the herb.



"a perfect co-mingling of songwriting(Eric Kaz), singing(Craig Fuller) and playing(Steve Katz and Doug Yule) with George Martin production. "Light Of Your Love" and "Let Me Down Easy" are masterpieces."
—RECORD WORLD

Illustration: Cato.
American Flyer
Produced by George Martin
on United Artists Records and Tapes.

UA

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